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# THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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### THE ROMAN CURIA.

SHREWD Isaac Barrow long ago remarked of the government of the Church, that "political unity doth not well accord with the nature and genius of the evangelical dispensation." Supposing the management of the Church to be committed to an ecclesiastical monarch, it must become a worldly kingdom, supported by the same means and engines, the same methods and arts, whereby secular governments are maintained. It must have its pomp and phantastry, its tributes and taxes, its coercive authority, its guards to preserve its safety and authority, its wars of self-defence or self-interest, its subtleties and politic artifices, and (he concludes) it must "erect judicatories and decide causes with formality of legal process; whence tedious suits, crafty pleadings, quirks of law and pettifoggeries, fees and charges, extortion and barrettry, will necessarily creep in."

And all these things, he says, have been actually realized in the Papacy. The Bishop of Rome has become a monarch in external splendour surpassing all worldly princes, crowned with a triple crown; he assumes the most haughty titles; he has such outward respect paid him as is claimed by no secular prince; he has a court and a train of courtiers; he is "encompassed with armed guards,

Switzers;" he has a great revenue, and many nations of Christendom groan under his imposts; he has raised numberless wars and commotions, and uses "depth of policy" to advance his designs; he has enacted volumes of laws and decrees; and "he draweth grist from all parts to his courts of judgment, wherein all formalities of suspense, all the tricks of squeezing money, &c., are practised, to the great trouble and charge of parties concerned."\*

The picture which Barrow draws, which is not altogether a pleasant one, is probably not an unfair representation of the state of things in his own time; the accumulation of boards and offices about the central power of Roman Catholicism was even then a serious evil, and it is an evil which has not diminished with time, but rather increased with the extension of the Roman Church, and the constant tendency to centralization. This complex system, which has grown up about the Pope for the transaction of the multifarious business which flows in upon the Holy See, is called the Roman "Curia." Strictly the term only applies to the machinery which serves for the business of the *Primacy* of the Holy Father; but in a wider sense it designates the whole mass of officials and commissions forming the judicial and administrative organization of the Papacy, in whatever capacity. For, in truth, the ecclesiastical and the political administration of the Pope are so intertwined, and the different branches of the ecclesiastical administration so overlap each other, that it is impossible to describe the Papal Government in one aspect without involving some consideration of the whole. The curial organization has to provide for the Papal administration of a diocese, a province, a temporal sovereignty, and the primacy of so much of the Church as acknowledges the spiritual sway of Rome; for the Pope has become, in the course of centuries, a highly composite person. He is, in the first place, Prince-Bishop of Rome,—that is, not merely Bishop of Rome in respect of spiritual jurisdiction, but also, in right of his bishopric, sovereign of a certain territory, the States of the Church; he is archbishop of a province containing six sees; lastly, he is Primate of the whole of the Roman Church. Now the organizations which serve his Holiness in his several capacities have not been formed deliberately, and by one presiding intelligence, with a view to the harmonious working of the whole; they have grown up under the force of circumstances, and consist of a great number of courts and offices, formed or developed to meet particular circumstances. Here an ecclesiastical official has acquired the management of a branch of the temporal sovereignty; there a secretary of state has encroached on the spiritual concerns of the Primacy; here a tribunal, intended for the world, has shrunk to the dimensions of a Roman

\* Barrow on "The Unity of the Church," c. viii. c. 7.



court of law; there what was originally an institution of the bishopric has developed into an important office of the Primacy. In short, in order to give any conception of the Roman Curia proper, the administration of the Primacy, it is necessary to attempt some brief account of the system of Roman administration generally.\*

The nucleus of all this organization, which serves the Pope in his various capacities, is the system which, in the first instance, was formed about him as Bishop of Rome. The Presbytery, which in early times surrounded the bishop, formed a council not merely for purely diocesan business, but for the conduct of matters connected with the Primacy. Matters not of the first importance the Pope transacted privately, "in capella," with the help of his chaplains, who ultimately formed the "Rota." The business of the Papal Chancery, in the drafting of the necessary documents, was managed by notaries under the control of a "Primicerius." This state of things existed at the beginning of the eighth century, and of the manner in which the business of the Roman Court was then transacted we have a monument in the "*Liber Diurnus Pontificum Romanorum*,"† the Day-book of the Roman Popes; a collection of the "common forms" at that time in use in the Papal Chancery. Here we find, for instance, the proper formula for beginning and concluding letters to emperors and other exalted persons; forms used in the election of popes, and in the bestowal of the Pallium; commissions to bishops, and the like. The date of this book is not later than 752, for forms of address to Exarchs‡ are inserted, which would not have been the case after the capture of Ravenna by Astolph in that year.

The organization of the bishopric of Rome has gone through much the same process of development as that of other ancient sees; that is, the two principal members of the presbytery, the archdeacon and the archpresbyter, have acquired an independent status, while the presbytery has become mainly an electoral chapter, with co-ordinate power in certain matters. This presbytery is in Rome called the College of Cardinals ("*collegium in cardinalium*," or "*cardinalium*"), a name once common to many ancient chapters, first limited to that of Rome by Pius V. The archdeacon, who even in the "*Liber Diurnus*" appears as the most powerful official of the Presbytery, has developed into the Cardinal-Camerlengo, or Chamberlain, and has acquired the control of finance and the administration of justice in

\* The authorities for the statements which follow are, an Essay on "The Roman Curia," by Dr. O. Mejer, in Jacobson and Richter's *Zeitschrift für das Recht und die Politik der Kirche*, Nos. 1 and 2; the article "Curie," by the same author, in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie* (iii. 204, ff); and the article "Curia Romana" in the *Freiburg Kirchenlexicon* (Roman Catholic), ii. 944, ff.

† Reprinted in Migne's *Patrologia*, tom. 105.

‡ *Liber Diurnus*, cap. i. tit. iv.



the bishopric; his subordinates are the Vice-Camerlengo, or Governor, for the criminal jurisdiction; for the civil jurisdiction, the "Auditor Camerae;" for finance, the Treasurer.

The ancient office of archpresbyter appears to have been merged in that of the Pope's Vicar-General in diocesan matters, now called the Cardinal-Vicar; who became the representative of the Pope in matters relating to his own diocese, and, in fact, the acting Bishop of Rome, except that he does not collate to benefices nor exercise the "Power of the Keys." He is assisted by the vicegerent, who is always a bishop, and by several other officials.

In the exercise of the power of "binding and loosing," the Pope, like other bishops, is assisted by a Penitentiary, who in Rome is a cardinal, and who holds the same position in reference to the affairs of the Primacy that he does in reference to the diocese of Rome.

The archdiocese of Rome includes the six "suburbicarian" sees: 1. Ostia and Velletri; 2. Porto, S. Rufina, Civita Vecchia; 3. Palestrina; 4. Frascati; 5. Sabina; 6. Albano. As, however, the bishops of these places are cardinals, and the sees are practically administered from Rome, while the Pope has a concurrent jurisdiction, the Cardinal-Vicar has most of the business of the province in his hands, and the archbishopric has no independent administrative machinery.

The States of the Church were in the first instance a domain or estate; and the temporal government of the Pope consisted simply of the stewardship and financial administration of the "Patrimony,"—saving the rights of the nobles,—and the government of the city of Rome, when its ancient freedom and independence were infringed upon. This state of things was not changed by the acquisition of the "Legations;" for these provinces retained, by express stipulation, considerable independence, and the Pope contented himself with sending a clerical representative, "a Legate," to take the highest place in the government and transmit the revenues of the subject territory to Rome, while the old powers of the nobles, the several cities, and the monasteries, remained unchanged. In consequence of this domain aspect of the States of the Church, the Cardinal-Camerlengo exercised the principal power in relation to them, as Minister for Home Affairs and for Finance. The dignity of his position was increased by the respect paid him as representative of the College of Cardinals in its governing capacity; he was, indeed, regarded rather as minister of the autocratic college, than of the Pope. But as the Pope came to be more and more a sovereign prince, a rival power was created, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, who was emphatically the minister of the Pope himself. This official, at first generally a member of the Papal family, was originally called the

Cardinal-Nephew, or, if not a blood-relation, the Cardinal-Patron; afterwards the Cardinal-Secretary. He was, in the first instance, a kind of cabinet-minister, or personal adviser of the Pope. He attended to the administration of all those powers over the States of the Church which the Pope still possessed personally, independently of the Cardinal-Camerlengo. The bounds that separated the jurisdiction of the secretary from that of the camerlengo were vague and ill-defined, and the former, supported by the Pope, constantly encroached on the province of the latter. The secretary had the immediate control of the legates and the Papal troops, and was the medium by which the nobles and the several independent corporations in the States approached their sovereign. He was from the first the sole Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that in ecclesiastical as well as purely political transactions; from which circumstance, and from his constant personal intercourse with the Pope, he exercised a highly important influence on the conduct of the Primacy. The business passing through the hands of the Cardinal-Secretary increased so considerably after 1815 that in 1833 it was found necessary to divide the office; the Cardinal-Secretary became the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a Secretary of State for Home Affairs was appointed, who is, however, in all respects, subordinate to the representative of the old Cardinal-Secretary. The Foreign-Secretary is naturally the best known in foreign countries of all the Roman officials, and many, who would recognise no other name in the Roman Government, are familiar with that of Antonelli.

The "*Rota Romana*," the highest court of justice in Rome, was constituted by John XXII. in the year 1326, and more exactly regulated by Sixtus IV. and Benedict XIV. It is doubtful whence its name was derived; whether from the round form of the calendar which regulated its sittings, or from the judges sitting in a circle. In the early days of its existence the Rota claimed to be a Court of Appeal from all Christendom.

To draw up the immense mass of official documents necessary for a government of this kind the Papal Chancery (*Cancellaria Apostolica*) was formed out of the former College of Notaries; and as the great number of reserved benefices created a new kind of official business, a branch of the Chancery—the *Datary*—was entrusted with the registration of these matters; it became, however, in practice, a consulting board on matters relating to benefices, and independent of the Chancery.

For the assistance of the Pope in matters with which he dealt personally, a board was formed, called the "*Signatura*," from the fact that the rescripts which received the signature of the Pope himself passed under its supervision; this was again divided into two branches,



the "*signatura gratiæ*," which dealt with spiritual matters; and the "*signatura justitiæ*," which dealt with the administration of justice.

Neglecting the more political offices, at the time of the Council of Trent the principal branches of the Curia were:—1. The College of Cardinals assembled in Consistory; 2. The two Signatures; 3. The Penitentiary; 4. The Rota; 5. The Datary. For the despatch of the documentary business connected with the Consistory and the Signatures, the Chancery served; for less formal documents, the Secretariat of the Breves, originally intended to conduct the private correspondence of the Pope. The documents of the Penitentiary, Rota, and Datary were drawn up by their own officials. The provinces of the several boards and offices were distributed as follows:—All business involving dogmatic and liturgical considerations, and all business respecting the States of the Church and the relations between Church and State, came before the Consistory; as did also the nomination of bishops and the bestowal of certain benefices (*beneficia consistorialia*). The power of "binding and loosing," indulgences, dispensations in matrimonial cases, &c., came before the Penitentiary. The "*Signatura Gratiæ*" attended to all those indulgences or dispensations which the Pope chose to confer in person, and to the bestowal of benefices which were not claimed by the Consistory or the Datary. The province of the Secretariat of Breves was not precisely defined. The Rota claimed an appellate jurisdiction from the whole of Christendom; and the "*Signatura Justitiæ*" was the ecclesiastical court of the Primate of Christendom, whose jurisdiction, however, was limited by the special agreements made in many cases with particular countries, in virtue of which he was bound to name *judices in partibus*, instead of bringing cases before this tribunal.

Of these boards the "*Signatura Gratiæ*" has ceased to exist, and its business has devolved, partly on the Datary, partly on the Secretariat of Breves, partly on the Cardinal-Secretary. The Rota and the "*Signatura Justitiæ*" have become mere offices of the Roman State, though, in the case of the Rota, the Curia declines to acknowledge the fact, and continues to assert its universal jurisdiction, regarding the actual state of things as the effect of temporary pressure. The present constitution of the Rota rests mainly on a "*motu proprio*" of Gregory XVI. of November 10, 1838. It is divided into two colleges or senates, of which the one, the court of "Second Instance," receives appeals in civil suits from the tribunals of Rome and its dependencies; the other, the court of "Third Instance," has a still higher appellate jurisdiction, receiving appeals even from the other branch of the Rota itself, as well as from the subordinate tribunals in matters which involve spiritual as well as civil considerations. The Rota consists of twelve members (*Auditores*

Rotæ), prelates, each of whom is assisted by a professional jurist. The senior in office is the dean, and presides at sittings of the full court. Each of the senates must consist of at least five judges. As the decisions of the Rota form a large portion of the Roman common law, they are reported and published annually.

The Penitentiary, the Datary, the Secretariat of Breves, and the Chancery still subsist. The head of each of these offices is a cardinal, who has a deputy and a considerable official staff under him. The office of Cardinal-Secretary of the Breves has in the present century generally been joined with that of the Cardinal-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The office of the latter includes, among other officials, three prelates, who are respectively secretaries of the cypher, of Latin letters, and "ad principes:" the business of the first is the cyphering and decyphering of despatches; of the second, the correspondence with bishops and chapters; of the third, the correspondence with princes.

These various boards and offices belonging to the mixed temporal and spiritual office of the Pope form, however, but a small portion of the Curia; a large portion of the business of the Papal Court is transacted by various perpetual commissions or "congregations," composed for the most part of cardinals. Many of these were first constituted by the organizing ability of Sixtus V. (1585—1590); but one of the most important, the Inquisition, is older than his time, and the Propaganda is later. The principal of these congregations require further notice.

The whole body of cardinals, sitting together, forms, as already mentioned, the Consistory. This is the Pope's council in all cases of the highest moment ("causæ majores, consistoriales"), especially in cases relating to the rights and proceedings of bishops ("causæ episcopales"). Such matters as organic changes in the arrangements of bishoprics, confirmation of the statutes of chapters, the exercise of the Papal prerogatives in respect of the appointment and resignation of bishops, administrators, and coadjutors, and the like, come before the Consistory.

The business of the Committee of Cardinals, called the "Consistorial Congregation," the prefect of which is the Pope himself, is theoretically simply to prepare the business to be transacted in the full sitting of the College of Cardinals; but it has in practice so extended its power that the only business of the Consistory is to ratify and solemnly promulgate the conclusions already arrived at by the Consistorial Congregation.

The "Congregatio Concilii" was originated by Pius IV. in 1564 as an authorized interpreter of the decrees of the Council of Trent, and received a further development from Sixtus V. As the doctrine



and discipline of the modern Roman Church rest to a great extent on the decrees of Trent, the province of this congregation is very extensive. As, for instance, the Council dealt with cases of matrimony and divorce, the declaration of what constitutes nullity and validity of marriage belongs to this board; as also, for the same reason, the declaration of the necessary conditions for the validity of holy orders.

Another very extensive class of questions comes before the "Congregation on Matters connected with Bishops and Regulars" (*dei Vescovi e Regolari*), which deals with various matters relating to bishops and religious orders. There is besides a "Congregation of the Examination of Bishops" (*dell' Esame*), which has jurisdiction over the *Italian* bishops, and is divided into two branches—that of theology and that of canon law. A kindred congregation—that of Rites—undertakes the preparatory investigation for the solemn beatification and canonization of saints, and has an independent jurisdiction in matters relating to divine worship. Besides these, the Congregation for "Extraordinary Affairs Ecclesiastical," presided over by the Pope himself or the Cardinal-Secretary of State, is summoned whenever ecclesiastical cases come up for decision by the Holy See which for some reason it is not thought proper to entrust to any of the forenamed boards.

The general constitution of these various congregations is of the same kind. They include a president, the cardinal-prefect, named by the Pope, unless the Pope is himself prefect; a secretary, who is a prelate; and certain "consultors." Cases of small importance are despatched by the prefect and secretary alone; on more important matters a statement is made by a reporter (*ponente*) appointed for the purpose, upon which each member of the congregation, who is already informed of the matter in dispute by a printed schedule of "facts and reasons," and allowed to inspect the documents in the case, may oppose. The conclusion in many cases requires the approval of the Pope before promulgation.

But the congregations which, of all branches of Roman organization, are best known, by name at least, to the world at large, are still to be mentioned—these are the congregations of the Inquisition, the Index, and "De Propaganda Fide."

The "Congregation of the Roman and Universal Inquisition," or "of the Holy Office," was established by Paul III. in the year 1542, and developed by Pius IV., Pius V., and still more by Sixtus V. in 1588. It consists of twelve cardinals, a secretary, and twenty-four "consultors," professed theologians, who have place and vote at the board. The prefect is the Pope himself. There is a standing "Committee of Instruction" to prepare the business for the congregation,

consisting of a commissary and two "compagni" or colleagues; an "assessor," who is consulted on questions which involve the civil law; an accountant-general (*depositarius*), a public prosecutor (*promoter fiscalis*), an official counsel for the defence (*defensor reorum*), and a notary-public. The old connexion of the Dominicans with the Inquisition is indicated in the fact that the commissary and his two "compagni" are always Dominicans, while the General of this Order and the Master of the Papal Palace, who is always a Dominican, are *ex officio* consultors; and the sittings of the Board of Instruction are held in the Dominican convent at S. Maria sopra Minerva. Two, or sometimes three, regular meetings are held weekly. At the first, under the direction of the assessor, reports are made and discussions held by the consultors alone on the matters before them; at the second, or principal sitting, all the members are present, and a decision is come to; or, if necessary, in a third sitting the Holy Father gives his own decision. As the sittings are pretty regularly held, it is presumed that the Inquisition still finds considerable occupation.

To this congregation is entrusted the task of counteracting, or at any rate of punishing, all doctrinal errors and their consequences. From this it follows that every statement of false doctrine, documentary or oral; all abuse of the Sacraments; all dispensations in cases of marriage between persons of differing creeds; all breaches of discipline by the clergy which involve erroneous doctrine, such as abuse of the confessional; and many others, come under its cognizance. This once dreaded tribunal now employs its principal energy on the Roman clergy, with whom, in dogmatics, it deals strictly enough; elsewhere it is, from obvious causes, shorn of much of its power.

In close connexion with the Inquisition stands the "Congregation of the Index," which, though of independent origin, may be regarded as that branch of the Inquisition which takes charge of literature; it takes the oversight, however, of public morality as well as dogmatic theology. It originated with the Council of Trent, which, finding itself incompetent to deal with so extensive and varied a business as the censorship of books, committed the task of organizing a censorship to the Pope,\* in consequence of which Pius IV., in the constitution "*Dominici gregis*" (March 24, 1564), published ten rules relating to prohibited books, and annexed a schedule of books already prohibited. These rules were augmented and explained by Clement VIII., Sixtus V., and Alexander VII., and afterwards subjected to a thorough revision by Benedict XIV., whose constitution "*Sollicita ac provida*" (July 10, 1753) still regulates the constitution and the

\* See *Conc. Trident.*, Sess. xviii. and xxv.



proceedings of the congregation. It now consists of a cardinal-prefect, thirteen cardinals, forty consultors, and a secretary. Its manner of proceeding is as follows. In the first instance, the consultors are summoned by the secretary, and the matters in hand are referred to reporters, whose reports are printed with the utmost secrecy; these printed reports are then delivered to the members of the congregation and the consultors; after this a second meeting of the consultors is summoned, and the several reports are discussed, when they are either passed in their integrity, or the reporter is ordered to modify his report in accordance with the sense of the majority. After this, the matters come before the congregation itself in full sitting, and the conclusion is laid by the prefect before the Pope for his confirmation. The confirmed decree is then drawn up in due form by the secretary, and these decrees when collected form the famous "*Index librorum prohibitorum*." This index, which includes some of the noblest products of human thought, is (as Dr. Mejer remarks)\* of very little importance outside the walls of Rome. Besides the Index of prohibited books, the Roman Church has also an Index of *expurgated* books—a list, that is, of books the use of which is permitted after certain passages have been expunged; and an "*Index librorum expurgandorum*," that is, of books in which the necessary expurgation has not yet been made.† The denunciations of the Index, however, wanting the support of the secular arm, are, for the most part, mere *brutum fulmen*.

The congregations already mentioned are portions of the organization for carrying on the government of the Roman Catholic Church in countries where the Roman Catholic is the recognised religion. In relation to countries where that Church is still in the position of a *missionary* Church, most of the boards and offices already described are superseded by the congregation "*De Propaganda Fide*;" so completely, indeed, does this supersede the ordinary administration, that in speaking of the Curial system, a distinction is commonly made between those provinces which are under the "*Holy See*," *i.e.*, the Holy See in its ordinary administration, and those which are under the Propaganda; though the distinction is not in every case maintained.

The Propaganda was first constituted by Gregory XV. in 1622, and its privileges and revenues were considerably increased by his successor, Urban VIII. This congregation consists of twenty-five cardinals, of whom sixteen are resident in Rome; one of these is

\* *Zeitschrift*, p. 218.

† See Mendham's "*Literary Policy of the Church of Rome*, exhibited in an account of her Damnatory Catalogues or Indexes, both prohibitory and expurgatory." London. 1830.

prefect, and has a prelate as secretary; another of the cardinals is prefect of the finance department. To these are added thirty consultors, five "concipts" or draftsmen, two archivists, and a superintendent of finance.\* All business comes first into the hands of the secretary, who despatches the less important matters by his own authority; the Secretary of the Propaganda is, in fact, one of the most powerful officials in Rome, and is generally a distinguished prelate. More important matters he brings before the prefect, and the two decide together. Doubtful cases they bring before a consultor, rarely a cardinal, to investigate, who reports to a sitting of the whole congregation called by the prefect, when a conclusion is arrived at. In cases in which the congregation doubts of its jurisdiction, or thinks such a course fitting for any other reason, the prefect and secretary bring the business before the Pope in person, either at one of their regular audiences, or at some other time; for they have the *entrée* at all times.

This powerful congregation is the link between the various missionary churches, whether in Europe or elsewhere, and their head in Rome. It organizes and superintends the whole body of clergy who are called "missionaries" in all lands; not ruling them by strict and unbending laws, such as govern established Churches, but giving license here, and restraining there, according to the necessities of the several countries. Appointments, organization, dispensations, everything in short which such communities require from Rome, pass through the hands of the Propaganda to the exclusion of other congregations. The countries under the regulation of the Propaganda are superintended by Vicars Apostolic with episcopal consecration, who have, in many cases, in consequence of their remoteness from Rome, and the necessity for prompt action on the spot, more extensive authority than ordinary bishops. They stand theoretically in the same relation to the Pope as other bishops, but all their reports pass through the Propaganda. They are nominated by the Propaganda, and not by the Consistorial Congregation, and this simply by a breve issuing from the Secretariat of the Propaganda, not by a bull; moreover, they are liable to removal at pleasure (*ad nutum amovibiles*), and are, therefore, entirely in the power of their superiors. The well-remembered "Papal aggression" of 1851 was, in fact, the transference of England from the dominion of the Propaganda to the ordinary administration of the See of Rome.

Since the days of Urban VIII. the congregation has had under its control the *College* "de Propaganda Fide," which occupies a portion of the palace in which the business of the congregation is transacted.

\* Mejer, in *Zeitschrift*, p. 223.



It has been enriched by gifts and bequests of popes, cardinals, and other benefactors, until it has become a very important foundation. A few years ago, though its revenues had been somewhat diminished since the French occupation of Rome, it had more than a hundred students from all quarters of the globe, who were preparing to become missionaries in their several countries.\* There are in connection with the Propaganda also a library, rich in valuable works, especially in Oriental manuscripts; a press, once in higher repute than it is at present, at which books are printed in foreign languages for the use of missionaries; and a famous museum, formed for the most part of curiosities sent home by the various missions from all parts of the world; it is particularly rich in objects of idolatrous worship.

There are yet other minor branches of Roman administration included under the wide-reaching term "Curia;" but the sketch here given will suffice to give some notion of the extent and complexity of the government machinery of the great central temporal-spiritual power of the Roman Church; a complexity so great, and so embarrassed by the not infrequent concurrent jurisdiction of old and new offices and boards, that a veteran curialist assured Dr. Mejer,† that he could discern no principle at all in the manner of transacting business at Rome, but only custom and habit.

The Roman Curia is, in fact, a vast aggregation of boards; and it does not require a reference to the proverbial soullessness of boards to see that such a system must carry with it much evil. It is at once a consequence of the centralizing tendency of the Roman policy, and a cause of its maintenance and extension; the boards were created in consequence of the enormous accumulation of Papal business; and now that they were created, they render it practically impossible for the Court and See of Rome to relinquish any of its pretensions. Some of the best popes seem to have felt the same kind of horror for the system which popes had created that Frankenstein did for the monster to which he had given life.

One immediate and obvious effect of this excessively complicated and cumbrous system of the Roman Curia is the creation of a body of agents who are familiar with the intricacies of Roman practice, and whose assistance is in many cases absolutely necessary. The complaints of corruption, which were rife in the middle ages, when popes and cardinals alike required to be "persuaded" by the most tangible arguments, and men were ruined in procuring necessary bulls, are no longer heard; but complaints of the costliness and slowness of proceedings at Rome are frequent; the "dilatatory sloth and tricks of Rome" are blamed in our time perhaps more reasonably

\* Schrödl, in *Kirchenlexicon*, viii. 815.

† Herzog, iii. 208.

than they were by Henry VIII. Nor is personal influence unimportant. Niebuhr complained\* that in Rome everything was governed by personal considerations; that nothing could be done with the Datary unless by a minister for whom the officials had personal respect; and even though it be true, that in many of the congregations the business is transacted so purely according to custom and precedent that its issue can be predicted, personal influence is still needed to expedite its progress.

And it certainly seems that, in some instances at least, personal influence may be used to the furtherance of injustice. In the case of our countryman, Mr. Ffoulkes, the Congregation of the Index, so far from promoting delays, seems to have leaped the barriers against hasty decisions which are provided by its own rules;† in this case, at least, it has shown no undue attachment to formalities or "dilatatory sloth." Perhaps the congregation does not consider Mr. Ffoulkes a "Catholic of good character," though, so far as I can see, his character both for learning and orthodoxy will bear favourable comparison with that of some whose works are not in the Index; but if he be a "Catholic of good character," the congregation has done him injustice in not proceeding according to the regulations of Benedict XIV., which are still theoretically binding upon it. But Mr. Ffoulkes has committed the great offence; he has thought for himself; and this is an offence which the Curia is slow to forgive. It is so from the instinct of self-preservation; it knows that its most deadly enemy is independence of thought. How it came to pass that a man so vigorous and independent as Mr. Ffoulkes, not "to the manner born," placed himself in the power of the Curia is hard to divine.

Another disadvantageous effect of the curial system is to give far too great a preponderance to the Italian element in the Papal administration; for the resident cardinals, who compose the several congregations, and the secretaries and other officials who practically transact most of the business, are, with rare exceptions, Italians, educated in Italian seminaries, accustomed for years to the Roman system, and knowing the outer world only by distant report. There is no lack of ability among them; Italians have not lost their old reputation for subtlety and diplomatic keenness, and probably the College of Cardinals never contained more able men than it does at present; but the great Roman Catholic States, France and Austria, are very inadequately represented in the college, and still more in the resident body, of cardinals. It follows inevitably that the whole system is administered in an Italian spirit, not seldom to the grief and indig-

\* Quoted by Mejer, *Zeitschrift*, 225.

† See the "Roman Index and its late Proceedings," p. 17.



nation of really devoted Roman Catholics in other lands; it does not need much penetration to perceive how galling it must be to men like Dupanloup or Von Döllinger to feel themselves, in the most important matters, almost powerless in the hands of an undistinguished body of Roman officials. Hence the loudest and most vehement complaints come from France and Germany; from countries, that is, where national pride is still strong, and where ecclesiastics are still not seldom patriotic. And to this feeling of injured patriotism is added the not unfounded belief, that while in Germany, at least, the study of theology is still active and vigorous, in Rome it is almost dead, reduced to a mere unreflecting pursuit of the traditions of the past.\* There is no man at Rome probably competent to sit in judgment on such theologians as Von Döllinger or Hefele, to say nothing of other distinguished names in the Cisalpine Church. The truth is, that wherever it was possible the Pope has insisted on theological training being given to candidates for the priesthood in episcopal seminaries alone,† while in Germany a large number of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics are still trained in the national universities: the consequence is that the latter are to the former what boys educated in a public school are to boys brought up in the nursery.

It is now more than seven hundred years since the complaint was made, that the Roman Church was changed into the Roman Curia; the once living Church, the Christian people with its bishops and presbyters, all bound together by the ties of brotherhood and the participation of common sacraments, was changed into a body of officials and legal functionaries. "What used to be called the Roman Church had become a Court, that is to say, an arena of rival litigants; a Chancery of writers, notaries, and tax-gatherers, where transactions about privileges, dispensations, exemptions, &c., were carried on, and suitors went with petitions from door to door; a rallying-point for clerical place-hunters from every nation of Europe. . . . . In comparison with the enormous mass of business, processes, graces, indulgences, absolutions, commands, and decisions, addressed to the remotest countries of Europe, and even to Asia, the functions of the local Church sunk into insignificance, and a troop of some hundreds of persons was required whose home was the Curia, and whose constant aim was to contrive fresh financial transactions, to multiply taxes, and enlarge the profits that accrued to them and the Papal treasury, which was always in want. Secure and unassailable in the service of such a power, the officials of the Curia did not trouble themselves about the hatred and contempt of the world,

\* See *Reform der Römischen Kirche in Haupt und Gliedern* (Leipzig, 1869), p. 155, ff.

† *Ib.*, p. 149.

which had been made tributary to them."\* Such complaints as these were heard seven centuries ago, and they are heard still; nor are they likely to be silenced so long as Rome clings to her autocratic and centralizing principles. The tendency of the Papal Court is to substitute a soulless system for the rule of a living man in a living Church. It used to be said, as an instance of the evils of the too great centralization of the government machinery in France, that a stone could not be moved on a quay at Marseilles without a reference to Paris. Something of the same kind has taken place in the Roman Church; a multitude of things, which in former days were decided by bishops, or metropolitans, or provincial councils, are now referred to some board or congregation at Rome; and are decided, for the most part, in the way that officials are apt to decide, with reference to the form rather than the substance of the question, or by some compromise or "*mezzo termine*," which avoids laying down a principle. A truly pastoral supervision cannot be exercised by an office. The bishop, in the midst of his people, may feed his flock with due reference to their wants; a distant board, composed of aliens, cannot. It would not be acceptable to the English clergy if a large part of the episcopal administration were transferred to a branch of the Home Office; yet a branch of the Home Office would be genial and sympathetic compared with a board of veteran Italian officials. Roman officialism tends, in fact, to crush the very life out of the Church; for it shocks and disgusts most the most earnest and aspiring spirits, who are the very salt of the community. The Roman Curia may suit the tone of a dogmatic and precise intellect, like Dr. Manning's; but who shall say how it has chilled the warm heart of John Henry Newman?

The author of "*The Reform of the Roman Church in Head and Members*," to which I have before referred, propounds it as one of the tasks for the present Œcumenical Council, to restore to national Churches their ancient rights; the administration of metropolitans is now, he says, a mere empty frame, a form without meaning; "it is time for Rome again to fill this empty frame, to restore to metropolitans their ancient rights . . . in their provinces, and so to lay the foundation for the renewal, revival, and strengthening of the life of the Church in all lands."† But can this be? All history shows that decentralization is a difficult and dangerous work; in the case of the Roman Church it seems impossible. To pull to pieces the edifice so carefully, if sometimes unskilfully, compacted, would probably involve the dismemberment of the Church of Rome herself.

S. CHEETHAM.

\* "*The Pope and the Council*," by Janus, p. 216.

† P. 85.





### THE LOVERS OF THE LOST.

THERE are many tragical histories recorded in the Old Testament—that true mirror of the faith and the righteousness, but also of the depravity of man: few are more tragical than that story in the Book of Judges of the wayfaring Levite who halted at Gibeah of Benjamin, and lodged there with the woman, his companion. We read with a shudder the ghastly details—the clamouring of the sons of Belial round the door, the suspense, the parley, till in the cowardice of self-defence the man brings out that helpless woman, and casts her among the hellish horrors of that awful night. “All night until the morning,” she endured, “until the day began to spring. Then came the woman in the dawning of the day, and fell down at the door of the man’s house where her lord was, till it was light. And her lord rose up in the morning, and opened the doors of the house, and went out to go his way; and, behold, the woman was fallen down at the door of the house, and her hands were upon the threshold. And he said unto her, Up, and let us be going. But none answered.” She was dead.

Christian people! there is a weak and prostrate figure lying at our door; to this door she turns for help, though it be but in her dying fall; her hands are upon the threshold—dead hands flung forward in mute and terrible appeal to the God above, who, looking down from heaven, sees not that prostrate form alone, but on the one side the powers of hell, on the other, in their safe dwelling-place,

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the selfish sleepers to whom the pale cold hands appeal in vain. The night is far spent. Throughout the world's long night the fate of the Levite's concubine has been outcast woman's fate, cast forth in answer to the clamorous cries of insatiable human lusts, and then left to perish in the outer darkness; while "her lord," ordained her protector by nature and by the law of God, slumbers unheeding. Her voice is too weak to be heard, the door is too heavily barred for her to open, that she might cross the threshold again; her only appeal is her heavy corpse-like fall beside that door, her silence when invoked, and her cold dead hands stretched forth. It might well make our morning slumbers uneasy, and cause us to murmur in our dreams of coming judgment, to know that there lies a corpse at our door, an outraged corpse, crushed with the heaped and pitiless weight of the sins of others and her own.

But the day is at hand. We have slept long and soundly, while that woman bore the hell without. Shall we sleep still? What if the Judge should come and find us scarcely risen from our torpor, our door scarcely opened, our morning salutation scarcely uttered to the victim whose voice is stilled in death—should come and should require of us an account of our protectorship, and show to us such mercy as we have shown to her?

There are, thank God, signs at last, and in certain parts of the earth, of a movement among the sleepers, a haunting consciousness of somewhat leaning heavily against our door, a gradual awakening to a sense of pain and fear and duty unfulfilled—nay, of partnership in guilt, with a present immunity from its penalties, which presses heavier than all else upon a conscience lit with the fires of coming wrath, or on a heart capable of a generous sorrow. Some, thank God, have started from their beds and gone forth in the morning twilight to find the prostrate body, wherein yet perchance is life, and have uttered, not ineffectually, the words, "Up, let us be going;" and have gathered in their arms, and have sustained and comforted, and when healing was not too late, have healed.

Yet those who, waking late, are working now, work ever with the sad and humbling memory of past centuries of injury and neglect in this matter. They who have themselves been guiltless of actual wrong towards the fallen, feel the most acutely in the tenderness of their souls the wrong done by their forefathers, who, since the foundation of the world till now, have dedicated by millions these weaker vessels to profanest service—sacrificing them with impious rites to a so-called necessity—a Moloch to whom all the kingdoms of the earth have caused armies of their daughters to pass through the fire, generation after generation. These vessels, once defiled, were, as our fathers judged, incapable of cleansing, never again to be



restored to sweet and honourable household use, too vile for hand of just man or pure woman to touch; albeit ONE, the ever blessed, the only pure, had not disdained to raise such a vessel to His sacred lips, and with richest draughts from thence to allay the thirst of His Divine soul for his creature's love. Nay, He complains of the strong uninjured vessels that they give not as the broken give: to the honoured of men, firmly holding his position in society, "Thou gavest me no kiss," He said; "but *this woman* hath not ceased to kiss my feet."

We cannot know how many of "this woman's" character and kin may not have kissed secretly those blessed feet, even in the darkness outside the door; more perhaps than we, who pity, dare to hope—more certainly than Simon thinks, while he sits eating and drinking there, and shuddering at the thought that any guest of his should suffer the approach of so vile a thing; for He who gives his feet to be kissed, have we not His voice to the end of the Dispensation—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock"? His head is filled with the dew and His locks with the drops of the night, and it may be that at that same closed door these two, the slain woman and the Saviour, have met many a time while we slept and knew it not; it may be that those cold faint hands, falling upon the threshold, groping hopelessly, have stolen in the darkness some virtue from His garment's hem; and though the fount of weeping, which despair has dried, may have given no more tears to "distil like amber on the royal feet of the Anointed," yet may they have been pressed instead with the cold death-dews of a forehead branded with shame and hiding itself in the dust.

Every act of our Lord's, emphatically recorded by the Evangelists, has a deep and an everlasting significance. A single act of His towards a single individual was designed to be the type, for all ages, of the acts required of every Christian in every similar case—a seed intended to bring forth fruit a thousandfold; on each is plainly written the command, "Go thou and do likewise." The Lord manifested a peculiar compassion for lepers, and from that time forth the Gentile Christians ceased to treat the leper as he had been treated among the Jews, and the saints of the early Church vied with each other in acts of charity towards the victims of this loathsome disease, that thus in the persons of his afflicted members they might do honour to their Lord. Jesus Christ blessed little children, and this has been recognised by Christendom as significant of the part to be acted by and towards the Christian child. The Lord especially honoured the poor; so likewise has the Church ever considered the poor her especial charge, and the care of the poor one of the first of social obligations. But how has it been in the matter of our Lord's treatment of fallen women? Was ever act of His more marked, or

more prominent, or more designedly typical, than His conduct towards these? As if to enforce the duty of society towards them with a special recommendation, He is seen, not once, but again and again, by His marked reception of these women, to give as it were to the world a key-note upon which to tune its voice to the Magdalene to the end of time.

"To one such, though an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, He declared himself to be the long-expected Christ, and offered to her the living water which stays the fevered thirst of the world-wearied soul. Another, accused before Him by self-righteous guilt, He saved from present death, and bade 'go and sin no more;' a third, trembling and weeping at His feet, He defended from harsh blame, accepting her loving, generous deed as a work meet for repentance."<sup>\*</sup>

Seeing, then, that nothing in the course of our Lord's ministrations to man is more strikingly prominent than were His dealings with women whom society rejects, what might we have expected the centuries since He trod the earth to show? Surely we might have hoped that a society imbued with some leaven of His teaching, professedly accepting His actions as the expression of a deep and everlasting obligation laid upon itself,—a society which has built homes for the once-exiled leper, which has heard sometimes the crying of the destitute, has remembered in some measure the sanctity of the child,—would also have charged itself toward the Magdalene with the duty of a most sacred care, and would have recognised her as having been thrice emphatically presented by Christ Himself, thrice especially commended to all who have any true love for Him, or who even profess indirectly to base their social laws upon the ethics which He taught.

Far otherwise has the reality been. In spite of the terrible responsibility which Christ imposed upon the world by that significant "loveliness of perfect deeds," deeds abundantly witnessed and faithfully recorded, the world has continued to trample fallen women beneath its feet, to loose its bloodhounds after her, to thunder to her that above all other sinners she has sinned, that she at least has already passed the gate which bids us abandon hope.

But now the approaching dawn is bringing light to many a sleeper, and the imitators of Christ are waking to the consciousness of an earnest will unheeded, a loving example slighted, a heavy debt unpaid. This new interest is, however, subject to many checks, many reactions, and is sometimes threatened with a dangerous or even final relapse; while of such infant growth are our modern efforts on the Magdalene's behalf that only eighteen years ago good Bishop Armstrong could say—

"I need do no more than allude to the Gospel teaching on this point, which with a voice of thunder condemns the state of things amongst us at

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Scudamore of Ditchingham.



this present time. . . . The reports of the existing penitentiaries in our land reveal to us the striking and harrowing fact, that hundreds are yearly driven back into their sins who seek to forsake their sins ; hundreds are unwillingly refused when they have so far taken a step in the way of penitence as to ask for admittance into a penitentiary, in which petition is involved a confession of their shame and guilt. . . . Can anything be more awful than the rejection of such applicants, the rejection of penitents, of those who come and cast themselves at our feet and cry for shelter, for mercy, for release from their guilty life ? and yet this is daily going on, to our great reproach. Not only are we at no pains to go after the lost sheep in the wilderness, but many, yes, hundreds of those who find their way back to the fold, who, wounded and half dead, conscience-stricken and broken in heart, come of themselves and ask to be taken in, who put themselves into our hands, who ask for care, who offer their necks to the yoke of godly discipline, are repulsed, pushed aside, cast back upon their sins, driven off. . . . Most fearful, most awful, must be the feelings of the poor girl who finds herself standing in the street as a rejected applicant, and is forced as an unwilling victim to cast herself again into the paths of death and hell."

There are many who will ever believe the restoration of fallen women to be a useless and undesirable Quixotism, lest in proportion as some are reclaimed, others should be forced by the law of demand and supply into the vacant places. It is not my intention to discuss here the physical, economical, and moral fallacies which I believe to be involved in this popular argument : suffice it here to ask, How do such reasoners deal with the fact that thousands of these victims are themselves struggling to escape ? Or, with what face can they comfort their theories with the simplicity of Christ ? "Go forth," he says, "and preach the Gospel to *every creature*." The Good Shepherd does not hesitate to seek the wandering lamb, lest some other in its place should stray into the wilderness ere he has brought it on his shoulders home. Christ demands of us more than the yielding of a bare permission, a clear path for the outcast to return—more than that tolerance which is not mercy, and that laxity which is not forgiveness—more than that glozing judgment of an indifferent and soon-satisfied world which neither condemns nor saves, which can speak of misery as if it were no misery, of sin as an ineradicable malady of the blood beyond all moral control, and of prostitution as a "fixed quantity," a necessity to be recognised and superintended (as any other institution) by the State.

"I was hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and in prison, and ye came not unto me ;" in simple words such as these the eternal excommunication runs ; and when we ask Him where it may have been that we saw Him in so sad a case, shall He not answer, "Here," for who like these are hungry and thirsty, who stripped as these, and robbed of all the adorning raiment of womanhood ? Who smitten to the soul with such a dire disease, or so strictly shut up in "habitations of cruelty," laden with the chains of sin ?

But apart from all considerations of this solemn kind, nature herself protests against the cruelty of an argument,—impious as the judgment of Caiaphas,—which would complacently leave some to perish that others may possibly escape. Is it conceivable that any man with the least pretence to humanity can uphold a theory and a practice which force human beings to continue in a shameful sin which they abhor? Crowds of such beings come to our doors weary and disgusted, loathing the paths which they wish to leave, asking only shelter, a little food, a little rest, and a refuge for themselves. To refuse these is to say to them, as practically these economists do say: "Go back, ply your trade to the end, die of disgust; for if you do not continue your profession others must be sought to fill your place." It might be well to ask those who judge thus the question: "Were it your own daughter who thus was seeking to escape, or even waiting passively to be invited to escape, could you hold language like this to her who was once the darling of your home? or would your theory give you strength to slay your own child, a sacrifice to the vilest of the devil-gods?" If not, then let the voice of tens of thousands of broken-hearted fathers and mothers cry aloud in your ears: "Do ye also to all men even as ye would they should do unto you."

There are tender hearts among our working men, our humble artizans and sons of the soil, whose daughters are every day being tempted, led, or driven to the terrible slaughter-house. The yearly reports which register the working of helpful societies and refuges of this kind, contain few records more frequent or more harrowing than those of unhappy parents coming up to London from all parts of England to seek their lost children, wandering weary and footsore through the wilderness of streets, seeking for days, for weeks, for months, the face they long yet fear to see again. We read of strong men bowed down with woe, weeping as women weep, turning homewards in the heart-sickness of unavailing search, or with a certainty worse than suspense. Of many of these fathers there is this record; "he died of a broken heart." That mothers should die of broken hearts does not strike us so sadly, the world has been so long accustomed to the *Mater Dolorosa*; but *fathers* sick of life because of their daughters' shame, fathers the wounds of whose loving hearts turn to a wasting sickness, of whom the neighbours commonly say, "he never lifted up his head again," these speak to us mournfully of the vast world of misery produced by the monster evil which for ever cries, Give, Give, and which, like the grave and like the worm its tenant, is never satisfied.

It is plain from the perpetual and urgent appeals for help which are made by these and similar societies, that the generosity of the wealthy has by no means kept pace with the energy of the workers.



Purses as well as hearts are contracted by the sophistries of a popular cynicism, deriving its strength, like all cynicism, as much from the selfishness of mankind as from their conviction. Yet might our favoured classes do wisely to recollect that the judgments of God are sometimes strangely retributive in their character. A regard for the sanctity of their own homes might urge them to greater efforts for the protection and the restoration of the defenceless daughters of the poor. The dwellings of the great and noble are not safe from the danger of a moral pestilence which they have hardly cared to quell while raging around them among the "dim common populations" and in many a humble home.

Some ten years ago—so scant even then was the provision made for those who were longing to escape—a weary wanderer of the streets sat for twenty-four hours at the door of a certain refuge in London. In answer to her appeal, "For Christ's sake take me in!" she was told that it was impossible, for means were wanting, and not a foot of room was to be had in the poor over-crowded place. She went away, and turning the corner of a dark and wretched street, her face covered with her hands, as if to exclude the sight of that to which she must descend, she cried in a voice, shrill with agony, "God! God! there is no door open to us but hell's." Are those who look coldly on efforts made to withdraw women from public abuse prepared to face the echo of that cry in the day when every whisper in corners and in dark places shall be proclaimed upon the house-top; when those passionate words shall prove not to have fallen merely on indifferent bystanders, but also to have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth?

It may be well to explain with clearness that the complaint uttered here of the wrong done to fallen women, from the earliest times till now, is not based on the assertions which are made, sometimes with exaggeration, that woman is most frequently the victim of seduction, betrayed, and abandoned. We are not at present considering the chief causes of her fall, nor is our imagination dwelling on pathetic tales of individual wrong, innumerable though such wrongs have been since the beginning of the world. Neither are we complaining of the fact that women whose profession is infamous are kept apart by society. That it should be so is inevitable—is right; for to weaken this barrier, confound this class with the rest, would be to introduce into society an evil worse than that which at present exists. God forbid that we should wish or ask for these poor women that they should stand in the place of the pure while they remain what they are; that to any one of them it should ever be granted that, without repentance, she should be accepted and indulged by society, as a man who may be her equal in guilt is accepted—a doubtful privilege surely, an uncertain gain, for the avenger is none the less



terrible for his delay, and there is no statute of limitations to bar the recovery of the debts of God.

The wrong complained of is simply this, that a world professing the religion of Christ has failed to act towards fallen women as Christ required of it; that it has neglected its bounden effort to separate her from her sins, and to restore to her, when so separated, her lost position among the honest and the pure. No deeper wrong has been inflicted upon these unhappy women than that which is perpetrated (unconsciously perhaps) in the name of a spurious and anti-Christian benevolence of Continental growth, which, while accounting a fallen woman so far a criminal as to deprive her of personal liberty, and to subject her to a perpetual outrage which deadens all womanhood within her, yet professes to give her some of the privileges of pure society while she remains what she is, and to promote the general convenience by the regulation and amelioration of her physical existence in the continuance of her degrading profession; a proceeding which, by the public recognition of her calling, deadens in her the sense of shame, while it extinguishes the light of conscience. This is an aim which cannot meet with any sympathy from one who knows the worth of an immortal soul, and which, one would think, could scarcely find a place in the heart of any man who had ever truly loved a woman. It is vain to think of helping her from her shame until we first have helped her from her sin; it is vain to hope that the perpetual process of rehabilitating her person for public use can be consistent with the renewal of her spirit.

Again we repeat, that in thus demanding that the way should be thrown wide open for fallen woman to return, that no means should be left untried by which woman may be, in the first instance, protected from falling, and if fallen, enabled to escape; that she should be sought for diligently, as the householder sought for her lost piece of silver; that *she* should be pitied, and only her sin abhorred; in all this we are asking no more than what our great Example Himself granted her, no more than what enlightened Christians already grant to every other class of disreputable persons, thieves, felons, and street Arabs.

"The Church of Christ," says Bishop Armstrong, "must no longer, for some sins or for one sex, preach the doctrine of repentance and be a recipient of penitents, while to sins of no darker dye or to sinners of the weaker sex, no door is opened, no mercy shown."

"Yet such exclusion," adds another writer, "has been made in the case which we are considering, for though fallen woman has not sinned alone, how entirely in the world's eye has the undivided burden of guilt fallen on her! While the partners of her sin pass in and out among us unnoticed, save by the sleepless eye of God, on her has lain the blight of a hopeless excommunication. Even the Church has failed in its love towards her.

The ministrings of the Son of Man have through us been straitened in her case." \*

And, surely, although even a generous and compassionate man may acquiesce in the justice of a woman's exclusion from pure society so long as her life continues infamous, yet the remembrance of her complete and unequalled helplessness, misery, and degradation, the thought of the heavy retribution which follows her in this life, though she be not actually a greater sinner in God's sight than men who transgress in the same way, will haunt him with a continual pity, a tender sorrow, a stinging shame, even with an indignation none the less passionate, though he himself be pure, against himself as a member of a community for and with whom these fallen ones have sinned, by whom they have been exiled as irremediably unclean.

Such we might well suppose to be the effect produced on a generous man by the sight of the crushing punishment of his fallen sisters. What are the facts?

Too often the compassion is transitory; it is a feeling too painful to be harboured long in the thoughts of men who, as much as some women, plead an excessive sensibility, a constitutional fastidiousness, or some such incapacity for dealing practically with this sad subject, anxious only to escape from the sense of uneasiness which they have not courage to bear till it becomes fruitful. There are few persons capable of a sustained and patient indignation. The momentary flash of generous anger, which is common enough when this subject is in question, is as little to be compared, in the poverty of its results, with the profound, governed, vital, and life-long hatred of injustice and wrong, as that emotional pity which contents itself with heaving a sigh and quoting a text of Scripture, is to be compared with the divine compassion which is able to live long and suffer long for the love of souls, as well as to fling itself into the breach and die at once.

We have desired to make some slight record of what Christian society has done for the Magdalene since the days of our Example on the earth; but such a record as this must needs be a brief and mournful one; a record, for the most part, of society's neglect and utter silence towards her, or of its spasmodic efforts to rid itself of her presence. In the primitive ages, indeed, God was not without His witnesses herein, and although no sin was more severely denounced by the early fathers than the sin of licentiousness, yet preacher and ascetic alike mingled mercy with their sternness; for the Lord had not yet so long ascended into heaven as that His disciples could forget those tears upon His feet, shed by the woman that was a sinner. But the first ages were followed by centuries during which the history of this class, in all the professedly Christian cities of Europe, is one prolonged tale of savage persecution. These poor

\* Mr. Carter of Clewer.



women were fined, imprisoned, loaded with chains, flogged in public, pilloried, branded, racked, expelled from cities and from provinces, and sold into slavery. Of the many modes of torture invented to terrify the people from profligacy, we will cite one as a specimen. A custom prevailed at Toulouse of shutting these poor women up in cages, which were then plunged three times into the nearest river, the whole population being assembled to witness the scene, and encouraged to assail with mud and filth the half-drowned creatures as they returned home. In a word, every effort was used to render the sisterhood of outcasts "a homeless, desolate, hopeless class, and to deprive them of shelter, comforts, and the honest means of life." In the ages before the Reformation there existed in some countries monasteries of refuge, and in Italy convents, "*delle convertite*," in which penitents, if so minded, were received: but of active effort to reclaim them we find little, save here and there at intervals proceeding from single persons possessing more independence of thought than the framers of the social standard around them. In and after the sixteenth century, when religious life revived in different degrees and with varied outward manifestations in many countries, there rose up here and there apostles of the lost. These appear, however, to have been supplied almost entirely by the Roman Catholic Church; and when we ask what recognition of their duty to the Magdalene has been given by the Church of Luther, the Church of Calvin, or our own, we find, till comparatively recent years, a blank. It would seem that the increased light of the sixteenth century has only very slowly fallen upon this dark page in social life, and the Reformed Churches are constrained to say, "Verily, we are guilty concerning our sisters." Finally, we repeat in phrases primarily applicable to the barbarity of the dark ages, but full-charged with meaning still, that for iniquity in the weaker sex to be thus scourged may indeed be well, but that it is heart-sickening to think of the multitudes of those who may have been *forced* by circumstances into the downward path, with scarcely a choice, or it may be with no choice at all allowed them of a happier lot, and who have then been forced to suffer as those who are guilty of wilful and outrageous crimes; that it is piteous to imagine that thousands of these, first sharers of man's guilt, then victims of man's Christless moral code, had hearts as true and tender as hers who with the Saviour's mother wept beneath His cross, before His mother welcomed Him from His tomb.

No wonder that the sad seventh gulf of the *città dolente* should be peopled with millions of suicides from every region of the earth, from among the young, the weak, the passionately-loving, the reckless, and the lost:



"Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery  
 Swift to be hurled—  
 Anywhere, anywhere  
 Out of the world!"

No wonder that even were other ministers of death wanting, myriads of these should, in the words of Archbishop Manning, "soul-struck, have wasted away from within with blindness and astonishment of heart; for there are no sinners who, by the usages of the world, are so absolutely lost, so cast out of sight, so abandoned to the bitterness of their own tormented soul."

The history of the Church from the fifth till the twelve century, does not yield much to the enquirer on the subject of Christian compassion practically evinced towards outcasts. This was the time during which the conflict with vice took the form of barbarous cruelty to these sinners, whose wretched class was in all the cities of Europe at once persecuted and maintained. Towards the end of the twelfth century, there appeared feeble signs of an awakening of pity towards the fallen; a pity which slowly increased till it culminated in the wonderful energy displayed in France during the seventeenth century in this direction.

The history of the *Penitent Nuns of Germany* is obscure, and the name of their founder is not known. They seem to have been established in the early part of the twelfth century.

In the chronicles of the Monastery of Frankenberg there is a letter or circular written early in the twelfth century, in which Otto, Apostolic Legate in Germany, appeals in imperfect Latin for alms to be contributed towards the relief of the "Penitent Sisters of the Magdalene" in Germany, who had fallen into great poverty, having not wherewith to live.

After this fashion writes the Apostolic Legate, grounding his appeals, as we ground our appeals now, on the love of Christ, and on the thought of the summons which shall call each one of us before Him:—

"Quoniam, uta it Apostolus, omnes stabimus ante Tribunal Christi, recepturi prout in corpore gessimus sive fuerit bonum sive malum; oportet nos diem messonis extremi misericordii opibus prevenire, et eternorum intuitu seminare in terris quod sedente Domino cum multiplicato fructu recolligere debeamus in Celi, firmam spem fiduciamque tenentes quod qui parce seminat parce et metet, et qui seminat in benedictionibus de benedictionibus metet vitam eternam. Cum igitur dilecti in Christo pauperes Sorores Penitentes S. Mar. Magd. in Alemagna proprias non habeant facultates unde valeant sustentari; universitatem vestram rogamus, monemus, et hortamur in Domino et in remissionem vobis injungimus peccaminum, quatenus de bonis à Deo vobis collatis pias elemosinas et grata eis cantatio subsidia erogatis, ut per subvencionem vestram earum inopia consultetur, ut vos per hec et alia bona, que Deo inspirante feceritis, ad eterna possitis gaudia pervenire.

"Datum Constancii Anno Domini MCCXXIX. Kalend. Januar."

The monasteries of this order in Germany were all swept away by the Lutherans,\* and probably deserved their fate, as being full of abuses, and having altogether ceased to fulfil the intention of their founders. From that time—from the sixteenth century—until some forty years ago, the presence of these outcasts in Germany has been a constant reproach against the apathy of their countrymen, which has suffered them to continue friendless and unhelped.

Saint Louis of France established several large refuges about the year 1240, for penitent women, to whom he gave the name of “the daughters of God.” Joinville says, “Le roi fit mestre en plusieurs lieux de son royaume mesons de béguines, et leur donna rentes pour elles vivre, et recommanda que on y receust celles qui voudraient fere contenance à vivre chastement.”

In the year 1272 there lived at Marseilles a man called Bertrand, a citizen of that city, a layman, full of piety and of zeal for the glory of God. Beholding the great corruption of morals in his time, and penetrated with profound sorrow on account of the prevalence of evil, he forsook all temporal affairs, in order to undertake the reclamation of public sinners. Compassion led him towards the weaker and poorer among them. He gathered together audiences of poor women; and his exhortations, all glowing (*embrasées*) with the fire of divine charity, had so blessed a success, that he drew back into the paths of virtue a great multitude of these wandering sheep, sheltering them in any monasteries which would receive them. Several people, observing the fruit of his efforts, joined him in his holy work, like many good labourers who are to be praised and yet to be blamed, faithful in a measure, and yet chargeable with infidelity, who dare not engage in any benevolent undertaking till it can plead the justification of success as well as the commandment of God.

Bertrand, with the recklessness of true love, worked on, and the numbers daily increased of seekers and of found. He formed his fellow-evangelists into a society, choosing for their crest a device of a vase filled with burning coals, to denote the ardour of the charity which animated them. A monastery was established for his converts, who took the title of the *Nuns of the Penitence of the Magdalene of Marseilles*.† No trace is found of them later than the thirteenth century. It is probable that this Order shared the fate, hereafter to be described, which overtook almost all Orders of the same kind.

As in the portrait gallery of some English ancestral home we have met a glance from out some ancient, time-worn picture, which

\* The Monastery of Strasburg was the only exception. It survived, says a Roman Catholic historian, in the midst of heresy, till the city fell into the hands of the French in 1681.

† From le Père de Gesnay.



reminded us of the face of the friend who stood by our side, the living daughter of the house, and with a pleased surprise we recognised a kindred soul looking forth from the eyes of some remote ancestress, gone to her rest hundreds of years ago, reminding us of close and dear relationships which bridge across the gulf of time, and leading us in thought to the unspeakable joy of future unexpected recognitions among the countless family of God,—with some such pleased surprise we hail the faint outline which time has spared us of Queen Sancha of Aragon, wife of Robert, King of Naples; feeling that the ardour and gentleness of the royal lady are not strange to us now, who see the same features in many a lover of the lost, many an unobtrusive, compassionate woman of our own day.

In the year 1324, Queen Sancha founded and endowed the retreat of St. Mary Magdalene at Naples, for the reception "of poor sinners of the city, who, desirous to repent, would consent to discipline and penitence." The queen had so great a zeal for the salvation of these poor women, that she visited the retreat every day herself; every day she quitted the palace, looking none the less royal because of her robe of serge, to plead with them, to address to them exhortations which were so efficacious, that a few years after the opening of the retreat, out of 182 women who had accepted her loving invitations to enter it, 166 took vows of religion before the Archbishop of Naples. Many of these died in peace, supported and cheered by Queen Sancha to the last, and encouraged by the same tender voice which had taught them their first prayer, to confront death, invoking its conqueror with the cry, "*si vieni, Signor Gesu.*"

The retreat being soon found too straitened to admit the numbers who sought to enter it, Queen Sancha built and endowed another in 1342, called the Retreat of St. Mary of Egypt.\*

There now occurs a lapse of more than a century, during which no work of this kind seems to have been originated. It is in Paris that we find the next evangelist, one John Tisserant, a Franciscan monk, who issued in 1492 from a life of that deep and secluded communion with God, which enables men to speak, not as formerly, but "with other tongues," as the Spirit gives them utterance. He began to preach in the streets of Paris. Several public women, attracted by the Christ who by him was continually lifted up before the eyes of men, came to him, and expressed a wish to undergo a course of instruction and discipline. He formed them into a community, with the title of *Filles Pénitentes*. The Duke of Orleans gave him his palace, the Hôtel d'Orléans, to be converted into a monastery; and in 1497, John Simon, Bishop of Paris, constituted these penitents a religious Order, prescribed statutes for their government, and imposed on them the rule of St. Augustine. A copy

\* From Francis Gonzaga, "*De Origine Seraph. Relig.*"



exists of some of the articles of their constitution, in one of which it is ordained that no one be received after the age of thirty-five, being then considered as hopelessly hardened in sin, a rule which exists at this day in many penitentiaries, and which, though considered a necessary and wise one, presses hardly on many individual cases.

This community, with all others of a similar kind, founded previously to the seventeenth century, very soon changed its character. The retreats thus established ceased, sometimes only a few years after their foundation, to be penitentiaries at all, gradually becoming filled with virtuous people who, in time, pushed out those for whom the retreat was intended. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Much which would be an irksome discipline to the vicious was accounted a privilege by the pure. A pure woman might only gain in reputation by her expressed desire to enter a convent. For the outcast either despair or a sublimely humble courage was needed to enable her to approach the offered shelter, bearing with her the confession of her shame. Such must be *sought*. So long as there were fervent apostles of the lost, the refuges were filled; but as soon as the apostolic fervour on their behalf declined, the wanderers ceased to present themselves at the gates of hope. This at least was generally the case. But there are many indications in the history of this class of people of occasional great sympathetic movements among themselves, of yearning desires for restoration, and of a "spirit of weeping and supplication" poured forth on them where no voice of human preacher had summoned them to repent. In 1489 all the outcasts of Amiens, a great army of weeping, remorseful women, applied to the civil authorities for a place of retreat where they might hide their shame and sorrow, and devote themselves to honest labour and to prayer. This was granted to them, despite the sullen complainings of disappointed lust. In other places they formed associations among themselves for the correction of their morals, and to aid each other in the difficult and painful return to virtue. Thus when the mercy of man fails, and charity burns low in his breast, there yet remains the intercession of our great High Priest at the right hand of God;—there remain the unfettered and loving influences of the Holy Ghost, free as the wind which bloweth where it listeth, not only over the garden of Eden and the plains of Sharon, but over the brackish waters of the Dead Sea.

It is related by Marivaux that numbers of virtuous women and girls—"vierges et bonnes pucelles"—attracted by the preaching of John Tisserant, begged of him that they also might be permitted to embrace a penitential life. These "bonnes pucelles" desired even to take the title of *Filles Pénitentes*, "for we also," said they, "are sinners,—nay, perchance we have more need to repent than those who have fallen through strong temptation." However John Tisserant

may have acted in this case, it is certain that all such retreats were very soon diverted from their original purpose. This difficulty was afterwards met by the constitution of the societies "of our Lady of Refuge" and "of the Good Shepherd," which excluded all but fallen and penitent women from their retreats.

Spain, the country of gracious Queen Sancha, was not altogether barren in good works of this kind. At Seville a monastery of penitents was founded in 1550, "under the invocation of the holy name of Jesus." The doors of this monastery were open day and night for the reception of public sinners, who found there several pious ladies always ready to receive them, and to teach them "to read and to write, to work, to sing, and to pray."

There were three classes in this monastery,—that of professed nuns, that of novices, and another containing those who required much discipline. These last remained for the most part only for a time, and then married or were placed in some family, but, on giving evidence of a sincere conversion, they might be passed on to the noviciate, and thence, if fully approved, and themselves desiring it, to the first order. These nuns dressed in black, and wore on the bosom the name of *Jesus*.\*

The next name which we have to record is that of Ignatius Loyola. He laboured in the cause of the sick, the poor, the orphaned, the friendless, and the lost. In 1556 he opened a home at Rome for the reception of young girls whose poverty and friendlessness exposed them to great temptation, and also a refuge, wherein were maintained, at his expense, many sinners of the city. This house received all such as were desirous to return to a virtuous life, but who were not inclined to enter the religious state, or to take vows. Many objectors arose (we hear the echo of their voices at this day), who warned Loyola of the hopelessness of his task, assuring him that the reformation of such people is seldom sincere, and that for his pains he might hope perhaps for one successful result among a hundred failures. To one objector of this kind Loyola replied, "To prevent only *one* sin would be so great a happiness that I would bear any pain, however great, to accomplish it."

Early in the sixteenth century lived Jerome Emiliani, a Venetian nobleman, a soldier and scholar, and a man whose proud and ardent temperament led him into grave disorders in his youth. He was made prisoner while heading a charge against the invading army of Charles VIII., and during his lingering confinement in an unwholesome dungeon he became penetrated with a horror of his sins.

Yet another grace was added to that of repentance—one too seldom accompanying a reformation of life—even the grace of Zacchæus, who hastened, if he had done any wrong to any man, to

\* Alphons Margad, "Historia de Seville."



restore fourfold. Emiliani bethought him of souls whom he had seduced, of companions in guilt whom he had wantonly trodden deeper down into the mire in the selfishness of his impure youth. Sorrowfully he laboured for the poor and sinful, impoverishing himself in establishing homes for friendless children and outcast women in several towns of Italy, and persevering in this work till his death. Antonio Simoncelli, a gentleman of Orvieto, also founded, about this time, refuges for the fallen.

In Rome there were several monasteries for penitents. The most important of these was the monastery "*Delle donne Convertite della Maddalena*,"\* situated in the Corso. This house was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century, and Pope Leo X. built a church for the nuns' use. In 1617 the monastery was burnt to the ground, whereupon Cardinal Aldobrandini and his sister, the Princess Olimpia, made a large donation, with which a new and more spacious house was built.

There are glimpses in the history of Papal Rome for several centuries which reveal too plainly that many of these retreats, so lovingly provided for the succour of the friendless or repentant outcast, sank into poverty and disuse,—or, worse still, became retreats for the cast-off mistresses of princes, popes, and cardinals; that they were encouraged, patronized, and enriched by profligate people whose interest they were made to serve; and that so-called penitents too often entered them through mere weariness of life, finding there a comfortable, and even luxurious, retirement. So base a perversion of a charitable design was only one among the infamies of that brazen age, when a Borgia or a Medici sat in St. Peter's seat.

The celebrated Catherine Vanini, of Sienna (the city of her great namesake, the saint, who laboured for the lost of her own sex), having, after her sincere conversion, spent thirteen years in strict and sorrowful seclusion in her mother's house, applied, about the year 1597, to be received into the convent of the *Convertite*. She was rejected by the sisterhood, who at this time seem to have constituted themselves a select society, with power to elect or reject every candidate for admission. At the same time convents for pure virgins welcomed Catherine into their sisterhood, and her biographer, Père Henri Alby, remarks—

"Here I cannot refrain from observing a fact which will not have escaped those who have studied the human heart—it is, that vice even when corrected leaves a hardness in the souls which it has defiled; it tarnishes the pure joy of showing mercy; perfect pity and never-failing benevolence flow most abundantly from the heart which has never harboured impurity."

And this is too often true of those with whom conversion has been something less than an entire change of principles, who, as they look

\* Padre Bonanni, "*Catalogue of Religious Orders*."

back upon the so-called follies of their youth, seem to find it needful to appease their consciences by anger while they restore their self-respect by forgetfulness. Such men are the sternest to condemn in others that which they contentedly ignore in their own past. But some there are of a nobler nature—some who find in the goading memory of their own transgressions an impulse as keen, an ardour as sustaining, as that which the pure-hearted draw from the nearer vision of their God.

In 1615 the secular retreat of Santa Croce in Rome was founded by Father Domenico di Jesu Maria. This humble priest assembled a few poor women of the lowest class, who seemed sincerely desirous to repent, in a small house, his design being to maintain them by alms which he begged for them till they should marry or enter families or convents. He was aided in his merciful work by a gentleman called Baltazaro Paluzzi, who contributed to their maintenance. This institution of a secular character appears to have possessed some elements of permanent success; it has been well spoken of by a writer who inclined strongly to monasticism and perpetual vows.\*

At the beginning of the seventeenth century there lived in Paris three friends, whose souls were filled with love toward God and men, and whose lives were spent in evangelizing the poor. These three were a Capuchin monk called Athanasius Molé, a rich wine merchant called Robert de Montry, and an officer of the king's body-guard called Du Frênes (names that are written in heaven may well be humbly registered here). This charitable trio, having rescued some poor women from a life of infamy, rented at first a house for them in the Faubourg St. Honoré; but this neighbourhood being unsuitable for such a retreat, M. de Montry gave them his own house in the Faubourg St. Germain, hiring for himself another by its side, and taking charge at once of the bodily and spiritual sustenance of the penitent women. St. Francis of Sales came and preached one day in the chapel which they used, and created a deep impression. The numbers increased, and they were moved to a larger house, of which the Marchioness of Maignelay was made Superior. This seems to be the first instance (except, perhaps, the convent spoken of at Seville) of a small community of pure and pious ladies taking the charge of a house of penitents. Hitherto the communities of penitents seem for the most part to have governed themselves, receiving laws and constitutions from a bishop, who also appointed for them a confessor. Helyot observes—

“The persons received into this community having much more need of government and guidance than power of governing others, having neither experience nor any other requisite quality, several ladies of the Order of

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\* Bonanni.



the Visitation were appointed to take charge of them. From time to time they were changed, in order to lighten the heavy weight which they bore in the management of these penitents. The work of the ladies of the Visitation was accompanied with great blessing. They established an excellent tone and régime, and the society numbered nearly one hundred persons. Exhausted by their labours, they retired to their monasteries, and the house was finally placed under the care of the Hospitalières of the order of the Miséricorde de Jésus."

Mrs. Jameson remarks that—

"It is touching and significant to see how often the beneficent tendencies of women have, when acted out, taken their especial form from some deep domestic sorrow, or some strong bias of the affections. There are many examples in which love or grief has thus modified the element of charity."

"La croix féconde tout ce qu'elle touche."

Few have been prepared for the service of God by a greater amount of suffering than that which purified the soul of Elizabeth de Ranfain, the foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of Refuge in Lorraine. She was born of a noble family, and was from her earliest youth beautiful, talented, and inclined to all good. Her childhood was without joy, and her early affections were cruelly and rudely repressed and thwarted. Although she was the only child of her parents, they seem to have treated her with a neglect and cruelty which it is difficult to account for. In her mother, insanity was probably the cause of the aversion which she entertained towards her daughter. At the age of fourteen her parents, full of worldly ambitions, wished to introduce her into the gay society of Paris, with the view of forming a brilliant alliance, whereupon Elizabeth ventured to give a more distinct expression than she had yet done to her inclinations. She desired to retire from the world. Madame de Ranfain, irritated beyond measure, began a course of ill-treatment of her daughter which it would be painful to record. She took from her and burnt all her books of devotion, and openly treated her innocent child as a criminal and a fool. Elizabeth was hastily betrothed by her parents, without her own concurrence or consent, to M. Dubois, a widower advanced in years and the father of several children. When she heard of this betrothal she became seriously ill. She candidly informed M. Dubois that she had a repugnance to the married state, and tried to win his consent to break off the engagement; but he considered her avowal as an insult offered to himself, and became as determined on the subject as her parents were. They pressed on the marriage; and the poor girl, without appeal, without a friend in the world, tormented in mind and body, was lifted from her bed, covered with a bridal veil, and led, fainting and scarcely able to support herself, to the church. And thus she was married. Her husband could not forgive her for having looked upon her lot as other than a happy one. She was one of the most amiable and most beautiful

women in France; nevertheless, he neglected her, and sought the society of dissolute people. From contempt he descended to fierce and brutal treatment of her, and encouraged his children and his servants to insult her.\*

This martyrdom lasted for seven years. But God is just; it bore its fruit. The reader will probably rejoice less than Elizabeth did at the conversion of the miserable soul of the cruel husband. From the hour that Elizabeth became his wife, she never allowed herself to show the repugnance she felt; as she had been an obedient daughter, so now was she a humble and dutiful wife, who never suffered a word of complaint to escape her lips. She cared little whether her cross was a heavy or a light one during the few years of this mortal life, so entirely had she learnt to live for the eternal future. Her husband had a long and painful illness, during which she waited on him night and day. His stony heart was melted; he became as compassionate and gentle towards her as he had before been cruel, and died in great contrition, shedding tears abundantly for the injuries he had done her. She was left a widow in her twenty-fourth year, with three little daughters, whose gentle companionship as they grew up recompensed her for much suffering. Anxiety was still her portion. Her husband had left heavy debts, so that she lived in great poverty, added to which her health became weaker.

At this time a certain priest, her confessor, in whom she had placed confidence, made a declaration of passionate love to her. She fled from him, pained and shocked. His feelings changed to revengeful bitterness, leading him to a secret persecution of her. She fell into a deep melancholy. Her neighbours said that the wicked priest had used witchcraft; that he had engaged an evil spirit to possess and torment her. Whatever may have been the meaning of that dark year of her life, it is certain that Elizabeth suffered great mental agony, and that for a time her reason was clouded. The cloud, however, passed away, and spiritual strength and calm returned, to enable her to bear up against the bodily pains which followed. She suffered after this for many years without intermission from neuralgia, which entirely prostrated all her energies. Her complaint defied all medical aid, and one physician after another pronounced her incurable. At last, in a spirit of child-like confidence, she bethought herself of seeking more immediate aid. She knew that the Great Physician has said, "All power is given unto

\* He was a sportsman and kept a large stud of horses. He compelled her to break furious young horses: sometimes he obliged her to run for miles by his side while he rode; and on one occasion, shortly before the birth of one of her children, he commanded her to ride her horse across a river swollen with heavy rains. The current was strong; the horse lost its presence of mind, and if Elizabeth had not retained hers, neither horse nor rider would have reached the other shore.



me in heaven and in earth." Her prayers were heard, and a perfect cure was effected.

When God sends into a lot, enriched with all that women most desire and cherish, some sharp sorrow or sudden bereavement, straight from His hand, making them dumb before Him, because He and He alone hath done it, the spirit so wounded may suffer without rebellion, and such a mingling of sorrow with blessing may soften, chasten, and enlarge the heart. But when the discipline of life consists in the negation of all, or almost all, that is most precious to the heart of woman, in the infliction of wrongs which are unmerited and in the denial of love which she craves—when man, rather than God, seems to be the author of her trials—then indeed it is hard for her to continue tender and loving still. Under such a discipline, how many have been embittered—how many have grown cold, timid, sceptical as to the existence of love in heaven or earth—till gradually they have lost all wholesome self-reliance, and have become incapable of any generous expansion of heart! Grace was bestowed on Elizabeth to resist the chilling influence of so unkindly a discipline as that of her whole life. Unloved herself, she loved only the more. The ointment, costly and very precious, which she brought for the anointing of her Saviour's feet, had not, for all her life's bitterness, lost aught of the fragrance with which it filled the whole house; and for all her sorrows, she only bowed her meek head the more meekly, and lent her fair hands the more freely to wash, not the white feet of the saints only, but the soiled feet of the poor outcasts. From the hour of her birth, when, a neglected babe, she was taken forth from the presence of her selfish mother, till now, her lot had been that of the rejected; while—thought vexing to a woman's soul!—the only love which her beautiful and sorrowful face had yet inspired in any man, had been a feeling unworthy of the name. It was not strange, then, that when left free to choose objects on which to bestow her heart's affections she should have chosen the forlorn and friendless, the forsaken and rejected among mankind.

Elizabeth took up her residence at Nancy, where she lived a retired life with her daughters. In contemplating one day the life of the professedly religious, it appeared to her that one thing was wanting among them, namely, the seeking and gathering in of the lost. About this time she had a dream, in which it seemed to her that an august person came and placed on her shoulders a lost sheep, giving her a charge to carry it back to the fold. The impression deepened, and she made a secret vow to charge herself with the care of outcast women. An opportunity for acting on this vow soon presented itself. A lady who knew her great love for souls came to her house one day, and told her that she had found standing wearily at the corner of the street two miserable girls, to whom she had addressed

some words on their unhappy state. They expressed a desire to leave their life of sin, but said it was almost impossible to do so, for they could claim no shelter except such as they could find in houses which were full of iniquity. At these words the heart of Elizabeth was deeply moved, and she cried—"Shall we not be called upon to give an account to God of these souls? Let us see to this matter." Having sought the girls, she brought them to her house, and set food before them, receiving and treating them with extraordinary goodness and sweetness; and from this time, regardless of the criticism which was excited, she charged herself with their maintenance, trusting in Providence. A report of her merciful act having got abroad, other poor women came to her house, and in a few days she had received twenty, most of whom were of the lowest grade, coming to her in horrid rags, barefooted and bareheaded.

She received them with unwearying love. "She saw in them the price of the blood of Jesus," and would gladly have given for them not only her care and her goods, but her own life also.

Her three daughters were her helpers now, and spent all their lives in this work, labouring for very love's sake.

¶ And now a murmur arose on every side. Hard things were said of Elizabeth and her work. People of high rank and influence brought down upon her crushingly the weight of their unqualified disapproval; prudent people shook their heads and kept silence. None dared to utter a word of encouragement. Elizabeth might have echoed the words which St. Gregory of Nazianzen spake of himself:—"As many stones were thrown at me as other men had flowers." But as she had before borne her cross in the path of household duty, so now she gladly shared with her Lord the reproach cast on Him by them that asked, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" She found a friend at last in the Bishop of Toul, through whose influence her household was formed into a religious community. She and her three daughters, her half-sister, and several penitents, made their profession in 1634, and Elizabeth received the fitting title of "Mother Elizabeth of the Cross of Jesus."

In after years so good a report of her refuge was spread abroad that she was requested by the inhabitants of several other towns to found similar houses in the midst of them. She established a successful one at Avignon. She died at the age of fifty-six, having for twenty-five years governed her house of refuge with wisdom and charity, and with great blessing on her work. Her daughters succeeded to her office and her toils.

This congregation of Our Lady of Refuge differed from the congregations of the Convertite in Italy and Spain and other refuges, inasmuch as, although the Superioress and all who held any authority were drawn from among honourable women who offered themselves



to the work, these honourable women and the penitents formed one society, conformed in dress and in all particulars, and living together, "in order to win more effectually to God the sinners who entered their society, and to fortify by example those among the penitents who were truly converted." And in order to avoid the fate of all former refuges of the kind, which, as we have seen, always ended by becoming an asylum for the virtuous only, these honourable women made an especial vow never to consent that the destined number of penitents should be diminished by aggressions on the part of the pure. Helyot says :—

"We must admire the more the charity of these holy women, inasmuch as they represent to us in their lives the charity which Jesus Christ had for us when He took the form of sinners, and became the companion of sinners, in order that He might save us from the servitude of sin."

Among the zealous contemporaries of Elizabeth of the Cross was one Frances of the Cross, who established her especial charity about the same time that the Order of Our Lady of Refuge was founded. One spirit animated the nobly-born lady and the poor peasant's daughter. The parents of Frances were humble labourers and very poor. She herself, from her earliest childhood up to maidenhood, was a keeper of sheep; and as she watched her flock throughout long solitary days on the plains of Orleans, she too—like her countrywoman, St. Geneviève, or like the young shepherd of Bethlehem—was drawn through loneliness into a deep communion with God. She learned lessons of virtue, says her biographer, from every object around her: lessons on childhood and death from sunrises and sunsets; from her sheep, gentleness and docility; from her dogs, faithfulness and vigilance. Often her clear voice filled the solitudes with the ancient and holy pastoral, "The Lord is my shepherd: therefore I shall not want." A lady of fortune saw promise in the little shepherdess, and provided for her education; and in course of time we find Frances appearing in Paris, and requesting to be admitted as an Hospitalière to wait on the sick at the great Hôtel Dieu. Observing that all the hospitals of Paris were for men and women indifferently, she conceived the idea of founding a hospital exclusively for women and girls of the lowest and most unhappy class. She was at length enabled to put this idea into execution, and numbers of friendless and suffering women soon found their way to her hospital, where she received them as much for their souls' sake as their bodies'. Anne of Austria approved her design, and won for it the patronage of the Archbishop of Paris, so that this good work rose into being without the oppositions and vexations which so often embarrass the earlier efforts of those who toil for the salvation of souls.

But Frances's title "of the Cross," which she assumed when her little congregation received confirmation as a religious order, soon

came to fit her well, for her first success was followed by a scene which must have made her look back upon her peaceful shepherd-life as upon some Arcadian dream of a former existence. Slander assailed her, and grew in ways which it would be tedious to recount, till she was publicly accused of witchcraft. She was arrested, and compelled to appear every day before a tribunal of enquiry during a long trial, throughout which she might with truth have said, "I die daily." Every morning the guard conducted her from her hospital to the judgment-hall, every evening she was led wearied home, the crowd following her with yells and execrations, pointing to obscene caricatures of her drawn upon the walls of the houses, and proclaiming her loudly to be guilty of crimes which no tongue should speak nor ear hear. Each morning her devoted friends and fellow-workers received what they believed to be her last salutation, before the handcuffs were fastened on her wrists, she calmly blessing them in the name of the Lord. This inglorious martyrdom lasted many weeks, after which—the evidence of the wretched witnesses having broken down—she was allowed to return in peace to her home—her dark hair blanched with sorrow—and to continue till her death her laborious ministrations to the suffering outcast.

Marie Lumague, afterwards Madame de Pollalion, was born in Paris in 1599, of an ancient and noble family. She appears before us crowned with the aureole of saintship from her very cradle, and her whole life seems to have been one self-denying steady march forwards in the path of perfection. Her love for the poor and her wisdom in the administration of charity were so marked, that at eight years of age her father, a man of fortune, made her his almoner, entrusting her with the distribution of his abundant gifts to the needy. From that age she showed a settled contempt for earthly pleasures, and, "full of a steadfast silence," preferred to hold much converse with God, little with men. In her eighteenth year she was given in marriage to François de Pollalion, who held an office at court. In the relations of wife, mother, and mistress of a household, she was lovely and blameless. The object nearest her heart was the sanctification of her husband, whom she succeeded in weaning from worldly ambitions and a life of pleasure to the service of God. A year after this marriage a daughter was born. While still weak and suffering, with her babe of seven days old in her arms, she was obliged to say farewell to her husband, who was sent by the king on a secret embassy to Turkey. When sufficiently recovered she set out to join him on his homeward journey, but before she had gone far the news reached her of his sudden death at Rome. There followed many months of overpowering grief.

She was but nineteen. Her fortune and her beauty attracted to



her numbers of persons who earnestly desired her return to society; but she had resolved from the moment of her husband's death to break every earthly tie. She sought the advice of St. Vincent of Paul, who in a single conversation recognised the great gifts with which God had endowed her, and encouraged her to follow the dictates of her own penetrating judgment and compassionate heart. She accepted for a time the office of governess to the children of the Duchess of Orleans, and filled it with discretion. After a time, finding the atmosphere of the court prejudicial to mental health, she retired from it; but not before she had made many observations on the state of society—its unequal judgments, the license granted by it to certain sinners, and its merciless condemnation of others; and not before a steady scorn of the hollow conventions of the world and a patient vengeance against all cruelty and tyranny had become matured within her soul.

It is observable, in studying the characters of persons who have been strongly moved to the aid of outcast women, how prominent, how engrossing a quality justice has been in them. The love of justice, and hatred of injustice, has been the moving power within them, even more than compassion or benevolence. In such researches we become aware that the generally accepted assertion that the sense of justice is feeble in women has many and notable exceptions.

After the marriage of her daughter to the husband of her choice, the Count de Châtelain, Madame de Pollalion, having now no domestic tie, devoted herself to widows, to orphans, to the aged poor, but chiefly to the most forsaken of the human family. After a few years of effort among sinful women, she, like all other thoughtful persons who have ever engaged in that cause, perceived that preventive efforts must go hand in hand with the rescue of the fallen—that indeed the former are by far the most needful, and that any hope for the future can only be built on a crusade against the causes of the great evil; or at least such of them—and they are many—as are not permanent and unconquerable, but removable. While founding and conducting successfully industrial schools and retreats for young girls exposed to danger, she showed an indomitable courage and perseverance in seeking the lost. In this mission she endured much from the very persons whom she sought to save, many humiliations, sometimes injuries and blows; for she did not hesitate to penetrate even to Satan's seat to rob him of his victims. Clothed in the fire-proof armour of charity, she ventured everywhere in search of them. Unhampered by the death-like fatalism which blights so many evangelistic efforts, and dares to clothe itself in plausible and venerable names, she believed verily that that which is written of God is true of Him, that He "willeth not the death of a sinner," and in the confident expectation of the final triumph of His will she laboured,

and witnessed transformations of character incredible to materialists, and which are too often even by true philanthropists pronounced to be *impossible*.

On hearing that a young girl, distantly related to her, had been enticed to a house of fashionable resort for evil purposes, she ran to the spot, and full of the spirit which animated the Son of God to drive forth the money-changers, she entered the house, overawed the keeper of it, rebuked some men of the Court who were there with a severity which they confessed, by the ignoble suddenness of their flight, was too terrible to be borne, and taking the child by the hand, led her forth from out this gate of hell. At another time she offered herself, in the disguise of a servant, to wait upon eight young women who lived together in the profession of infamy. They engaged her. She spent the first week in almost constant prayer, keeping silence; she then began to add to her prayers gentle entreaties and warnings, and soon succeeded in shaking her mistresses from their deep sleep of sin. In less than three weeks the eight had forsaken every evil habit, and each was weeping alone in her own secret chamber. The event justified, and God set his seal of approval on, a step which to most people seemed to pass the bounds of prudence, even of delicacy, by granting to her to witness the constancy till death of these eight.

To a sensitive soul, already enduring much in such a cause, it is an added grief to be looked upon by the good and gentle as one who is wanting in the feminine attributes of delicacy and refinement, to be charged with coarseness or bluntness of feeling, or a vulgar desire for peculiarity. The truth is, that God has most frequently chosen for this special work persons of the purest mind and of the most delicate organization. Lookers-on see but the outside—the courageous act; they do not see the pain endured, they do not see how the hand which has plucked a brand from the burning may be scorched, nor that the fact of its being boldly stretched out again and again to the rescue does not necessarily imply that it is not quivering with agony, like any other tender hand of tender woman. Madame de Pollalion was strongly censured; she felt the reproach, but with her wonted silence betook herself to Him who also disguised himself as a servant, and whose exquisite human organization and Divine unfathomable purity did not hinder for a moment the calm and mighty flow of His zeal for a lost world, and of His compassion for the vilest creature which had originally been fashioned in the image which He loved.

Marie de Pollalion and her judges are awaiting together the verdict of a greater than any earthly tribunal, and we, if inclined to question her acts, may well speak low, and look to our own hearts.

JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.

(*To be continued.*)





### CATHEDRAL REFORM IN IRELAND.

THE question of Cathedral Reform, so much discussed at present in England, is even more pressing in Ireland. In rearranging the outward fabric of the Church, the question cannot be long postponed as to what is to be done with the thirty-one capitular bodies which are to be found within the dioceses of the twelve Irish bishops. As far as their endowments are concerned, the recent Irish Church Act has put an end to all questions upon that head. The capitular property, which amounted to more than £31,000 a year\* for all Ireland, will pass away (except so far as existing personal interests are concerned) in January, 1871. The cathedrals, in common with the episcopate and parochial system, must be maintained, if maintained at all, by the liberality of Churchmen. This at once sets aside some of the plans of Cathedral Reform advocated for England. The maintenance of the existing system, with but slight modification, has been ably and earnestly advocated by some, on the ground that the cathedral revenues maintain a class of men, with leisure for study and devotion, who would find no place or shelter apart from the cathedral system. We need not stop to discuss the value of this plea, for it does not apply to the circumstances of a disendowed Church. It is plain that it will be hard to provide in Ireland for the most necessary work of the Church, and that no institution has a chance of support unless it can prove its capacity to do that work

\* This includes three parts nearly equal in amount, viz. (1), Revenues of Corporations of Deans and Chapters, £10,749; (2), Revenues of Minor Cathedral Corporations, £10,176; (3), Revenues of Cathedral Dignitaries, exclusive of benefices, £10,648: total, £31,573.

efficiently and economically. Of the three elements which enter into our Church organization, the parochial system is the part best understood, and most generally appreciated. As regards the episcopate also, there is a general feeling among Irish Churchmen of all parties, that an increase in the number of bishops will be necessary, if episcopal superintendence is to be a reality. But the case of the cathedrals is little understood, and there is a danger of their being allowed, with a few exceptions, to sink to the level of ordinary parish churches, and to become mere units in a revised parochial system.

The object of the following remarks is to show that the cathedrals might be made the most efficient agents for work in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland; and that through them that work could be done better, and more economically, than through the parochial system alone.

An exclusive reliance on the parochial system for the work of the Church, is one of the great ecclesiastical superstitions of the nineteenth century. Admirable as that system is, in conjunction with other organizations, it has some great and obvious defects, which render it unfit for being the sole instrument of pastoral work. It has an essential tendency to separation, and even to disintegration. The location of one clergyman in each parish necessarily tends to isolation and coldness. It has indeed the merit of placing every man, woman, and child, under the spiritual charge of some one who is responsible for their teaching; but it tends to isolate the pastor, and so far as it does so, it is unfavourable to a high development of spiritual life and energy. This tendency is less felt in England on account of the greater density of the Church population, and the greater numbers of clergymen grouped together in important localities. Still the tendency to separation is felt, and efforts are being made to meet it by various organizations of rural deaneries and archdeaconries, gradually ascending to the diocesan synod or conference, which seek to find a centre in the cathedral as the common focus of diocesan energy and the common home of all who look up to the same bishop as their head. In Ireland, where the parishes are much larger, and the population few and sparse, the tendency of the parochial system to isolation is increased tenfold. Parochial work in many parts of Ireland resolves itself into the efforts of an individual to benefit individuals or families. Organization within the parish is almost impossible, and co-operation with brother-clergy is difficult and rare. All these evils are too likely to increase with the altered circumstances of the Church. The number of clergy in many parts of Ireland must be greatly diminished, and their distance from one another proportionally increased. In many cases the clergyman will become rather a travelling missionary than a resident pastor. It is easy to foresee the evils and dangers of such



a state of things. Let us see if the cathedrals might be made the remedy for some of these evils.

We are continually reminded at the present day that the parochial system is not the oldest form of Church action. It grew out of, and practically superseded, another and a very different condition of things. The primitive arrangement made the diocese, not the parish, the unit of action. But then a diocese was at first little more than a populous parish. One bishop was to be found in every Christian city; and though he might be assisted in his work by a large staff of presbyters and deacons, his authority was not divided. He was the pastor, and his cathedral the parish church of the city and its suburbs. As congregations were gathered in the vicinity, they were served by the clergy of the cathedral; and as the conquests of Christianity extended, and the *pagani*, or villagers, became Christians, pastors were located in outlying districts. Thus the parochial grew out of the cathedral system, but was still subordinate to it.

In England the process was, in the main, the same, though somewhat different in details. In Anglo-Saxon times the bishops were not so numerous, but there were several minsters, or collegiate churches of a cathedral character, under the same bishop.

The origin and changes of the minster system are thus described by Archdeacon Stopford in his "Handbook of Ecclesiastical Law:"—

"It is probable that a purely diocesan system was introduced by Augustine into England. . . .

"The 'minster' appears first in the laws of King Wihtred, A.D. 694. . . . It appears also in the laws of Alfred and Ina.

"It is clear that the 'minster' early became the system of the Anglo-Saxon Church. It was of the nature of a collegiate church, having cure of souls in a large district; and differed from the purely diocesan system in that there were several minsters in a diocese, each having its own district, and ruled by its own 'abbot,' who was subject to the bishop.

"All the inhabitants of a district were bound to pay all tithes and church dues to the minster. 'That every tithe be rendered to the old minster to which the district belongs.'—*Ordinance of King Edgar*, c. i. 1 *Thorpe*, p. 263.

"The first relaxation of the minster system in England was the concession (about A.D. 970) that a thane who had a church with a burial-place (which must have been granted by the bishop) might pay one-third of his tithe to his own church, and the other two-thirds of the tithe, and the whole of all other church dues to the minster; but if he had a church without a burial-place . . . he must support his clerk himself.—*Ordinance of King Edgar*, c. ii. 1 *Thorpe*, p. 263." \*

Here we see the origin of the parochial system in England, which supplemented, but did not for a long time supersede, the minsters. The downfall of the latter is to be ascribed to the efforts of the Norman bishops to spread monasticism. Thus—

"The ancient minsters became modern 'regular' monasteries, with-

\* Stopford's "Handbook of Ecclesiastical Law," pp. 46—48.

drawn alike from the cure of souls and the jurisdiction of the bishop; and the thane's clerks became the parochial and diocesan clergy." \*

Thus to monasticism may be traced the two peculiarities of the English cathedrals, which form leading counts in every bill of indictment against them: *first*, that they are cut off from the cure of souls and the religious work of the diocese; *secondly*, that they constitute an *imperium in imperio* fatal to unity of diocesan action. The necessity for some change in the relation of the bishops to their cathedrals became glaringly apparent to the public when a bishop was unable to command, for a special occasion, the use of the church in which his throne stood.

In Ireland, a change similar to that described above has taken place, but it was so far different, as the dioceses were generally smaller, and the bishops, till recent times, more numerous. As a general rule, therefore, the mother-church was not merely a minster, but a genuine cathedral, containing the throne of the bishop. However, without entering further into historical details, let us consider well the fact that when the population was small, the Church established and maintained its hold in these islands rather by cathedral or collegiate churches than by a regular parochial system. Let us consider, moreover, that the parochial system in Ireland will in all probability be attenuated and weakened by a great diminution in the number of the parishes and of the clergy. Shall we then be satisfied with this attenuated parochial system; or shall we revert (in part at least) to the minster system of our ancestors, fortifying and strengthening the Church in certain centres of thought and action? It seems the plain dictate of common sense to concentrate our weakened forces, and not to spread out our line as widely as before. If we wish to warm a large room, we pile the coals together in the grate, that they may burn brightly by mutual contact: so if we would maintain the energy and efficiency of our Church with diminished numbers and crippled resources, we must gather our labourers together, and not trust wholly to the efforts of individuals separated widely from one another. We must seek the help of organized cathedral bodies fitted to the altered circumstances of our country and our times. We must supply to each diocese not only a head to govern, but a heart to send the warm currents of life to the furthest extremities of the system.

Let us try to imagine what an Irish cathedral or collegiate church ought to be when the system is fully developed and matured. It might include in its chapter the principal, if not all the beneficed clergy of the diocese. Certainly they ought to be connected in some way with the cathedral, and feel that they were not strangers there, even if their attendance was necessarily infrequent, and their duties in the cathedral nominal. But the essential feature of the system

\* Stopford, pp. 49—50.



would be—a number of clergymen resident in one town, having the benefit of mutual counsel and co-operation under a common head. To them would be committed the cure of souls in the town and in a large surrounding district. It would be easy to arrange that they should in turns traverse every portion of this district, and both visit and hold services wherever required. The head of such a body of clergy would be the bishop. No *imperium in imperio* could be permitted. The dean ought to be no more than the bishop's vicar in the cathedral and its district—the working head of an efficient parochial staff. Such a staff, however scattered at times, especially on Sundays, would often meet together, both in private intercourse and in many of the services of the cathedral. They would form a band to resist the isolating and chilling tendencies of the parochial system. They would uphold a higher ideal of worship and a better school of Church music; and while working their own district more efficiently than any parish in the diocese could be worked, they would be able occasionally to help and cheer their brethren in more remote and isolated charges.

Perhaps one of the most useful suggestions, with regard to such a plan, is that of making the cathedral the training school of all the younger clergy who enter the diocese. The question of theological training colleges has been much canvassed in England, and the general feeling has been against any separation of clergy from laity in their collegiate course. In Ireland, without question, it would be highly expedient to concentrate all our candidates for holy orders in the divinity school of Dublin. But it is an evil sorely felt in the Irish Church that a young man is often sent, fresh from the university, without any pastoral experience, into a country parish, where he has little assistance in learning his duty, and little to stimulate his zeal. Moreover, there is a very general feeling that the age for the diaconate ought to be lowered, so as to allow young men, who frequently graduate in Dublin before the age of twenty-one, to receive deacon's orders at that age. Whether this change be adopted or not, there seems no reason why, in the regular course of things, the newly-ordained deacon should not be attached to the cathedral of the diocese, and serve there for some years, learning his work under the eye of the bishop and some experienced presbyters, before he is sent to combat the difficulties of an isolated charge. It would be easy to regulate the duties of the staff, so as to leave the deacons a fair share of time for study, which in outlying parishes they would never have.\* They might be examined two or three times a year by the bishop or his chaplain in portions of the course for priest's orders, and thus the stimulus to study might be kept up. The deacon who spent

\* Several of the Irish cathedrals still have valuable theological libraries attached to them.

three years of such a probation as we have described at the cathedral of his diocese, would be very differently qualified for his future duties from the ordinary deacon, dropped down in some isolated parish, whose only improvement in theology is derived from a hasty reading for the examination for priest's orders, while he is obliged to pick up his knowledge of pastoral duties without any practical guidance at all.

To this, let it be added, that parents, to whom an early provision for their children is often of more importance than its amount, would be more willing to allow their sons to prepare for the ministry, if they could earn an independence, as deacons, at the age of twenty-one; and young men would far more cheerfully embrace a profession in which they had the prospect of being prepared more perfectly, and in the company of others, for the undivided responsibilities of maturer life. Moreover, during their stay at the cathedral, the capabilities of the young deacons would be tested, and their fitness for different duties would be well known both to the bishop and to the laity of a very wide district; and when it became necessary to select one for another sphere of duty, the "right man" would more frequently be found for the "right place." And when the young clergy went forth to more isolated posts, they would carry with them the ideas and the habits which they had learned at the centre of their diocese; so that the most remote parishes might be but the outposts of the mother-church, still filled with her spirit and her teaching. It might also be easily managed that their connection with the cathedral should in some form be continued for life, and that they should not cease to look to it as *their* cathedral—the home to which they would still return in their difficulties for counsel and support.

For the carrying out of such a system, it cannot be said that the present number of capitular bodies in Ireland (averaging one to every county) is greatly in excess. In some instances it would indeed be necessary to change the locality, while the ancient and venerable name was retained. That all could be kept up is scarcely to be expected; but if the episcopate is increased, there need not be the present disparity between the number of bishops and cathedrals. It would not be consistent with the limits of this article, and might be wearisome to readers unacquainted with the localities, if I were to incumber this brief statement of a great principle with any details of its application. If the principle be sound in itself—if it commend itself to others as it has done to the writer of this article—there will be no difficulty in applying it to many dioceses of Ireland. For the present, let us be satisfied with asking the question—Can any mode of organization, so primitive in its pattern, so likely to maintain the life and efficiency of the clergy, so economical of men and funds, be applied at the present crisis to the working of the Irish Church?

JOHN C. MACDONNELL.





## HEGEL AND HIS CONNEXION WITH BRITISH THOUGHT.

### PART I.

THE doctrine which Professor Hegel has taught is the same as Professor Schelling's. Hegel has himself distinctly said that it is so. Like Schelling's, therefore, it consists of the two following general principles:—*First*, that Thinking thinks; that there is no Thinker—no Ego—except what we call Thought; that Thinking and Thinker are but two names for the one thing—nay, that that which is thought of is also that which thinks of it. *Second*, that every object of thought is a phenomenon, that the object and the subject are inseparable, that to be thought of (or to be perceived) and to be, are correlative terms; that as there can be no perceiving without an immediate object, so there can be no immediate object—no sound, no colour, for instance—without there being some act of perceiving—*i.e.*, of thinking, associated with it.

There is not the slightest pretext, much less necessity, for Professor Hegel's having combined, as he has done, these two principles in his doctrine; nor does his demonstration apply at all except to the second of them. The reader will see this himself clearly in the Professor's statements, and will also see clearly, I doubt not, that the first of these two principles is as evidently false as the second is evidently true. This second principle, which is what Ferrier has

demonstrated in a form as conclusive and vigorous and original, without being so obscurely expressed, as Professor Hegel's own demonstration of it, and which is a principle obvious enough in the case of mere ideas, requires us to employ a little reflexion in order to see its truth when we apply it to the material universe. Schelling, however, even in this case of the material universe, considered that it needed no demonstration—no more than it does that the whole is greater than its part; and his great predecessor, Berkeley, had also propounded it nearly a century previously, with a similar appeal to the mere understanding and reflexion of the metaphysician.

The first of the two principles now mentioned as the component parts of Schelling's doctrine (viz., that Thinking thinks—that the Ego consists of phenomena) is one which the student must always keep the more sedulously before his mind, as both Schelling and Hegel, as well as the commentators of the latter, appear carefully intent upon keeping it, as much as possible, out of sight. No British writer that I know of has ever yet seriously sought to analyse Thinking into a Thinker, or a Thinker into Thinking, or any Agent into the Agent's Acts. Hume affected to do so, but with the undisguised intention of jeering and ridiculing the metaphysicians of his time. The credit of this quaint theory (that thinking can think) lies still entirely with the Germans. But strange to say, they have given us no evidence whatever respecting it; nor even pretend to have given any; for Professor Hegel's demonstration of the other portion of Schelling's doctrine has no reference, it will be seen, of any kind to this portion of it. It goes only to establish *a priori* what Ferrier's demonstration in "The Institutes" effects, as I have said, so much more popularly and concisely, that all human knowledge is entirely relative—that "Being" and "being thought of" are essentially correlative characteristics. The German demonstration has nevertheless not only been supposed by Professor Hegel himself, who drew it up, to apply equally to the principle that the Act of thinking is the thinking Agent—a principle which he held as strongly as Schelling did, but has moreover been absurdly enough called, and regarded as, "Hegel's Philosophy" by the great majority of his critics and admirers, although it cannot, one would think, be so difficult to distinguish between a doctrine and the demonstration of it. The demonstration itself, it will be seen, is true, as far as it goes, notwithstanding all that some of these admirers tell us respecting the rottenness both of it and of the doctrine. Indeed, all that the Professor has done in it is to arrange our metaphysical facts as already known, into a sort of *a priori* sequence suggested to him, he says, by Fichte. He would himself have been the last to make the pretensions, which some of his noisier admirers have made for him, to an original theory, either in the doctrine or in the demonstration



of it. He himself even distinctly acknowledged that his only merit in metaphysics lay in the carrying out of this *à priori* arrangement, already begun by others, of principles already fully recognised by all, in demonstration of a doctrine which those who held it before his time had not regarded as requiring any demonstration.

The object of this article is to explain to the reader, in a few pages of plain English, both *what* Schelling taught and *how* his successor, Hegel, undertook to establish it; in other words, to explain the correlation of Thought and Being (which is, in its pure form, Berkeley's doctrine as well as Schelling's) to those as yet unacquainted with it, and to explain to those who have never yet been able to make head or tail of its German demonstration by Professor Hegel, the series of *à priori* propositions out of which the demonstration has been constructed, and the order in which the Professor has connected them. To effect these two objects thoroughly, and set the whole matter in its true light, it will be necessary, for the purpose of illustration and comparison, to draw out a little in detail the principles at present held by the more advanced of our British metaphysicians, which principles have either been elaborated independently by these writers themselves and their predecessors, or have been derived immediately by them from the tenets of the Greek philosophers. And it will manifestly facilitate this latter object that I should begin at the beginning, and first indicate those principles in Greek philosophy,\* too often lost sight of, which constitute the basis of all our modern British metaphysics. Our investigation divides therefore into three heads:—1. The more important principles of Greek metaphysics. 2. The more important principles of British metaphysics. 3. *What* this doctrine of Schelling's is which Professor Hegel taught, and *how* the Professor undertook to teach it, combined throughout with a constant reference to those particulars in which his tenets differ from those now ordinarily held by the metaphysicians of Great Britain.

#### I. THE MORE IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES IN THE METAPHYSICS OF GREECE.

There are ten of the metaphysical principles found in Greek writers, to which we must now attend; viz., the principles respecting—

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|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| I. Being, and being thought of. | VI. A Thing and its Other.        |
| II. Being and Not-Being.        | VII. The Singular and the Plural. |
| III. Quality and Quantity.      | VIII. The Necessary and the Un-   |
| IV. Identity and Difference.    | necessary.                        |
| V. The Limited and the Unli-    | IX. Change and Permanence.        |
| imited.                         | X. The Form and the Matter.       |

\* Of Prof. Zeller's admirable "History of Greek Philosophy," in 5 vols., the 1st vol. has already reached the 3rd edition. Fues: Leipzig, 1869.

All these principles are correlations—*i.e.*, principles or thoughts of the same nature, as High and Low, Wide and Narrow, Parent and Child, Rough and Smooth, Hot and Cold, Inner and Outer, &c.; in which expressions each of the two terms is the opposite or contradictory of the other, but such, nevertheless, that the one characteristic could not exist if there were not the other, nor even be imagined without the other's being something intelligible and imagined also; such, therefore, that either of them is, as it were, the union of the two as of the parts or elements of one Whole. Let the reader apply this definition to such familiar instances as High and Low, Hot and Cold, &c., and he will thus get to see exactly what the Greek writers mean when they speak of the above ten principles as correlations.\* I proceed to explain each separately.

I. *Being, and being thought of.*—The point to be here cleared up was propounded by Plato and Aristotle, after having been first suggested by able writers some two centuries previously. It is, that as there can be no thinking without some object of thought (whether this be an object of sense or a mere idea), so there can be no object of thought without some thinking going on—that, in every object that can be perceived as well as in every act of perception, there are two elements, viz.—1, the Perceiving, and 2, the Object; neither of which could exist without the other, and which are therefore correlatives.

Now the first part of this doctrine is easy enough. It is easy enough to see that we cannot think unless we have something to think about, nor perceive, unless there is something to be perceived; easy to see that there cannot be any Thinking nor Perceiving, without an object of some kind to be thought of or to be perceived. If we try to think without thinking of anything, we can easily discern this to be the case.

It is not, however, quite so easy to see that there can be no object of Thought or of Perception—no object that can be thought of or perceived—without something that *can* think of it or perceive it, whether it is thus *actually* thought of, thus *actually* perceived, or not. How is it to be supposed, we naturally ask, that there could not be Sound, for instance, quite as well in a state of existence in which all is unperceiving as in one in which all perceives? or that there could not be Light and Colours where there is not Life just as well as where there is?

This point was long a stumbling-block, even after the days of Aristotle, to many of those who employed themselves the most diligently in metaphysical research. The one side of the question

\* The term "Correlation" is incorrectly used in Mr. Grove's work for "Interrelation," or apparently even for "Identity."



all could easily get to see; but not so the other side, in which, unfortunately, there was much more range for the imagination. All, even those who were not metaphysicians, were able to see that there could be no Perceiving or Thinking without something to be perceived or thought about—without some object of thought or of perception. The other side of the inquiry, however, presented a very different aspect. Only very few indeed, even of those who were metaphysicians (to say nothing of those who were not), could for a long time make anything of this other side; only very few indeed of such could, until many centuries had elapsed, see that it is quite as impossible for there to be an object adapted to thought in a state of existence in which there is no thought possible, as that there can be no thought possible in a state of existence in which there is no such object. This has now indeed long ceased to be a stumbling-block to metaphysicians. It is still so, however, to some of those who call themselves natural philosophers; and various popular writers among these have made shipwreck upon that rock—alas! are often still, in the broad daylight of science, abruptly lost sight of in the smooth, deep waters which surround it.

The whole Greek principle now before us is that Thought and its object are correlatives; that matter, as well as every other object of thought, is a phenomenon (*esse-percipi*); that all the immediate objects of the Ego are like pain in this respect, like pain in the fact of their existing only *as* perceived things, whether they are perceived things or not. Now how can this be shown? How can it be shown that objects (even the unseen flowers on the roadside) have as portion of them—as portion of their very nature, as the very *sine quâ non* of their existence, their relation to percipient Nature; not to this or that case of percipient nature, but to all of it, to percipiency in general? In other words, how can it be shown that their *esse* is their *percipi*? that it is only as *percepta* that they exist or can be thought of as existing? This is the whole question.

To see this clearly, let us reflect that all the objects we know of are of three kinds only. They are either (1) sensuous objects (such as colour, shape, hardness, sound, or groups of these, such as we find in a millstone or a mill), or are (2) the unsensuous ideas which we have of sensuous objects, or are (3) the unsensuous percipients, the spirits, or Egos, which we are, each of us, conscious that we ourselves are.

All these three classes of things are in some cases perceived by us immediately, in others only mediately; immediately, when we are conscious of them, mediately when we infer them; immediately when what each of us perceives is (*a*) himself, the spirit, or unsensuous Ego to which he applies the term "self," or (*b*) the sensuous objects

which he sees and feels, or (c) his own ideas of such objects; mediate, when the Ego infers (a) other unsensuous percipients like itself, or when it infers (b) the sensuous objects present to other percipients (which objects, although the same as his own under the same condition of the senses, he himself neither sees nor feels immediately), or when he infers (c) the unsensuous ideas which these other percipients have of such sensuous objects.

Now it is useless and frivolous here to say that the percipient nature depends upon itself, exists only in relation to itself, and through that relation. There would be little truth or sense in such a statement, however much in vogue language of this kind is in some countries, and among writers of a certain class. We need not therefore speak of such objects—the self-conscious objects—in reference to this question respecting Relativity. Our business here lies only with the two other divisions of objects, viz., the objects of sense, and the ideas men have of these. Could these ideas and these other objects exist otherwise than *in* and *through* their relation to percipient nature? Could these have any conceivable existence if percipient nature had never any?

That this could not be in the case of “mere ideas,” that “mere ideas” could not exist except in or through their relation to something that can be occupied about them—to something that can perceive them—is, as I say, what every one can understand. It is admitted by all and at once that there is here no difficulty; that “mere ideas” of objects could not exist without conscious life, without something living and conscious that can take cognizance of such things as these “mere ideas.” Their *esse* is *percipi*. They are phenomena.

This does not mean, however, that an idea of this kind cannot exist except during the time in which something is conscious of it. It is most necessary for us to pay particular attention to this fact. No doctrine requires us to suppose that our ideas of objects have not a permanent existence even when we are not occupied about them; that our knowledge of Greek, for instance, or of English does not exist permanently from one day to another, notwithstanding the long distinct interval of time in which we daily know of no consciousness. All that this part of the proposition requires us to recognise is that no ideas, either singly or grouped into knowledge, no knowledge of Greek, or of Music, or of History, or of anything else could possibly exist except as a phenomenon, except in connection with something that can think, and that this fact does not deprive these ideas and this knowledge of their permanent and uninterrupted existence. To these two points, as I have said, all at once assent. Our mere ideas of things cannot exist in disconnexion



from a thinking nature (*i.e.*, are phenomena), yet exist, nevertheless, with complete permanence, according to certain laws of their own.

And it is not only of the ideas composing our knowledge that this entire dependence upon mind and this entire permanence are both obviously true. They are obviously true also of those known things which consist of mere ideas. They are obviously true, for instance, of a Language, of a History, of a Science, or of a Poem. Is it not clear that each of these objects is entirely dependent upon mind for its very being and its very nature; that each of these objects is a phenomenon? Could any of these objects have any existence at all conceivable in a state of things in which there was nothing that could perceive, or think of, or be conscious of anything? It is manifest that they could not. Yet do not all those things possess a permanence which leaves them existing unintermittently from one day to another, whether they are in the meantime thought of or not? Can anything be clearer than it is that the mere fact of an object's being a phenomenon—of its being dependent for its very nature and existence upon its relations to percipient nature, has no effect whatever in detracting from that which we mean by the permanent character of this nature and of this existence?

We have thus far seen how the matter stands with regard to the phenomena which we call "mere ideas." We have now to speak of the other class of phenomena, those which we call sensuous objects, or objects of sense, such as coloured things, hard things, heavy things, shaped things, &c. We have to get to see that these things also are phenomena, that their *esse* also is *percipi*, and this is the only branch of the great Greek principle now before us, that presents any difficulty even for the reader not much versed in metaphysics. Nothing can be clearer than it is that the Iliad of Homer has a permanent existence from year to year, and from century to century, and nothing clearer than that it is a phenomenon, a thing whose *esse* is *percipi*. Again, nothing is clearer than that our knowledge of it has a permanent existence also; that this knowledge about it does not cease to exist every time we go to sleep, nor clearer than that this knowledge of the poem is as essentially phenomenal as the poem itself. It is not, however, quite so clear that the objects of sense are also of this phenomenal nature. It is not quite so clear that hard things and heavy things, sounds, colours, &c., have their *esse* also *percipi*. It is clear enough that they have a permanent existence; that the colours in a room and the weight of the chair exist without intermission from one minute to another, and from one day to another. No one denies this—no one at least except those who do so to support some theory of their own. What is not clear here, the only point which



is not clear for the general reader, is that such things are phenomena—that in the case of such things also the *esse* is the *percipi*. How, it is asked, can it be true that the objects of sense (the sensuous objects) depend for the very possibility of their existence upon the universal presence of percipient nature? Cannot these exist independent of all relation to this percipient nature? Do not these consist entirely of something that is not a Thought, an Idea, a Phenomenon—of something in which neither Perceiving nor being Perceived constitutes the smallest ingredient? Could not the colour which we see and the sound which we hear, as well as all that is tactual which we experience in the dark, exist perfectly well and exist exactly as they are now without any possible relation to or dependence upon the Ego? Does not the rock, the house, the mountain subsist independently of all knowing or being known? Could not material objects and the whole material, external universe which we see and feel, its light and colours, its sounds, as well as all its other sensuous groups of attributes, hold on their present Being perfectly well if there never had been such a thing as percipient nature in existence?

Those who have never reflected upon this subject will, of course, here naturally answer at once that they could. The careful and patient student, however, soon satisfies himself that they could not. The metaphysician, and even the mere man of science, knows at once that they could not. The supposition implied in the question is a mere misconception of the facts. The material universe, which we see and feel, has been discovered, not only by the metaphysicians, but by the physiologists, contrary to all ordinary convictions previously existing, to consist wholly of phenomena and their laws. Such is the stupendous principle of nature which we are now considering in the metaphysics of ancient Greece. *Matter is a phenomenon, and not* (as was once imagined by all, and as so many still helplessly endeavour to imagine) *the cause of a phenomenon*.

The scientific man has here a great advantage over the unscientific. The scientific man sees at once here abundantly what is meant. He knows what it is to say that the material substance is a phenomenon. He is aware that a phenomenon (also called "an Idea" by the English metaphysicians of the last century) signifies that which can be as real as pain, and as hard and as heavy and as round as a millstone; yet that it is nevertheless a thing whose *esse* is *percipi*—a thing of which we are conscious, or can be conscious, and which can only be, and be thought of as being, what it is when present to the spirit, *i.e.*, as it is when the spirit is conscious of it. All this is familiar to the scientific man, and makes the whole question an easy one for him. But as this, the scientific and less popular meaning of the word, is not generally understood by the unscientific, it is



here desirable to exhibit the import of this term a little further in detail.

A phenomenon (*τὸ φαινόμενον*) then is that whose *esse* is *percipi*—that which, whether it is past, present, or future, is a *perceptum*, is thought of as such, and being nothing else, can only be so thought of. It is, and is thought of as being, of the nature of a perceived thing, of the nature which it has when people are conscious of it, and it can never have any other nature, whether people are conscious of it or not. If the reader applies this description to pain, it will help him to understand it. Whether pain is past or present, it is always a *perceptum* that is meant by that word. What we speak of as pain ceases to have any meaning at all, if we cease to think of it as perceived pain. All that we know of to speak of under that name, we know of as perceived pain, and this nature it retains whether it is in any given case or cases perceived or not. The mere fact of its being thus in any case unperceived does not prevent its nature from being dependent on perception. It is a misconception then to think that pain is not a phenomenon when we do not perceive it as well as when we do. It is either that, or the word has no meaning. It never can be anything else. It is only as a phenomenon that we can even think of it as not existing, when we say that it does not exist. There is no such thing at all as abstract pain—pain that could exist independent of percipient nature. All this, as we have seen above, is true of mere ideas also. They are phenomena, and whether thought of or not, can only exist as they do when they are thought of. The nature which they have as facts of consciousness, is the only nature which they have. It must be needless for me to say, however, that a thing, and this idea of it—that pain, for instance, and the idea of pain, a peal of thunder, and the idea of one, &c., are two very different things. The pain, nevertheless, and the idea of it are, both of them, phenomena, as are also the thunder and the idea of thunder—both things whose *esse* is *percipi*. A phenomenon, whether it is a sense-phenomenon or not, has always the circumstance of one's being conscious of it so completely as a condition of its existence, or an element of its nature, that there can be no phenomenon, no pleasure, for instance, and no pain, no sound, no colour, even conceivable without this circumstance being connected with it; even conceivable except as it was when it existed as a felt pleasure, as a felt pain, as thunder that is heard, as a colour that is seen. For, let the reader reflect carefully, what sort of pain is that which is different from felt pain, or which is thought of as unfelt pain? What exists as a fact of consciousness can never exist as anything else, nor ever be thought of as anything else—*i.e.*, in any other way than as it stands in its relation to the percipient, whether we see it to be in that relation or not. But

notwithstanding all this peculiar nature of a phenomenon thus dependent upon mind as an *a priori* condition of its existence, we know of nothing, as I have said, that is more real than such an object. For what is more real than pain, or sound, or light—than a bad toothache or an earache, for instance; or than the report of an Armstrong gun; or than the daylight of a sunny noon? Nor can anything be harder, or heavier, or larger than a phenomenon can; all that we see and feel in a block of granite, all that we are conscious of in it, or in any other sensuous object, being of this same phenomenal nature. But although a phenomenon can be as material, and as hard, and as solid, and as heavy, and as extensive as anything that we know of, yet there are phenomena which are without most of these characteristics, as, for instance, a taste or a sound is, and others which are entirely without them, as, for instance, a poem or a mere idea is; for, as has been already observed, even a mere idea is a phenomenon. The student must, therefore, be careful not to confound the two kinds of phenomena distinguished as “ideas of sense” and “mere ideas,” or the “Sense-phenomena” and the “Thought-phenomena.”

After the foregoing explanation of what a phenomenon is, the reader will easily see the whole import of what the metaphysicians of ancient Greece said when they drew men's attention to the fact that the material substance is a phenomenon, that one phenomenon can exist external to another, and that all the other material phenomena of the universe exist at various distances, external to the human body—instead of within it, as some moderns still think. He will also thus see how simply and completely they, by that statement, established for all enlightened and unbiassed minds the enormous discovery that material things—the things which we see and feel—could not be made to exist, any more than mere ideas could be made to exist, except in relation to percipient nature. And all modern research has resulted in the corroboration and explanation of this discovery. It is found by those moderns who have carefully studied the physiology of the senses, and is now a fact universally recognised by all educated men, that the material object is itself the effect, which it was formerly supposed that it produced; that the material objects which we see and feel or otherwise perceive around us by the senses, consist wholly of certain qualities and of the sensations in which these qualities inhere—of certain qualities (called “primary”), such as hardness, weight, solidity, shape, size, &c., which are not sensations, but which are marked out and delineated by—in other words, inhere in and are conveyed in, the sensations which we call feels and colours (known as “secondary” qualities); and that these qualities of sensations and these sensations themselves, combined



together, compose the sense-phenomena, of which, with their laws, we find the physical universe to consist. These qualities or characteristics of the sensations *plus* the sensations themselves which they thus characterise, are found to be external to the human body as well as to one another, and constitute (as the Greeks taught and as all are now agreed) the hard and heavy and real phenomena, however big and however solid, which we call material objects—the mountain, the rock, the river, the human body and the bodies of all other animals, the brain, the blood, the eye, the ear, the hand, the nerves, the planets and the stars, as well as all the light and colours and all the sounds around us. All these are thus shown to be phenomena—*sense-phenomena* (for the sake of distinction)—the most real and substantial things we have to deal with; formerly, even after Aristotle's time, supposed to be things which produced phenomena *within* our bodies, but now, as even long before him, known, beyond all room for doubt, to be themselves phenomena—most of them at vast and various distances *outside* our bodies.

The only plausible objection which has ever been alleged against this grand metaphysical principle of the ancient Greeks arose from a misconception, and is something in itself so utterly groundless, not to say grotesque, that one can hardly regard it as seriously alleged. It is, nevertheless, still from time to time repeated. A phenomenon (according to this objection) has an intermittent nature—exists only intermittingly. In the case of mere ideas and other mere ideal objects—in the case, for instance, of a History, a Language, or a Poem, or even of a man's Knowledge upon any subject—there are a few persons, happily growing fewer and fewer every day, who fancy that such things have and can only have an intermittent existence—that these things are incessantly slipping out of being and incessantly re-entering upon it again; in fact, that no one of these objects can possibly be, all of it, existent at the same time. These persons hold that the phenomenal nature of such objects destroys the Permanence and Identity of their existence, and that the History, the Language, and the Poem are to be regarded as having completely vanished out of existence every time percipient nature is not occupied about them, and that our knowledge upon any subject also ceases to exist whenever we are asleep, or our attention is engaged in something else. And just in the same way as these persons imagine this intermission of existence for phenomenal nature in such cases as these, they imagine it also for the phenomenal nature of the material universe; they fancy also that the phenomenal nature, now scientifically established as the true nature of material objects, does away with, and is incompatible with, that identity and permanence of existence, of which we are conscious

in them as an essential portion of their reality; and upon this ground of incompatibility with the facts of consciousness, object to this phenomenal nature which modern science thus, as well as ancient Greece, assigns to these external objects of sense by which our bodies are at various distances surrounded.

There is here really nothing to contend with—nothing to complain of—nothing that needs explanation. Those who think that their knowledge of the Greek language or of English history or of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is annihilated—is withdrawn from existence—every time their thoughts are occupied with other subjects; or who think that these external objects themselves—this Language, this History, this Poem—intermit their existence, and are annihilated, every time there is no mind occupied about them—such persons may, of course, if they please, upon the same absurd principle of this alleged intermission, say that the colours around them are annihilated every time they shut their eyes; that the colours in a room to-day are not permanently the same colours as we saw in it yesterday; that not only Beethoven's Sonatas, but the tree, the river, and the mountain, which we see and feel, do not exist during the time in which these objects are not present to some Ego; that, in short, their own faces do not exist when there is no one looking at them. There is really here nothing to controvert. Such persons may, of course, and will, no doubt, hold such views of external nature. But the metaphysician denies, as well as the mere practical man, that there is common sense, much less philosophy, in such conclusions or in such language. Neither the Mountain, nor the Music, nor the Poem, nor even our knowledge of such things, intermits its existence, nor can be said to do so merely because its nature is found to be essentially phenomenal. Those who have any doubt upon this point of phenomenal permanence need only look in a mirror, and they will, perhaps to their gratification, learn from the lines and colours of their faces, there found, that the existence of phenomena is not quite so intermittent as they imagine.

It may help to make the curious point here at issue intelligible to the reader, that I should explain to him how these sceptics solve their difficulty. It will be seen that, even if things were as these writers suppose, the *recipe* prescribed for the alleged intermittent existence of sensuous objects is one of the very clumsiest imaginable. The proposal of those who thus volunteer to mediate between the facts of consciousness and the facts of science, is to deny *in toto* the reality of all that they see and feel around them—to deny at once and *in toto* that there is any reality whatever in such things, or any externality whatever, any more than any permanence; and then to suppose, in their stead, something quite different from what is felt or seen—



something quite different from that which has feels and colours as portions of it—something “unintermittent,” which, according to these writers, can only produce what is “intermittent,” and something “real,” they tell us, which can only produce what is “unreal;” out of which hypothetical “real and unintermittent” something, they further propose to construct another world entirely unlike the so-called “unreal” and “unpermanent” one which we see and feel. It is only in this way that these writers seem able to make that permanence of nature which results solely from the Laws of Nature, intelligible to themselves. But can anything, I ask, be more *rococo* or more preposterous than this? According to the mode thus proposed of dealing with their difficulty, the material and external object which we see and feel would not only not have an “unintermittent” existence, but would not even have an intermittent one; and the new material and external object which is to act as a substitute for it, would be one which not only was never felt nor ever seen, but which, from its supposed nature, never could under any conceivable circumstances be seen any more than a sound could be seen, or felt any more than a colour could be felt. Even if it were a fact, therefore, that phenomena could be truly said to be annihilated every time the spirit is not conscious of them, it is clear that, except for the most superficial of mankind, this mode of rectifying matters would not, to the smallest extent, be found to answer the purpose intended by it. But, as has been fully explained, it is not true that the phenomenal nature is incompatible with a permanent existence either in the case of a sensuous object or of an ideal object, either in the case of a mountain or of a poem, nor even in the case of our ideas about these things. We are conscious that it is not. The Sense-phenomenon is perfectly identical and permanent, as permanent and as identical as the Thought-phenomenon; and is so, for the same reason, viz., because it is the permanence of Nature’s laws alone that gives this characteristic of permanence—of non-intermission to anything; and this non-intermission or permanence of the laws transfers itself to all phenomena—to the Sense-phenomenon or the mountain, as well as to the Thought-phenomenon or “Paradise Lost.”

To conclude then this, the more important of the ten Greek principles which we have to consider, viz., the phenomenal nature of all immediate objective existence, we learn from it that phenomena are of the two classes just adverted to—the material or sensuous phenomena, on the one hand, which constitute the Universe of Matter external to our bodies, with all its objects, our own bodies themselves among the rest; and, on the other hand, the immaterial or ideal phenomena which are the mere ideas of these: and we learn also from it that there exist in the whole Universe of Being, but pheno-



mena and spirits; not phenomena only as some moderns hold, nor spirits only as others fancy, but a complete duality of natures, as entirely distinct and different as it is possible to conceive any two things to be; the phenomena, however, dependent, for their existence, upon the Ego, not the Ego upon the phenomena. We learn also from this principle that there can no more be unthinking objects presented to us without our action—without the action of what thinks—than there could be that action (or thinking) without unthinking objects. These two classes of things—acts of thought and their objects—however possible it may be to speak of them in abstraction from one another, are thus seen to be, in their nature, inseparable; and, thus combined, to yield the fact that the All of unthinking things is Thought-in-action—that there is this Thought-in-action not only when we are conscious of it, but when we are not—not only when it is ours, but when it is not ours; that, in fact, no unthinking thing can exist without it—can even be anything else but this very Thought-in-action—that Thinking and Being are, in one word, correlatives (like high and low), neither of which correlatives could possibly exist, *in rerum naturâ*, without the other. In all this, however, it is worth while to notice that there is not the smallest pretext for speaking, as one or two moderns do, of a correlation between the Ego and its object, or even between the Ego and its own thinking. There is, it is obvious, no such correlation.

II. *Being and Not-being.* This may be regarded as the original principle, latent in all other correlations. It was first indicated by Heraclitus, a century before the time of Plato. The import of it is, that everything which exists, does so not only by *being* what it is, but by *not-being* what it is not. It could not *be* the one, without *not* being the other. Everything consists, therefore, in this way and in this sense, of Being and of Not-being.

The only difficulty (if it is to be called so) that there can be here, lies in the obviousness and extreme simplicity of the thing stated. It is, in fact, a truism. If we look carefully into the terms of it, we shall find that “not to be what a thing is not,” is only saying in other words, “to be what it is,”—just in the same way as when we indicate how “high” a thing is, we indicate at the same time, and in the same words, how “low” it is also. A given Apple is not any other apple but itself, nor any other portion of the Material Universe but what it is. *If we could* say that it was any other thing in nature except itself, then it would not be itself. That would be saying, in other words, that it was not itself. It is only in as far as it is nothing else, that it is itself; and, *vice versâ*, it is only in as far as it is itself that it is nothing else; just as when we say it is only inasmuch as a picture is hung so “high,” that it is



hung so "low;" and *vice versâ*, it is only by its being hung so low that it is hung so high. This is what correlation signifies in every case to which we apply this name.

There is always therefore as much of "not-being" as of "being" in everything that exists; just as there is the same amount of being "high" as there is of being "low" in everything that can be either; and the real existence of every separate thing hovers, as it were, or oscillates between these two elements, "what it is," and "what it is not," or more truly consists of them. Either of these alone (either the *not-being* without the *being*, or the *being* without the *not-being*) would be utterly incomprehensible; just as "low" would be incomprehensible without "high," or "high" without "low." If we reflect a little and make the experiment, we soon discover this, and how this is.

It is unnecessary for me to say,—at least it ought to be so,—that the correlation now before us does not mean that a thing is *not* what it is, or *is* what it is not, as some writers try to make it appear, in order to make the statement seem to be profound and difficult.

We have in point of fact, in this principle, nothing but a more generalized statement of the preceding one, respecting the correlation of existence and thought,—of Perceiving and being Perceived. There can, we have seen, be no immediate unthinking object abstracted from all Thinking, any more than there can be Thinking abstracted from all immediate unthinking object, although both combined in correlative existence constitute what we call an "object, and are, for this reason, sometimes spoken of as "two factors." Whatever unperceiving or unthinking thing exists,—whatever such the Spirit or Ego can even imagine the existence of, can only be thought of in the form in which it exists when it combines these two,—can, in fact, only so exist at all. In any other form it is an abstraction, which, by itself, could not only have no existence, but no meaning. Just in the same way it is also true of the higher generalization that is now before us, viz., that there can be nothing existing without the co-existence of two abstractions,—of something which it is, and of something which it is not. What a thing is, constitutes the Correlative of what it is not, and the two combined constitute the whole thing, and are thus the "factors" of it, just as abstract Heat and abstract Cold, together, constitute either concrete Cold or concrete Heat. That now under consideration is the most abstract correlation of all, and is, in fact, the skeleton or frame, as it were, upon which all other correlations are constructed, not only that between Thought and Being, but such familiar correlations as Heat and Cold, High and Low, &c.

This Principle may be otherwise described as signifying that every-



thing which really exists consists of two heterogeneous elements, which are commonly spoken of, and thought of, as distinct, but which can only really exist, either of them, by the union of both. Thus, let us suppose that there is a sound; then, the sound that so is, could not possibly have its existence if it had not a correlative (—a something that it is not—) in all the other things of nature, with which correlative it is in contrast. But this *a priori* sort of connexion subsisting between the sound and the rest of nature, is so far from exhibiting the sound as the whole of nature, that it distinctly asserts that it is not so,—distinctly asserts that the sound is what it is, *only by* *not being* either the whole or any other part of nature, but simply and singly what it is. The sound nevertheless contains in it, as part of it, as an essential element of it, all this Not-being as well as all its Being,—all its negative element as well as all its positive element. It could not have the one without the other; and it consists of both, just as this is intelligible, to most readers, in the case of High and Low, or Hot and Cold.

This Correlation can also be explained by saying that everything which exists, exists by contrast. If there were not anything whatever in existence, but *one* uniform, uncompounded something, is it not quite clear that there would be nothing whatever discernible or imaginable for the Ego, or at all existing, and that the so-called “something” would really be another term for “nothing?” But let any one other thing—even the minutest possible, come into contrast with this blank (whether we call the blank “something” or “nothing”), and immediately existence results; *i.e.*, two things enter upon existence as objects (for one thing, as I have said, would not make existence at all); one of these two things being the uniform All which was previously undiscernible, and was in fact a nonentity, and the other of the two being that, whatever it is, which differs from it and comes into contrast with it. Very little reflection makes it clear to us that one of these two existent things could not exist without the other—that they both result from the contrast of both, and that it is this alone which enables us to say that *each consists of both*. Neither of them can be truly called “Not-being,” nor either of them be called “Being,” when either is taken by itself; but they are in such complete correlation or contrast to one another that whatever name the one receives, the other must receive the opposite name. The dark blank presented to us when we shut our eyes, with the lines of light which sometimes supervene upon that blank, may illustrate what is here said. It is for no good reason that the blank of nothingness has here generally obtained the name “Being,” and that which comes into contrast with it, the name “Not-being.” The contrary naming would answer equally well; some perhaps will



think, much better; but that even this naming would have quite the same defect as the other one, will be clear to any one who reflects that if that which supervenes to make the contrast were the whole and only first thing, it would have been as completely a blank—as completely an undistinguishable nothingness as the original blank now is. No: the truth of this matter is that neither blank alone would give existence at all—would be anything different from utter nothingness, and that it is only their contrast or correlation which constitutes either of them. Both therefore are in the one. That which results from their union is, by some, called a “Change,” by others, a “Process.” Heraclitus himself called it an “arising,” or “turning into something,” or “Becoming,” τὸ γίνεσθαι, and its two elements—the two blanks—he called τὸ εἶναι, and τὸ μὴ εἶναι, but evidently without caring much which of the two terms we assign to either blank. Although this primary possibility of distinguishing anything,—this original result, which, on account of its two elements, is called “transition,” “change,” or “contrast,” is, and can very well also be called, “existence,” or even “existent thing” and object, it is essentially nevertheless what we call a correlation; in which the two correlatives are the two blanks which mutually give this contrast or existence to one another, constituting thus but one grasp of being, while presenting us with two distinct and different existing objects.

Another, and shorter, and perhaps, for some minds, a more simple and satisfactory explanation of this principle is, that existence necessarily results, and can only result, from two successive negations, inasmuch as the negation of nothingness is, of course, something; and, according to the familiar adage, that “Two Negatives make an Affirmative.” But enough has been already said for our present purpose respecting this most important principle, first indicated by Heraclitus.

III. *Quality and Quantity.*—Here, as often elsewhere, the term “quality” is used for what we mean by an unthinking thing or object, and this upon two grounds:—(1) because a quality being the least complicated kind of thing, its relation to other things is, on that account, less complicated and more obvious; and (2) because, as one quality can qualify another, or even a group of other qualities, there is no reason left for supposing it necessary (as people formerly used to do) to imagine any other sort of unthinking thing, as subject or substance of qualities, in addition to qualities themselves and the groups they form.

Now we easily get to see the correlative nature of these two terms, Quality and Quantity, as explained by the Pythagoreans and the Megarean philosophers. Nothing can be clearer than it is that no quality can exist without *some* amount of it (*i.e.*, without quantity combined with it). We can have no colour without some degree or

shade of it—no sound, no weight, without some amount of each—no space, no time, without some quantity—some multiplicity of these things united with them—in fact, so much united with them that it is only with difficulty we can distinguish the quantity of the thing from the thing itself. And it is equally clear that we can have no quantity without something of which it is a quantity. Either of these things without the other would be an unintelligible abstraction. The reader should here try whether, with his apprehension of what existence is, it would be possible for either to exist or to be real without the other. The danger is, as I say, of confounding these correlatives—of thinking that “deep blue,” for instance, is only “blue,” and that a large space is only space. They possess, then, the essential characteristics of all correlatives. They are like Hot and Cold.

When the Pythagoreans said that material objects consisted of numbers, their words signified no more than that the proportion, or relative quantity in which the qualities of things existed with reference to one another, was really that which constituted the substance or essence of these things—that as long as this proportion remained the same the things remained the same, and that when this changed, they changed;—that, therefore, the real things were the proportions, and the proportions the real things. In their statement that number is the essence of all things, and that the material universe is a system of Quantities and their relations, the Pythagoreans spoke, unconsciously, only of an abstraction—only of one side of a correlation, and therefore of what could only be true of it, in conjunction with its opposite correlative; just as though one should say that Cold was the essence of all things, not reflecting that without Heat there could be no such thing at all, *in verum naturâ*, as Cold, and that when we speak of either we really mean both. But allowance being made for this defect in the manner of the Pythagorean statement, the statement itself is indisputable. There can be no object for the Ego without the correlation of Quality and Quantity, which results in what we call Proportion—the Proportion subsisting not only between its own elements, but also between itself and the rest of nature. The Megareans also occupied themselves with this correlation of Quality and Quantity under the name of “proportion,” and not only fully recognised its existence in everything, but drew attention to the fact that, in many cases, a quantity is, *by the laws of nature*, rendered correlative to another quality beside that one with which it has an *à priori* connexion. A certain amount of Heat, for instance, on the one hand, and the qualities called “steam,” on the other hand, necessitate each other according to the laws of nature, and have thus a sort of *à posteriori* correlation



between them. This is not, however, the *à priori* correlation we are here engaged with.

IV. *Identity and Difference*.—This correlation is easy enough, if we take care not to forget that it is a correlation. As in the case of High and Low, neither of the terms "Identity" or "Difference" would have the least meaning without the other; neither of these conceptions could possibly be formed by the mind, if it did not involve what it is not, as well as what it is. Every time we meet with one of the terms, or speak of one of the conceptions expressed in them, we unconsciously see in it its correlative. We can see this consciously if we reflect what sort of "Difference" that would be which was not to be thought of as compared with Sameness (or Identity), nor thought of in relation to this as to its opposite; and, on the other hand, what sort of "Sameness" or "Identity" that would be which had nothing at all in nature, that was what itself was not, *i.e.*, that was not entirely the opposite of it. And just as one of these two ideas is necessary to make the other intelligible, so the one characteristic or object, *in rerum naturâ*, is essential to complete the opposite characteristic. In fact, every ordinary attribute of a correlation exists here in full force. Each term is but the negative of the other; so that we may express the correlation, which was a favourite one with the Greek writers, as that between "the Identical and non-Identical," or as that between the "Different and non-Different," as we had it before between "Being and not-Being." Some modern writers have given a very confused account of this most important principle in Greek philosophy, either from having themselves failed to see that it is a correlation, or from having failed to see that others knew it to be so.

"The Universal" and "the Particular" are other terms in which the physical as well as the non-physical combination of Difference and Identity which we are now speaking of, is also expressed. Here, precisely as before, each term is defined, limited, made sense of, by the other, and each term is exactly, and neither more nor less than, *not* the other,—in all respects the utter opposite of the other,—in all respects that, therefore, without which the other could not exist. Each always implies the other as the complement of the same Whole which makes both intelligible, just as occurs in the case of High and Low, or Hot and Cold; and wherever they exist (which, in fact, is everywhere and in everything) they constitute the Individual, just as Heat and Cold constitute the present temperature of the room, or as τὸ εἶναι and τὸ μὴ εἶναι constitute τὸ γίγνεσθαι in the laconic statement of Heraclitus.

V. *The Limited and the Unlimited*.—This correlation, fully recognised by the Moderns as well as the Ancients, has also had much

confusion thrown over it by some recent critics, through the random use of those vaguest, and now, therefore, senseless terms, "The Finite" and "The Infinite." These two latter terms are, nowadays, employed to express, and really do very well express, almost every other correlation. They are employed to denote the Definite and the Indefinite, the Defined and the Undefined, the Conditioned and the Unconditioned, the Related and the Unrelated, Being and not-Being, &c., of which these critics seem to be entirely unconscious, limiting the terms to what is and what is not the supreme cause; while the Infinite alone—the Abstract Infinite—is supposed by these writers to have curious meanings peculiar to itself, such as "the supremely Small," "the supremely Big," "the supremely Weak," "the supremely Strong," &c., just as though we should call abstract Cold "supreme Cold," or abstract Darkness "supreme Darkness," and speak of either as of a thing that could exist. The truth is, however, in this case of Limited and Unlimited, as in all other correlations, that the one term *always* contains the other as part of its meaning, and that, in like manner, the one thing, *in rerum naturâ*, *always* contains the other, as that which alone makes either its existence or its conception possible; just as this occurs in our most familiar correlations, such as High and Low, Short and Long, Big and Little, &c. It is obvious that this correlation is in all respects of the same import as that between the Identical and the Different; the same, in point of fact, also as that between Being and not-Being.

VI. *A Thing and its Other*.—This correlation also amounts in substance to the same thing as Being and not-Being. The meaning of this correlation between Being and not-Being is, as has been explained in No. II., that every object is the result of a contrast between two abstractions, entirely different from one another, and called, for the sake of distinction, Not-Being and Being, but not distinguished by any other mark whatever except this, viz., that the one is not what the other is. Either may, accordingly, be called "not-Being," but whenever one is so called, the other must be called "Being;" and *vice versâ*, the result of these correlatives being an object (*γίγνομένον τι*). Now this is all true, also, in the present correlation. For here again we see that this result or object of the correlation in No. II. is itself but an abstraction, and could have no existence if it stood alone—that for this existence it requires something in contrast or correlation to itself, as much as either of the abstractions did, out of which it originally resulted. The two abstractions, in the new case, are the Object which a thing is, on the one hand, and the Object which it is not, on the other hand. If there were nothing for it *not* to be, nothing for it to be distinguished



from, its existence would still be an abstract one (an existence *an sich*), and one, therefore, in the nature of things, impossible. It is only when other objects contrast with it, *i.e.*, are in correlation with it, that it can exist even for the imagination. The object, then, thus acquires an additional nature, consists of both these new conditions instead of one only, and is unable to subsist at all without both. What the object in itself is, is delineated or marked out by all the other objects which it is not, and all the other objects, *pro tanto*, by what this one is. Here also the names of the two abstractions are interchangeable. Neither of them is alone the definite thing itself, which together they compose. Yet, as in the former case, so in this, we speak of the Object's affirmative nature, not of its negative nature, as the definite object itself; and this merely because it is the less indefinite of the two. Neither of them, however, can be called "Nothing;" for each side of this correlation (*i.e.*, on the one hand, all the objects which it is not, and, on the other hand, the object which it is) is that which resulted from the original correlation between Being and not-Being, and which, although as indefinite *an sich* and abstract as anything can be, was nevertheless called "definite," and even, as we have seen, "a quality," this being the least compounded and least definite thing we can think of.

And further, each side of the new correlation is also evidently, as in No. II., the opposite of the other—the opposite of its opposite; or, as Plato expresses it, each is the Other of the Other. Thus, if we say that what a quality is, is the quality, we must also say that what it is not, is the Other; or, if we say that what a thing is *not* (*viz.*, the negative side) is the quality to be spoken of or affirmed, we must also see that what it *is*, is then to be regarded as the Other. We are in the habit of thinking that this Other of (or *in*) the concrete thing is not an abstraction taken from it, nor anything belonging to its very nature, but something, on the contrary, opposed to its nature, as we think Cold opposed to Heat, and of thinking that what a thing is, is likewise not an abstraction, but, on the contrary, the real whole concrete thing itself. Yet the truth here is that the real whole concrete object—the *per se* existent object consists of these two abstractions (the negative side and the positive side)—is neither of them alone, but their joint result, although, as already observed, we fix our attention on the positive side because it is the more definite of the two; and we call that side the object itself, whereas it is really only one element or member of the correlation; which correlation itself, in its completeness, alone, and not either part of it without the other, is the (comparatively) unrelated, unabstract, *i.e.*, concrete, existent object which we have really before us. In this object, therefore, we have both the Other of a something and a something itself; which

latter may be also called "the thing in itself," or, as the Germans say, "*das Ding an sich*." In other words, each object results from, or consists of, a correlation between something which the object is and something which it is not, which pair of correlatives correspond so exactly to one another that whatever is altered in the facts of the one involves a corresponding alteration in the facts of the other. Plato says that it is of this correlation that the Supreme Cause has formed the whole of nature. It can also be expressed as "the Positive and the Negative." And as in the present correlation, viz., "a thing and its other," so in that of "the Positive and the Negative;" also in that of "Being and not-Being," the two terms are interchangeable. All that is really expressed, in any of the three cases, is that the objects spoken of under the two terms are abstractions, *i.e.*, what cannot be thought of as existing by themselves, and that the object spoken of under each term is separated from the other object by the whole diameter of Being; *i.e.*, that what the one is the other is not—by whatever names they may be designated.

VII. *The Singular and the Plural* (τὸ ἓν καὶ τὰ πολλά).—This is one of the correlations which we meet with most frequently in the metaphysics of Greece. The import of it is that the characteristics denoted by either of these two terms would be inconceivable except in reference to the other of them. One side of the correlation is, as so often happens, more obvious than the other. We see at once that we could neither have *two* ones in the nature of things if we had not, at the same time, *one* one in this nature of things, nor even any conception of what is meant by the term "two," if we had not also, at the same time, a conception of what is meant by the term "one." This is clear enough. The slightest reflection, however, will show us the truth of the other side also. The slightest reflection will convince us that we could not even imagine the existence of the Singular, nor the meaning of that term, unless we were able to think of it as the opposite—the contradictory—of the Plural, *i.e.* (as in the case of all other correlations), unless we knew what its Other was. Thus, whether we take up the Singular first or the Plural first, we find, in either, the other correlative as part of the conception and part of the thing. That is all. There could no more be the Singular without the Plural, nor the Plural without the Singular, than there could be Darkness without Light or Light without Darkness, either in nature or in thought; Strength without Weakness, or Weakness without Strength; Heat without Cold, or Cold without Heat, &c.

To this place also belong various other correlations in Quantity, such as the Few and the Many, the One and the not-One, whether by this latter we mean the Whole and the Part, or the Singular and



the Plural. We have here also in Quantity, the Continuous and the Discrete; neither of which, apart from the other, could have any meaning or any existence; likewise, More and Less, Large and Small, &c.

VIII. *The Necessary and the Unnecessary.*—The different significations of these terms place different correlations under this head; but all very obvious. We have "Necessary," for instance, signifying that which we are compelled to do by anything else except by that which we think true and just; *i.e.*, by anything else except by that which the Ego identifies with itself, and approves of as its own truth; and "Unnecessary," signifying that which we are *not* compelled to do by anything else except by that which we think true and just. For when a thing is compelled to act by what itself sees to be true and just, it is then "Self-compelled," which is synonymous with being "Free." The correlation, in this sense, is usually expressed as "Moral Freedom and Necessity." All admit its two members or elements to be important characteristics of human actions. Few, however, appear conscious that they constitute a correlation—that there could no more be this Necessity without Moral Freedom than there could be Heat without Cold; and that the two together constitute one Whole, in which they are essentially inseparable even in thought.

To these words also belong the correlation between what is *à priori* and what is Probable (or *à posteriori*), as well as that between the Essential and the Unessential, both which correlations require attention; not that there is anything in them more difficult to understand than in High and Low, Hot and Cold, &c., but that we are less frequently called upon to think of them as correlations. It is clear that there would be nothing to be called an Essence if there were not something that was *not* an essence—something to which the term could point as its correlative and be contrasted with—as *not* itself. Thus the Unessential is essential to the Essence—as essential to the Essence as the Essence itself is to the Unessential. Both are, in their way, essential. Neither could exist even in thought without the co-existence of the other. And so also of the *à priori* and the Probable. What meaning could either expression have if the other were not there to indicate this meaning to us? Or how could there be, in the nature of things, the one characteristic if there were not the other also? They are, both, different aspects of the same essential relation. The North Pole is not more distinct and different from the South Pole than these two characteristics are from one another. Yet there could not be even a North Pole without a South one; nor would the expression "North Pole" have any meaning without the other. The Probable is defined and marked out by the *A priori*, as

the determining circumstance of the Probable—as its limit, as that which it is not, as a condition, therefore, or element of its existence, as that without which the characteristic called “Probable” could not exist at all. And thus, likewise, on the other hand, the *A priori* has its Other in the Probable, which is its boundary, and that through which alone the attribute *A priori* could have any existence at all in the nature of things, or be imagined at all as an attribute of anything.

IX. *Change and Permanence* (τὸ γίνεσθαι καὶ τὸ μένειν).—The interest and importance attaching to this correlation induce me to give it here more prominence than it generally obtains, being usually included either under Singularity and Plurality or under Identity and Difference. It is of precisely the same correlative nature as High and Low, or any other of these reciprocal abstractions. Permanence is the opposite of Change, is bounded by it, marked out by it, set up into existence by it; and Change is quite as much the opposite of Permanence, is bounded by it, delineated by it—its *sine quâ non*. Neither could be what it is without the other, however disconnected and heterogeneous they, at first sight, may appear. Yet, although both are indispensable to the reality of either, one object remains while the other changes. All that is meant by what seems to contradict this latter statement is, that the one object could not have its persistent state if the other had not its changeful state, nor the one have its changeful state if the other had not its persistent state, and that these two states could not at all subsist except as belonging to one and the same system of things. This is the correlation out of which Time and Space are constructed, and it enables us to see clearly that that which perceives Time and Space can be no portion of these things, nor these things be any portion of it; that, in other words, percipient nature is unrelated to Time and Space, and independent of them, inasmuch as it is entirely uncharacterized by any of the phenomena of which it is conscious.

X. *The Form and the Matter* (μορφή καὶ ὕλη).—We soon get to discern that in material as well as immaterial things, there can be no contents or subject-matter without some kind of Form or Manner, and also that there is no Form possible where it is not the Form of something—no Form possible where there is no subject-matter. In every object of Art or Nature there are these two correlative abstractions. Neither could exist without the other, however much we may imagine otherwise. And this is not only true with regard to the object as a whole. If the object were capable of being divided into a million of parts, the same statement would still hold of every minutest part. The only thing here peculiar is, that the two correlatives, although in all correlations, in reality and in truth,



interchangeable, while rarely, if ever, in practice, interchanged, are, nevertheless, in this correlation frequently interchanged, and thought of as capable of being so. The Form not only may be, but is, regarded constantly as the subject-matter, in which case, of course, the subject-matter has to be regarded as the Form. In a marble statue, for instance, according to the ordinary use of these terms, the statue is the Form, and the marble the matter or contents. The sculptor will, nevertheless, be more likely to think of the statue as the true matter of the work—its true contents, that which is truly contained in it—and the marble as merely the Form or material conditions into which he has thrown his work, or in which he has clothed his idea. I mention this fact to help the general reader to grasp the correlation; but in metaphysics, both ancient and modern, the Form is generally regarded as “the Variable,” and the matter as “the Uniform,” with the single exception of what occurs in the case of Logic; for here Abstract Thought, or Thought as such, Thought abstracted from every subject-matter, is always regarded as the matter of the treatise, although it is spoken of as a Form.

The foregoing correlations in the Greek metaphysics are all that it is necessary to recite in connexion with our present subject. I shall now point out, in numbered paragraphs, the principal tenets of which our British metaphysics consist, and of which they consisted long before the metaphysical genius of Germany began to occupy itself with these subjects, merely premising these two facts:—(1) that there are but very few Greek Principles of any kind, and none of those above given, that we reject; (2) that all our British Principles are, like the Greek ones, *a priori*, no proposition which is not *a priori* having any place or value in metaphysics.

## II. THE MORE IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES IN BRITISH METAPHYSICS.

1. In the first place, then, we hold that the Material Universe consists entirely of Phenomena and their Laws, as Berkeley expounded this Greek Principle to us;—“Phenomenon” being here understood to denote (as always in Metaphysics) that which can be as hard and heavy as a millstone, and which, like pain, is perfectly real, yet, like sound and colour, as well as pain, is Thought, *i.e.*, has its *unpercipient* nature only in relation to the nature that is percipient.

2. That a Phenomenon cannot from its nature perceive anything—neither itself nor any other phenomenon—and that therefore the percipient nature is not material, *i.e.*, it is immaterial, and what we call a Spirit, a personal, immaterial Percipient, or Ego, entirely independent of *all* phenomena, and therefore of Space and of Time among the rest.

3. That we who perceive, and feel, and think, are, therefore, not the material bodies of which the unscientific among us suppose us to consist, and of which each person fifty years of age has had already at least seven or eight since he was born.

4. That the control which each Spirit or Ego has over the body which it calls its own, enables other spirits to infer its existence; and that it is in this way only that we know of one another's presence or existence. When *A* sees *B*, he sees *B*'s body only. He infers that there is a Spirit, a Person, an Ego, in control of it. He infers this from words and gestures and other signs of intention and of thought. We all thus infer each other's existence; and this is now regarded as a most important principle in speculative philosophy, too long overlooked as what either could not be defended, or did not need to be so, and which was originally taught and explained by Berkeley alone.

5. That the connexion between the Percipient element and the phenomenon which we call its body is in every case thus clearly seen to have no necessity nor mystery of any kind connected with it to whatever minute extent it may be proved that every sense-phenomenon of which the human body is more or less permanently composed, has some other phenomenon corresponding to it among the thought-phenomena of the Spirit or Ego which controls it; the mere correspondence between which two different classes of phenomena (the mental and corporeal) constitutes the whole science of Psychology; and that this science is something wholly different from Metaphysics is clear from the circumstance that its facts are all *a posteriori*, whereas the facts of Metaphysics are all *a priori*.

6. That Time and Space, which are qualities of phenomena, and therefore themselves phenomena, are not qualities of the Spirit or Ego; *i.e.*, that spirits occupy neither space nor time,—exist in neither, and have no nature that admits of either. Thus the Spirit (or Ego) does not grow old, any more than it grows big or fat although, in this as in other cases, those among us who are unversed in such subjects are prone to attribute to it the characteristics of phenomena.

7. That the common notion or vague fancy of our ancestors that a spirit of any kind could be located within a material box, bag, block, country, house, or universe, was a mere error, founded on the supposition that the brain was not itself a sense-phenomenon. But this misapprehension has been now so completely laid bare, that every scientific man is able to see that, as far as this "Inner and Outer" applies here at all, it is the Material Universe (including the brain) that is "within" the Spirit, not the Spirit "within" the Universe. It is thus natural to the Spirit [we see], except when



obstructed by special laws, to be omnipresent and immortal, as well as omniscient.

8. That there are two totally distinct and different kinds of Life, or, rather, meanings of the term "Life," viz., body-life, or plant-life on the one hand, and spirit-life or spirit-being on the other;—the one unconscious, the other conscious, and each in all respects completely what the other is not, the Spirit-life moreover having clearly, in the nature of things, nothing whatever to do with the combination or separation of material elements.

9. That the Material Universe therefore partakes but of the nature of a dream, in which all the Egos are engaged; and that Death can be but the waking from this dream,—the getting to see that there is a more real and substantial state of existence than that which now seems to us the most real that we can imagine.

10. On the subject of perceiving, we hold that neither pain nor heat, nor colour nor size, nor any other phenomenon, however much it may be, and is, a state or characteristic of the phenomenon which we call the human body, or of any other phenomenon, is, or could possibly ever be, a "state" of the Ego or Spirit.

11. We hold also that all that can be immediately perceived by the Perceptant are phenomena,—things whose *esse* is *percipi*,—either thought-phenomena, such as poems, histories, &c., and our ordinary "ideas" of sensuous things, on the one hand, or sense-phenomena,—the sensuous things themselves, such as Light and Sound, and Hard things and Heavy things, upon the other.

12. We hold that the Ego does not infer its own existence and reality from the phenomena, but, on the contrary, theirs from the existence and reality, of which it is conscious in itself.

13. We hold that shape, size, weight, hardness, and all the other primary qualities, are things inhering in our sensations or secondary qualities,—are marked out by these secondary qualities,—are delineated by them, vanish with them, reappear with them, and have no sort of nature independent of them.

14. On the subject of causation, we hold what is called "physical causation," in as far as one phenomenon is the *occasion* on which another is presented, whether subsequently or concomitantly; but we see no *à priori* connexion whatever possible between phenomena, the Laws of Nature being all obviously conventional, arbitrarily selected, and reversible.

15. We hold, however, that there is no cause, in the true and ordinary sense of that word, without intention and conscious preference;—that nothing, therefore, but what is intending and perceiving can be the cause or originator of anything. What I do without my own knowledge and intention, I do not really therefore

do at all; nor can a stone do anything but what it is compelled to do by something else, which is of course only another way of saying that something else, not the stone, is the cause of the result.

16. We have no experience, and can therefore have no knowledge of any other kind of nature except Phenomena and Spirits. We know there must be some other; but what it is, we know also that we cannot even imagine. We can therefore conceive no other kind of "Cause," in the true sense of that term, but a spirit (see last paragraph). We hold, however, that there is not anything which can produce itself, nor any change which can take place without a cause; and we hold also that what we mean by a "cause,"—an intending cause,—is necessarily (*i.e., a priori*) something *toto caelo* different in its nature from the effect which it produces.

17. We therefore hold that the Supreme Cause, *i.e.,* the cause of spirits as well as of phenomena, is necessarily entirely unknown to us—entirely unconditioned for our understandings—EXCEPT IN AS FAR as it has conditioned itself for them, taken upon itself some characteristic intelligible to us, some nature familiar to us, and taught us, moreover, to discern that as a characteristic of it. The only question that can here arise is as to what the Supreme Cause has done for us in this respect, or as to whether the Supreme Cause has done anything in this respect for us.

18. Now the spirit learns from itself what the acts of a spirit are—that they imply discernment, and consciousness, and intention; and it is from such acts manifested in a limited control over phenomena, that one human spirit infers another, regulating its estimate of that other spirit by its estimate of the acts which it becomes necessary to attribute to it; *i.e.,* its estimate as to the practical ability, the knowledge, or the disposition (the aim) indicated by these acts. It is, in short, as stated in paragraph 4, in this way only that we infer, and know of, one another's presence.

19. These means which thus lie at our disposal for the recognition of one another as beings of the spirit-world, lie thus also at our disposal for the recognition of the Supreme Cause, *as a Spirit*, this being the only sort of nature, except phenomena, of which we can form the least conception. The Supreme Cause, thus manifestly indicated to us, and precisely in the same way as we are indicated to one another, informs us through our reason, that whatever is the cause of us, is essentially different from us; but informs us also in all these acts that we are to think of Him as a Spirit, as a Person, as an Ego—that it is as a Spirit with spirits He will deal with us, and that it is as spirits with a Spirit we must deal with Him. This is the constant language of the material universe which has been presented, a multi-



form phenomenon, to all human spirits for this very purpose of their intercourse with the Supreme Cause as well as with each other, and, as far as we know, with this solitary result.

20. To disbelieve or even to doubt the presence of our fellow-spirits notwithstanding all the acts whereby their presence is indicated to us, would not be more contrary to nature and to reason than to disbelieve or even doubt the presence of that other Spirit merely because the indications of Its presence are so much vaster and more numerous, or because the Spirit (Ego, Person) indicated is so much superior both in ability to act, and in knowledge, and in attention, and in minute care respecting what It does in material nature, to say nothing of what may seem to be specially done with reference to spirits and the nature given to them.

21. We thus learn that it is this Superhuman Spirit that not only has created human spirits and all other percipient natures, however various their requirements (*i.e.*, their natures) may be, but also presents to all these percipients those orderly sense-phenomena which alone constitute the whole of the material universe, and which each spirit perceives under the condition of those among these phenomena which we call the organs of sense; viz., under condition of the ear, the eye, the hand, &c.

22. We also hold that it is this Superhuman Spirit which, in all cases, supplies the phenomena by which the human spirit is enabled to carry out its conscious preference (or intention), *i.e.*, by which it acts—that the human spirit could not, of itself, lift the arm of its own body—that this phenomenon (the lifted arm) is thus supplied by the Superhuman Spirit according to certain laws (called the “Laws of Nature”), and that it is only the moral act of preference and intention on the part of the human spirit for which this human spirit is responsible; *i.e.*, of which it is itself the “Cause.”

23. We hold that the Ego has its moral freedom among its facts of consciousness as completely as it has, among these facts, the physical phenomenon which it controls, or as it has any other portion of the Material Universe among them. We have it also among these facts of which we are conscious, that the amount of freedom here, or room for preference—the amount of moral freedom—depends exclusively upon the amount of accurate knowledge—*i.e.*, upon the extent to which the Ego discerns what is just and true. It is by ignorance only that this moral choice can be impeded. It is only through ignorance that the Ego is compelled to form conclusions at variance with its own nature—*i.e.*, with its own power of perceiving what is true and what is just. It is the “being self-compelled” which is synonymous with “being free;” and those only are *not* free—*i.e.*, are compelled by something else—who do not see, and cannot believe,

the propriety and the accuracy of the principles upon which they act. These have, of course, as little moral freedom as a stone.

24. We here also learn that there are but two classes of conscious preference at work in the changes which take place around us—the superhuman and the human preference; the first acting in accordance with certain general principles thence called the “Laws of Nature,” the second according to principles which are more or less unspecial and unselfish in proportion as they are more or less directed to the same results as the general laws—the Laws of Nature—are directed to.

25. The superhuman purpose is thus (we see) never defeated by the human; nay, the latter, however bad and selfish it may be, cannot avoid unconsciously—*i.e.*, as a mere occasion—carrying out the former. To carry out the former, however, consciously, or even to seek to do this, is, in every case, a source of the highest enjoyment to the human spirit—a sort of co-operation with the Superhuman One, and among those undiverted aspirations which we speak of as “Natural Instincts.”

26. The human purpose, on the other hand, is often defeated by both human and superhuman action; and if several spirits unite together to produce an effect, and do produce it, each spirit is, in such a case, the cause of the result, and is conscious that it is so; but if they fail and another result is produced, they are not either collectively or individually the cause of that other result. It has been produced through their want of skill or power, as the occasion of it, not through the persons or spirits themselves as intending causes. Thus all those events or changes which are not brought about by human *causes* are brought about by the superhuman cause to fulfil general laws, or which is the same thing, to realize the superhuman purpose which those general laws were intended to subserve and are subserving. Thus the leaf falls upon occasion, and as the occasion of something else; but it is in a totally different sense that its fall has a cause; and in that sense nothing can happen without a cause, any more than without an occasion.

27. International progress, therefore, Religion, History, Society, Science, and all other general effects, as well as the Material Universe itself, are obviously Phenomena, or Thoughts,—mental results brought about by the sole agency of the superhuman Ego, according to the general laws which that Ego consciously carries out, and not results brought about by man or by men, in the true sense of *cause*, inasmuch as no man or men can be said to have intended, or to have been in a position to bring about, or to expect from his or their own acts, the present result of Nature’s Laws in any of these departments. We hold accordingly that we may look for the wisest and



best in the ultimate issue, not only because it is the nature of an Ego or spirit, except when it is specially obstructed, to aim at what is best and wisest, *i.e.*, at what is true; but because we see in the phenomena and their laws sufficient indications of this wisdom, of this goodness, of this truth, and of this aim.

28. On the nature of phenomena we hold, with the Greeks, that all unthinking existence is correlation, *i.e.*, consists essentially of two contradictory characteristics; that all which the Ego finds existing in thought or sense is correlative in its elements, whether it is obviously so or not. In other words, we hold that every object as we meet with it in nature consists of two abstractions; two sides, the opposites of each other, neither of which could exist alone, its positive and its negative side; that the negative side does not enter into the existence of the object less than the positive, although we attend less to it as being the less definite; that the two constitute a contrast which is the real thing itself; that this is the case with every object, and even with every characteristic throughout the whole range of Being, from the proposition of Heraclitus to the correlation which subsists between the object and the thought connected with it (commonly called the "unity of Thinking and Being"); and that it is the case throughout all the depths of speculative research exactly and simply as it is in the ordinary relations of Heat and Cold, Strength and Weakness, Rest and Movement, High and Low, &c.

29. We hold that even in the case of phenomena the Universal has no interest or value, nor in fact any existence, except such as it derives from the Individual; and that in the case of Spirits or Persons there is no such thing at all possible in the nature of things as this Universal. A universal Ego, a universal Spirit, or a universal Person, we in Britain look upon as the most senseless of all abstractions, as an obvious fiction of some writers, which is without any correlative whatever, even imaginable, to support it.

30. Strength (Force) and Weakness constitute a correlation like Cold and Heat. Strength (Force) is a mere abstraction, like Cold, which exists only *through* its opposite and *in* its opposite, although many modern British physicists, even of distinction, express themselves as if under a contrary conviction. The Strength, or Force, which we impute to one object is in reality only another name for Weakness in something else, nay, even in itself, and what could not possibly exist without the two characteristics. That is the chief thing here to keep before us. Strength, Force, Ability, or whatever else we call it, is only one aspect of Weakness, or Powerlessness, just as what is called Cold in some circumstances is called Heat in other circumstances, and *vice versa*. We have long held, even in

Physics, that there is only one kind of Strength or Ability throughout all Being, instead of several, as people formerly imagined that there were; and even in this department we know further that Strength (Force) is but another name for a Law, or rather, for a group of Laws. We thus learn now, moreover, from the Greek metaphysics that things are quite as much effected through Weakness as through Strength, that there is quite as much of the one as of the other throughout nature, and that in fact the one could nowhere subsist or act without the other.

31. We hold also that Movement is a correlative phenomenon just as Cold is, or as Heat is, or Force, and like every other correlative, only an abstraction. It is the correlative of Rest, and could not subsist except *in* Rest and *through* Rest, any more than it could without something moving. In other words, Movement is one part of a Whole, the other part of which Whole is Repose or Rest. Repose then can be as truly called Ability, Strength, or Force as Movement can, being equally a phenomenon and the characteristic of phenomena; but it is clearly a misuse of language to call either (either Repose or Movement) an Ability, or a Force, or a Strength, in any other sense than as a Law or a group of Laws.

32. We hold that the human Ego does not ever produce its sense-phenomena, or (as some express it) develop them out of itself. We in Britain regard this language and this notion as childish. We hold that it is inaccurate to speak of even the thought-phenomena of the Ego as its own and as produced by it, except only such as it has itself collected and rearranged out of what has been otherwise produced.

33. We reject the terms "Essence" and "Substance" as useless in speculative philosophy on account of their utter vagueness; the term "Essence" denoting sometimes that in which a thing differs from everything else, and sometimes that in which everything else resembles it; and the term "substance" sometimes denoting the qualities of which a thing consists, and sometimes something else (in the thing) supposed to be quite different from any of these. But as far as these terms denote any portion of, or element in, an object, we deny *in toto* that they can be thought of as the CAUSE of that object, or even as the OCCASION of it.

34. We deny that the Ego, or Spirit, consists to any extent whatever of its own Thoughts or of the sense-phenomena presented to it. It is not even their correlative. The correlation here only subsists between the act of perceiving and the thing perceived. We deny also that *any* Agent can, in any conceivable sense, be said to consist of its own acts, or to be their correlative. We regard this notion also, not only as not *à priori*, but as utterly childish.



35. We hold that the difference of nature between the Immaterial Percipient in man and this element in other animals is delineated or conditioned for us by the instincts and wants of each. The wants which are confined to the animal body will cease with the body. Those which extend beyond it are independent of it, and survive it. All the instincts which we find in nature are provided for.

36. Finally, and with some recapitulation, we hold that a sense-phenomenon is a sort of Thought—that the Ego can perceive immediately nothing but itself and Thought. The Thoughts which we ourselves collect, or think we collect, out of the given sense-phenomena, or even out of thought-phenomena presented to us by others, are our own, and may be called so; but those phenomena of either class, which are presented to the Ego without its own elaboration, can only be presented to it by another Ego—by something conscious of what it is doing—by a Being that at least has the characteristics of an Ego, Person, or Spirit; for a thought (or a phenomenon) cannot do intentionally anything, nor therefore present other thoughts; nor can a thought think or perceive anything; nor can Thinking think or perceive anything. Nor is a thought a bit of the Ego, nor the Whole of it; nor is it the state of anything that thinks; nor have we anything else conceivable to deal with or think of but Spirits and Phenomena; nor can a Spirit have anything locally *within* it, or *outside* it, any more than a “mere idea” can; nor can it become old any more than a “mere idea” can; nor can it grow big; phenomena, although they apply to one another, being wholly inapplicable to the nature of the Ego.

T. COLLYNS SIMON.



### A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE LAITY.

**T**HE Church of England is in danger. This is no idle cry; it is a fact, which is unhappily patent to every eye. A part of that Church has been disestablished in Ireland; and every one knows that the disestablishment of the remainder in England is the great question which is looming in the future. It is present to every one's thoughts. Some conceive that the peril will pass away, as it did on many previous occasions; others, on the contrary, believe that a final judgment has been already pronounced by public opinion, and that the particular day of disestablishment, the details and conditions of the measure, are the only things which now remain to be settled. The former class of persons may plead that the outcry against the Church of England was far fiercer at the time of the first Reform Bill, the bitterness of her enemies more intense, the call for her destruction much louder. Her foes battered against her gates; they hated her, and sought her ruin; they proclaimed in the loudest notes that the overthrow of a worn-out institution would be one of the first triumphs that liberalized constituencies would accomplish. Yet the Reform Bill became law, and the Church of England waxed stronger than ever. The threat of destruction ended only in improvement, in enlarged efficiency, and in a stronger hold on the national feeling. Why should not events



pursue a similar course now? To this reasoning those who take the gloomier view reply, that the crisis which now weighs on the English Church is, in all its main features, essentially different from the crisis of 1832. An assault from without is a most distinct thing from disunion within. A loyal and united garrison may easily repel attacks which disaffection within the citadel might easily render successful. The members of the Church of England were all willing and resolute to fight for her defence in those days; may their courage and their energy be equally reckoned upon now? And if a change has come over the spirit of her members, to what causes must it be ascribed?

We need not travel far in order to obtain the required explanation. The great increase in the Church's danger is due, in a very large degree indeed, to the very improvements which the previous peril engendered. The life of the Church has been incomparably more active, more varied and intense, than in the days which preceded 1832. The demands which were made for Church Reform at that period, the abuses and defects which excited so much hostility and even hatred, bore upon mere externals. The cry was levelled against over-wealthy bishops, non-resident clergy, pluralities, and worldly advantages; the heart and spirit of the institution were then strong enough to overcome the danger by concessions which left the loyalty of her members undiminished. The requirements of our time are directed against defects which are more closely entwined with the nature itself of the English Church, and are infinitely more difficult to satisfy. We live in days when ideas surge up on every side, and generate intellectual and religious wants which are out of all proportion stronger than desires to correct external abuses. The religious life of the clergy has reached a level far higher than existed forty years ago; and religious life, like all other life, has produced diversity of views and affections. A formal mechanism of outward ceremonial can no longer satisfy any one. The desire to obtain strength and machinery from the Church organization for numberless wants of the religious feeling of its members has multiplied exceedingly; and the defects of that organization have not only become visible, but are painfully felt to impede the most important functions of a Church. The conception of a Church, of its duties, its functions, and its rights, has gathered wonderful intensity on every side. The more its idea is realized, the more do the shortcomings of the Church of England become prominent; the more restless is the impatience to correct them. This is an age when all public institutions are searched and challenged by free inquiry, when traditional reverence no longer suffices to secure loyalty or even acquiescence, and when the interval is brief between discontent and suppression.

But a still greater weakness has befallen the Church of England. In the middle ages the Church swallowed up the State. The moral and intellectual forces of the world were possessed by ecclesiastics; and supremacy over society was the inevitable result. A large part of the daily life of the whole people was spent avowedly as a Church life. Most of the public acts of the nation, its wars, its policy, its alliances and legislation, were acts of Church, done in the name of Church ideas, naturally and simply, as carrying out the established order of the world. There was scarcely a deed performed, either by the Government or individual men, which was not, at the least, penetrated by Church feelings, and done generally in obedience to Church feelings. Whether the Church was good or bad; whether its administration was wise or foolish; whether it aimed at noble or unworthy ends, it was the acknowledged structure—the constituent element, to use physiological language—of society. The Reformation for a long period maintained the same position for the Church, although the progressive culture of classical and scientific literature gradually introduced new and heterogeneous elements into the ruling forces of the world. Religious ideas kindled and sustained most of the great European wars. At home the Church still swayed the people; and even when Nonconformity reared its head, and ultimately achieved the great victory of toleration, the practical change was, in substance, the substitution of one Church for another. The pursuit of agriculture was the main occupation of the nation; and the machinery of Church, distributed over the country, proved effective enough to bring Church relations into the every-day business of human life. Thus the chief part of the people, so to speak, were kept within the Church; the ideas of religion, of Christianity, were brought into contact, more or less close, with their minds. There was no disposition to live outside of the national Church, except amongst the Nonconformists, whose numbers were as yet inconsiderable. The laity in those days formed a substantive and practical portion of the Church; and great strength, it is obvious, accrued to the institution from this fact.

But the world is much changed from what it was in those days. Science has generated enormous developments of trade. Huge masses of living beings have been congregated on narrow areas, whilst the development of Church machinery has kept no kind of proportion with the movement. Even Dissent, multiplied and strengthened as it has been, has failed to supply the deficiency of the Church's action. The task was too heavy; in some respects, possibly, too uncongenial. But so far as Dissent succeeded in making men Christian, it took them away from the Church, and as an existing and established institution, the Church was weakened by this



loss. Then, too, a great alteration has come over the feeling of Dissenters towards the Church. Many can still remember the time when Dissenters bore good-will towards the Church of England, and made no attempts to accomplish her downfall. They often conceived that their own existence was mixed up with hers. Of how many Dissenters may the same remark be made now? A new idea—a new modification imparted to an old idea—has been at work upon their minds. Religious equality, in former days, was understood to mean free liberty of worship; modern Liberals have elevated the phrase into an unlimited formula, and under its authority forbid the State from doing anything for any body of religionists which it does not do for any other body, however few the latter may be. Hence for them an Established Church, though it might comprise nearly the whole nation, and omit only an insignificant sect, is an indefensible violation of the principle of equality. Thus a new and formidable artillery is levelled against the walls of the old Church. In this way huge masses of population, swiftly growing every year in number and size, are either altogether lost to the Church by the absence of adequate Church machinery, or else, so far as they are penetrated by Christian teachers, become Dissenters, eager for the Church's overthrow.

On the other hand, if the assailants have been numerous, and, still more, the calls for Church expansion urgent, the means of defence and succour have increased also. Church associations of every kind spring up daily, new churches are built, additional clergy enlisted, and Church gatherings, in which laymen participate equally with clergy, instituted in many parishes. Neither the money nor the personal energy of the laity is found wanting; indeed, the activity of so many laymen in seconding the efforts of the clergy for the Christianizing of the people is one of the most distinctive religious features of our day. The Church has displayed a vitality and a force in this quarter which were as unexpected by many as they are gratifying. The zeal for Church efficiency has been so fervid as to break out into Church congresses, attended by immense numbers, in which every kind of suggestion is offered and discussed for the strengthening of the Church, and the enlarging of her influence. In other directions synods are being organized; and the conviction enforces itself on every mind, whether friendly or hostile to the Church, that there is life, and movement, and power of growth within her border, and abundant encouragement for the continued development of this vigour.

At all these meetings one idea is manifestly predominant. The feeling is universal and strong that the one problem which presses on the Church for solution is the reconstruction of the position of

the laity in the Church of England. The welfare, nay, the very safety of the Church, demands that the laity should be called in to give support, by receiving a thoroughly effective part in her administration. This feeling is only the acknowledgment of the fact described above—that large portions of the people have peeled away from the Church; that they are strangers to her fold, and have no share in her action, and are wholly uninterested in her fortunes. No exhortations of the clergy, however eloquent and forcible; no proclamations of the duty of obedience, or of the claims of the national Church to affection; no sermons or addresses, however powerful, on the peril incurred by souls in remaining aloof from her ministrations, are capable of dealing effectually with this danger. The task is too heavy for the clergy. Undeniably at no former period was their zeal more energetic, or their piety more conspicuous; nevertheless, they have a feeble hold on the nation, and they are becoming aware of this lamentable truth. The population of the country has outgrown their resources: their numbers and their means are alike inadequate to perform the work required. The clergy were formerly reproached with being idle; they have become a working race, and yet the parishes are too much for them. They have appealed to the laity, and not in vain. Many and large churches have been built; endowments have been provided; salaries for additional curates are ever forthcoming; endless committees for parochial purposes have constituted themselves a regular part of the clergyman's staff, and the laity have come forward at meetings and congresses of every kind to discuss with the clergy the best means for promoting the efficiency of the Church. Nevertheless, all these efforts are but a drop of water in the ocean, when compared with the magnitude of the service needed. The great mass of the people is still felt to be unreached. No impression of any importance is made on the nation, taken as a whole. The Church is held, beyond a doubt, in great respect by those who belong to her communion in spirit as well as name; but they cover too small a space to give security and true vitality to the Church. The conclusion is brought home to them daily that more help is required: and where can it come from but from the laity? Thus the cry for the extension of lay influence in the Church acquires strength incessantly. Succour must be sought from the laity; but gratuitous support—contributions of money, and occasionally of time and labour—is not the support which the emergency requires. It is too voluntary; it partakes too much of the character of charity or of individual feeling; no great result can spring from sources so scattered and so precarious. The problem of the incorporation of the laity with the Church's system is not solved by such an answer.



There are many to whom this vehement desire for a broader recognition of the laity occasions surprise; and amongst these is the Archbishop of Canterbury. He finds something unreasonable in this demand; at least in the manner in which it is put forward by many speakers and writers. "So long," says the archbishop, "as there is such a thing as lay patronage, whether public or private, so long, he thought, the laity would be somewhat unreasonable if they were to complain that they were overlooked in the arrangements of the Church of which they were all members; because, if it be true that the majority of the clergy owed practically their position in their several parishes to the nomination of some layman, it was quite obvious that the laity, so far from being precluded from a voice in the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Church, had a very potent voice indeed; and the arrangement whereby the principal positions in the Church, in every cathedral and every diocese, were at the disposal of the civil governor, was a most practical protest in favour of the influence the laity exercised in the administration of the Church of England. Then again the officers, the chancellors, and judges, of the various ecclesiastical courts, from time immemorial have been laymen. He thought, therefore, that if there were one accusation more than another perfectly groundless that might be made against the Church of England, it would be that the laity were not allowed their full share in the administration of the system of the Church of England. Indeed, some might say that they had more than their share." All this is most true: yet it misconceives the true character of the complaint. It proceeds quite as much from the lips of the clergy as from those of the laity themselves. The evil of the situation is not that the laity are pouring out discontent at the insufficient place provided for them in the administration of the Church, but that both they and many of the clergy profoundly feel that more force, moral and social, as well as religious, is urgently needed for even the moderate fulfilment of the Church's work in this nation, and that this reinforcement has for one of its most imperative conditions the calling into exercise a much larger amount of lay action. Discontent is not the word to apply to the language so freely employed in this matter. The feelings that animate it are a strong perception of the requirements of the Church, and dissatisfaction that assistance which is believed to be obtainable is not obtained, on account of a faulty arrangement of the Church's administration. The feeling is sound and healthy, and not open to the censure of the archbishop, which would be perfectly well founded if, as he seems to suppose in this passage, it was caused by an ambitious desire for increased power and influence.

The words of the archbishop, however, are excellent, when

regarded from another point of view. His last remark contains a vast and unhappily regrettable truth. By the actual constitution of the Church of England, the laity have not too little but too much power. Lay authority is so excessive in that institution that it destroys itself. Parliament is omnipotent over the Church of England, and precisely because it can do anything it does nothing at all. Parliament is the sole legislator of that Church; not a law can be enacted respecting it, great or small, except by Parliament; but Parliament is so manifestly unfit to debate and enact ecclesiastical laws, that practically it declines the function altogether, and the Church may be said to possess no legislature. The House of Commons is composed of men who cannot be said to meet as conscious Churchmen, as the lawgivers of the Church, as men lying under the responsibility of watching the condition of the Church, and framing continuously such measures as shall satisfy its wants and promote its efficiency. Yet more, many of its members do not belong to the Church of England. They are its rulers, its supreme legislators, its administrators, for such administration as it may be said to possess, yet they repel her communion, and not seldom are classed amongst its bitterest foes. How can such a body provide for this great Church such enactments as the varying state of her condition may require? Yet, if Parliament passes no ecclesiastical laws, no one else can. And what sort of an administration has Parliament constructed for the Church? None whatever. The Church of England is the only large society in the world which has no administrative organ, no body which can conduct its management, no central board or office which can direct its movements, regulate its discipline, or make general provision for its wants. The Church of England is supposed to have bishops for its rulers and governors; but no illusion can be more complete. The bishops are not the rulers of the Church of England, they can govern no one nor rule anything. The law of the land places every clergyman in a defined position in which he is amenable to that law alone. So long as he does not break the law, he may defy his bishop with impunity. His cure or dignity is his freehold, he is entrenched within it as impenetrably to his bishop as a private person is inaccessible within his own house to the interference of the judges; what he has to think of, constitutionally, is not his bishop, but of the ordinance of the law. So long as he does not violate the statutes of Parliament, so long as he performs the services required, not by the bishop but by the law, he is absolutely independent. Whatever influence the bishop may exercise over him is almost entirely voluntary and moral. There is no real subordination or co-ordination existing amongst his clergy. A bishop can prosecute, but the accusation must plead a breach of



the law and be tried at law, and not by the bishop, except so far as the inculpatcd clerk consents to submit to his judgment.

In this matter of administration the Church of England exhibits a striking contrast with the great departments of the State. The Horse Guards administer the army; the commander-in-chief's power ranges over many of its details. He can make regulations which must be obeyed; and practically, the whole army is subject to his orders, so as to be knit and concentrated into a single united and working institution. The same spectacle is presented by the Admiralty. The fleet has an administration; it is directed by a central authority which is empowered to issue commands. Whilst the Church is a collection of practically isolated individuals, each obeying the law for himself and combining with his brethren only so far as his pleasure may dictate, the army and navy are provided with central and superior authorities, capable of controlling, ordering, and creating. And to what is this strange and damaging weakness to be ascribed? To the excessive power of the laity, to the subordination of the Church to Parliament alone, to the combination of the legislative and executive authorities in one single body, and that a body unfitted by its very nature to administer. So utterly incompetent is Parliament to govern, that in civil matters it is forced to choose a government, an executive ministry, invested with the right of ordering and controlling. Every other Church, every society of Dissenters possesses legislative and administrative organs, composed of its own members, and fitted to provide for the varying wants of its communions. The Church of England has Parliament alone for its organ to discharge these functions, and an Act of Parliament is the sole instrument by which the minutest change, not only in its constitution but in its government, can be accomplished.

Innumerable suggestions for improving the efficiency of the Church in all parts of the country attest the longing of her members to meet the religious wants of the people; but they are all arrested by the fatal bar of the necessity of an Act of Parliament. What avails it if a host of able speakers pour out at congresses a stream of proposals for repairing and extending the Church, if they are all shipwrecked at last on the terrible rock of the House of Commons? Contradictory rubrics perplex and fetter the clergy, fixed and ill-arranged services require remodelling, town populations suffer from the want of organized religious forces to explore, and teach, and sympathize, the parochial monopoly of rectors opposes at times grievous obstacles to the extension of Church action—these and many other evils are keenly felt, and both the will and energy are at hand to devise

remedies, but without an Act of Parliament nothing is possible. One has only to think what it means to bring a Church Bill into Parliament, and to get it passed, to understand the hopeless paralysis into which Church administration has fallen. The inexhaustible fertility of suggestions is broken and spent under the immovable wall of Act of Parliament.

The one paramount want of the Church of England thus becomes plainly visible. It is useless for the head to plan if there is no hand to execute. The one disastrous anomaly of the Church must be removed. Every institution requires administration—none more so than a church; and administration implies an organ to administer, a central authority to direct, a mind or minds to perceive, to deliberate, and to order. The acquisition of the help of the laity is universally acknowledged to be an imperious necessity for the Church, and that aid cannot be obtained except through organization. The problem admits of no other solution. Voluntary associations of the laity with the clergy in the various spheres of Church work, however valuable they may be in themselves, in no sense constitute Church administration. They fail in the one vital and essential point—in the creating in the minds of the laity the sense that the Church is theirs as well as the clergy's—their joint institution. On no other condition can that real interest in the Church be firmly planted in their feelings, which will make them naturally, and without effort, become the effective defenders of the Church. They will protect it because it is theirs and they manage it—jointly, of course—but truly and really. And they will defend it in the best of all possible ways, by rendering it more efficient, by repairing it, by accommodating its machinery, its services, and discipline to the spirit of modern times. Institutions do not live by laws and written enactments, but by the living force which animates them, by the hold they possess over the affections and ideas of mankind. And the question becomes, How shall this great organ be erected? and where shall it be?

Convocation obviously presents itself at once to one's thoughts as the instrument by which this all-important end may be most easily attained. It exists, and that in itself is a very mighty fact. It limits the inventive faculties of reformers to mere transformation; it removes the ecclesiastical ship from the pitiless ocean, and places her within the reach of a definite port. Her Convocation is an ancient institution, it rests on a long history in the past, it suggests common associations to many minds simultaneously, it is strong with the respect paid by the memory of a long existence. These are elements of great strength, especially in such a country as England. Their power, moreover, is not a little increased by their embodying the



ideas of many persons who of necessity must carry great weight in a remodelling of the Church of England. Convocation is a clerical institution, and as such is dear to the majority of the English clergy. The good-will of the clergy in the construction of an administrative organ for the Church of England is not only valuable, but indispensable; the wish cannot be carried out in defiance of their feelings. If Parliament or any lay power were alone to make an attempt at such a creation it inevitably must fail; the Church would perish under the operation. It is a great matter for consideration, therefore, if it be really true that the clergy would lend their co-operation to a reform of Convocation, and would withhold it from any institution that would date only from to-day. It is certain that many of the clergy do look to the reform of Convocation as the proper method for obtaining the end desired—the co-operation of the laity in the government of the Church. An association has been formed for this purpose, and is very actively at work. This is a force which must not be condemned; it is strong as representing a large body of opinion, and stronger yet as standing upon sentiments which are always influential over Englishmen. Nevertheless, allowing the utmost consideration to the peculiar claims of Convocation, it seems to us certain that the idea of seeking from a remodelled Convocation such a position for the laity as would secure their affection and their support is unsound. The reason for such an opinion is short but decisive. Convocation can never be made to perform the work required. It is not the fitting instrument for the end desired. It can never give the laity their proper place in the Church; they would always feel strangers within its walls. It is essentially a clerical body, its fundamental idea is clerical, its history is clerical, all its thoughts are clerical, and clerical they would remain for ever. Laymen summoned to join in its deliberations could not possibly occupy anything but a subordinate position. Every debate would be governed by clerical precedents, which were ingrained into the very essence of the institution. Its lay members would be respectable and earnest Christians, who were allowed the privilege of assisting in Church debates; but they would never be suffered to be co-equals with the clergy in any matter of first-rate importance. In the outer world they would be sustained by no mass of lay sympathy; they would fail to make the whole body of the laity feel that the Church belonged to them as really as to the clergy. Without sympathy, and without the respect which sympathy and the identification of interests produced, they would be wholly unable to call up lay strength to the defence of the Church. Neither would they have the power to enforce many reforms of great value; they would be no match, within a body of such purely clerical origin, for the united

force of the clergy. The difficulty is insuperable; for it lies in the very nature itself of Convocation. It is a pure waste of time, therefore, to frame ingenious plans for reconstructing Convocation; the foundation is unsound and the building useless. It would be as easy to make the Ethiopian change his skin as to get a council of thoroughly clerical origin and type to recognise the laity as always their equals, and occasionally their masters. Some, indeed, might reply that the supremacy of the clergy in the Church is a primary element of Church government, and being inherent in the clerical office can never be abandoned. This may be so, but then the consequence is inevitable—the Church of England is lost. The only power which can save her will never come to her rescue.

The view we have taken of Convocation is almost universally adopted by the laity, but there are some who, whilst admitting its correctness, would still assign a part to that body in the actual remodelling of the Church. They hold, that though Convocation can never be the administrative organ of the Church, it nevertheless is the channel through which the Church must reach the wished-for haven. They hanker after something of clerical origin and sanction for the new instrument of government of the Church. They would wish it to come from a clerical source, to partake of some mystical virtue, which they imagine resides in the clerical nature. Besides, they cherish a secret hope that Convocation would take security in any scheme drawn up under its auspices for a fitting position being assigned to the clergy—that is, would effectively guard against the preponderance, or even the equality, of the laity. But this would be to trifle with the temper of the time, and to run infinite risk of losing for ever the opportunity of saving the Church. The formation in Convocation of a body which should become the real government of the Church, would, we venture to say, engender debates of which no mortal could foretell the end. The adoption by Convocation of the equal authority, the equal rights, the equal position of the laity with the clergy as the basis of the discussion and of the measure to emanate from it, is, we may be quite sure, perfectly hopeless. Before any such recognition shall have been ratified by the Lower House, the day of grace will have long passed away; and not only so, but one may feel a complete certainty that Convocation, in conducting through such an act of organization, would raise most embarrassing pretensions with respect to Parliament. It is not to be looked for that Convocation would frame a scheme of Church government, and present it to Parliament merely as a suggestion made by a certain number of clergymen. Convocation would infallibly claim a *de jure* right of treating with Parliament as a co-ordinate authority,



whose sanction was necessary to give validity and legitimacy to the ultimate enactment. No sane man can suppose that the House of Commons would receive and discuss such a document on such terms. But then, it may be replied, that the question of the necessity to obtain the assent of Convocation can in no case be evaded; even if Parliament adopted a measure of reconstruction the point must arise and be faced, whether it must at any stage be submitted to the opinion of Convocation. This is true, no doubt; but there is an enormous practical difference between Parliament taking up a measure by way of adding its own assent to that previously given by Convocation, and Parliament, or even the House of Commons alone, originating a measure by its own plenary authority, and asking the opinion of Convocation in the course of its progress to enactment. If Convocation would give a plain acknowledgment on the face itself of its recommendations, that it made no pretence to co-ordinate legislative powers in ecclesiastical matters, doubtless Parliament could feel no reasonable objection to entertain any proposals submitted to its consideration; but is there the faintest reason for expecting that Convocation would ever spontaneously make any such acknowledgment?

These considerations lead to the conclusion that one course only is open for the construction of an organ of government and administration for the Church of England. A wholly new body must be created; and Parliament alone, the final and supreme legislature of that Church, can give it existence and authority. It is further plain that such a measure would not have a chance of success unless it were introduced into Parliament on the full responsibility of the Government. The Government alone can collect and weigh all the elements which must be comprehended in such an institution; and in a question profoundly affecting interests so vast, so multifarious, so universal, nothing less than the authority of the whole Government could obtain for it serious consideration. But, on the other hand, it is equally obvious that no Government would spontaneously embark on such a sea of troubles; nor would any Government frame a measure entirely out of its own ideas without a previous gathering of public feeling in the lay and clerical sections of the Church alike. Nay more, public opinion must first demand such a measure in unmistakable tones before any Government would touch it. Volunteer legislation on a subject of first-rate importance is not a part of English institutions, perhaps of constitutional institutions throughout the world. If, then, there is to be legislation on this vital matter, if an organ of administration is to be created for the Church of England, her members must commence public action in their individual capacity. The Christians of the Church of England, lay and clerical, must first conceive the desire, and form the resolution to give it effect, before either Government or

Parliament will come to their assistance. The decision lies with them. If the Church, the aggregate body of its members, resolutely demand such an organ, no doubt can be well entertained that they can compel the action of Parliament. It would not resist a strongly-formed and strongly-expressed wish of the general body of the Church of England. In our judgment two courses only are open to them: to combine to procure a government for the Church of England or to accept disestablishment. One of the two things they must have; and every sign of the political temper of the country indicates that the time for choosing which of the two it shall be is very short indeed. To do nothing is to acquiesce in the latter alternative; if they do not work they must suffer. If the will or the ability fails then to create, the political condition of the nation will speedily accomplish disestablishment. It is for them to choose. Only if they do choose they must act; they must make a positive effort to combine. It will be an arduous effort, most assuredly; but it is certainly within the limits of feasibility, if only they have fully apprehended the danger, and prefer the pain and labour of solution to the ease, but fearful uncertainties of dissolution.

If, then, we may suppose that the attempt will be made in earnest to construct an organ of government, which shall comprise the laity, and shall assign them an adequate position within the Church, it becomes important to consider what are the principles which must regulate the accomplishment of this great work. The first and most important of all is the absolute equality, at the least, of the laity with the clergy in power and influence over all great questions. The laity must count as much as the clergy in real power, or the end will not be attained. On this head there must be no indecision. It is impossible that in the present state of England Parliament should consent to hand over the Church to clerical rule; and the government will be clerical if the lay element in the new organ is not equal, nay, we would add, superior, in number to the clerical. In a well-constituted Church, when all the machinery is working harmoniously, there always will be a large number of laymen who will follow the lead of their clergymen. No one who understands the nature of a Christian Church can wish it to be otherwise. Equality of number, therefore, must always imply a practical majority on the clerical side; and unless this natural tendency is counterbalanced by other arrangements, the really independent laymen, who represent the force and feeling of the whole people, will find themselves in a subordinate position. This would be no true representation of the laity, no body which would wield and command their strength. And it must be borne in mind that we are not speaking of a voluntary Church, but of the present Church



of England, still established, and still subject to the supreme control of Parliament. A subordinate institution, animated by a clerical spirit, and guided by clerical counsels, would very speedily come into collision with Parliament; the professional temper, especially in a region where the claim to a higher right, and a peculiar inspiration, is so easily felt, would not long work harmoniously under the controlling effects of the temporal legislature; and the peril of separation would re-appear with aggravated force. The new organ, to accomplish its object, must be in the highest and fullest sense national; it must represent the whole people, and not merely a single profession. The professional element possesses an inestimable value in a true ecclesiastical representation; its knowledge, its mode of life, its manner of looking at Divine things, are indispensable ingredients in the Church's council, but they must not constitute it altogether. As well might the House of Commons be composed of lawyers only, or merchants, or any other single class. Barebones Parliaments have shown to what results exclusive predominance inevitably leads. We do not place this demand for the equality of the laity on the ground of right, of the Church belonging to the laity as much as to the clergy, but on the plainer and more practical principle of adaptation of means to ends. Our eyes are fixed on the good to be reached; we seek machinery for exciting in the feeling of the laity a thorough interest in the Church, as an institution in whose management they have a part; our aim is to acquire for the Church the strength and support of the laity; and we are convinced that the assignment to them of a position in any way subordinate is absolutely incompatible with this end.

We next reach the question—What are the powers to be confided by Parliament to the central organ of Church government? No one will contest that the functions comprised under the term administration clearly belong to such a body. It will be the executive of the Church, the instrument of its action, the enforcer of its laws. But such power, by itself alone, would not be sufficient: the Church wants a great deal more than officers who shall carry out details. Its most urgent need is a certain power of origination—a faculty to make arrangements, to lay down rules, to issue orders. It is manifest that in an Established Church of England this faculty must be essentially sub-legislative. No Church decree can be final, because Parliament would never surrender its supreme control over ecclesiastical legislation on any other terms than disestablishment. The amount of property involved in such legislation is too vast to be placed under the unlimited power of a subordinate institution. Parliament will never sacrifice the independence now enjoyed by clergymen on the altar of any Church ideas. The protection now

afforded to the material rights of each clergyman will never be entirely surrendered by Parliament; such an act would approach too closely to revolution. But there is a consideration of still greater weight, which would forbid all hope of ever inducing Parliament to bestow supreme powers of legislation on any body in the Church, so long as that Church remained the Church of the nation. The most distinctive feature of the Church of England—the one feature by which, more than by any other, it is distinguished from other Churches—is its comprehensiveness. The Church of England is the child of compromise. The spirit of compromise, of diversity of elements, all authorized to exist within her community, pervades all its formularies. Whatever limitation may have subsisted at its origin has been gradually swept away; successive judgments of the Church's highest tribunals have so interpreted its laws as to establish comprehension on the widest basis. The spirit of these judgments has been ratified by the country; and there is no greater impediment in the way of the construction of a Church government than the suspicion felt by the country at large that the fundamental principle of comprehension may be infringed and ultimately overthrown. A layman's first feeling, when he is spoken to on the question of Church government, is dislike of putting the Church in the power of the clergy, or of any section of the clergy. On the other hand, the desire to limit this great principle of comprehension is the secret motive which animates every Church party. They all profit by comprehension, and yet in their inmost hearts they all wish it abolished. The eager wish to suppress heresy, to interfere with the interpretations and practices of others, to repress what is to them an offensive ceremonial or erroneous opinion, is the spirit-stirring force which makes them long for an effective Church government. It is this desire which gives such strength to the tendency towards voluntarism. To their minds a Voluntary Church means a society which shall have a doctrine and a discipline of its own, which will exact conformity, will eject every voice which speaks in a different tone, and will put an end to that scandal which is so painful to most clerical feelings—the co-existence, side by side, of doctrines and modes of worship which are irreconcilable with each other as to first principles. These are the objects which most clergymen keenly long to accomplish; but they are also the objects which the laity and the nation resolutely refuse to concede. To ask Parliament to narrow the boundaries of the Church of England is virtually to petition for disestablishment.

These considerations point to the conclusion that, whilst the Church must procure some faculty of making laws, it must at last be only a sub-legislative power. Parliament cannot give up everything; and



it will protect interests which cannot be safely entrusted to the clergy alone, or indeed to any other authority except its own. On fundamentals, such as the limits of communion, the definition of necessary doctrine, and the general disposal of ecclesiastical endowments, the sanction of Parliament cannot be dispensed with; though it may well be, that on many points the consent of Parliament may be assumed, if after they are laid before the two Houses no action is taken respecting them. There will still remain a large range of subjects, which would be subject to the decision of the Church body. Foremost amongst these we would place the modifying of the parochial system. That system is unquestionably one of the chief elements of the strength of the Church of England; but, in the actual state of our population, it is also one of its greatest weaknesses. The practical working of ecclesiastical authority and action conferred on the clergyman of the parish opposes most formidable obstacles to such a multiplication of the clergy and such an organizing of extended machinery as the increasing numbers and concentration of the people demand. The right of the parochial minister to veto the ministrations in his parish which have not received his sanction, and to prevent all organic arrangements for bringing other influences to bear on the people besides his own, is incompatible with the real efficiency of the Church. The Roman Church in this matter has set an example which, in its general spirit, the Church of England would do well to imitate. Roman Catholic bishops possess a large power of setting clergy to work throughout their dioceses to supplement the labours of the regular *curés*. No vested rights, if we are correctly informed, can be pleaded for a mission emanating from the bishop. The monastic orders also have a vast field of action, and great is the resource which they furnish to the bishops for filling the pulpits with men of great energy, ability, and eloquence. These are not occasional efforts, permitted by the *curés*, such as are often seen in England; but regular, normal, and organized methods, available at the pleasure of the bishops, and thereby forming a constituent part of the general machinery of the Church. The want of such help is most urgent in England; and here is a field in which a properly-organized Church government, enjoying the confidence of the people, might create arrangements at once considerate and effective.

But what shall we say of doctrine? Is the declaration of religious truth and the foundation of the Church's formularies to be committed to a mixed body of clergy and laymen, in which the lay influence shall be as strong as the clerical? May the consent of the clergy for such an arrangement be ever hoped for—such a consent, namely, as shall imply their zealous co-operation in a Church placed under the rule of such a government? Will they be readily willing to

conduct services in which they may discern a predominance of lay judgment, or read liturgies of which the words shall in no slight degree be determined by laymen? These questions are difficult to answer at the present moment. One thing is certain, that such a thought is naturally distasteful to the clerical mind. It shocks ancient traditions, and, in some quarters, comes into direct collision with the fundamental ideas of Church government. High Churchmen believe in supernatural gifts conferred by episcopal ordination, and Low Church clergymen have shown no small readiness to glide into an opinion which so greatly exalts their office. For all Catholic-minded Christians the voice of bishops is the voice of the Church, and the voice of God; and it is to be hardly expected that such persons should easily accept a dogma which was not founded on episcopal sanction. Even the Church of England, as she is now framed—her articles, her creed, her prayer-book—they proclaim to be the work of Convocation, and not of Parliament. They pay no respect to the establishing statutes; they discern the action of Convocation, and of Convocation only, throughout the ordinances of the Church. They appeal to a long chain of tradition, to councils composed of congregated bishops, to creeds framed by ordained priests, to the commission given to the Apostles and their successors. What precedent, they ask, is there for a definition of doctrine by laymen? What security can a Church obtain from lay authority that it possesses the truth? At this moment the greatest branch of the Catholic Church is on the point of vesting infallibility in a single priest; how can English Catholics accept from lay lips a declaration of God's will? There is no precedent, they exclaim, for such an innovation; the truth was committed as a sacred deposit to the divine institution of the Church, and in the Church it is the office of the appointed ministry to teach and of the laity to listen and to obey.

In reply to this protest, we would, in the first place, ask whether those who use such arguments desire the continuance of the present Established Church of England or not? If not, if they prefer the voluntary system, and only seek to be rid of what they think the trammels which the connection with the State imposes on the Church, then they lie wholly outside of our arguments. Our aim is to save the Established Church; nothing that we can urge in promotion of this object can have any weight with them. It is waste of time to endeavour to reply to their objections. But if, on the contrary, they do not seek the overthrow of the Church of England, then we would point out, in answer to the objections we have just quoted, that, as matters now stand, they are immediately and entirely subject to purely lay legislation. The Act which was recently passed to substitute a broader and more general, for the restricted and



positive, sense attached to the terms of subscription, was nothing less than a great theological statute. It has practically, and in a most real sense, legalized and established very antagonistic schools of divinity within the Church of England, and truths held most precious and fundamental by one party may now be rejected by another. The complaint is loudly raised also in many quarters that the interpretations affixed by the Court of Privy Council to the language of the Church's formularies are substantially new determinations of dogma. Actual legislation by Parliament, moreover, is probably imminent, whether on the recommendation of the Ritualistic Commission, or under the impulse of the strong desire for change which animates religious bodies. Whatever will be done will assuredly be done by lay legislation, and whatever, also, a new Church government may be, it cannot be so unclerical, so profoundly lay and unchurchlike, as the present House of Commons.

Further, we would impress on those who claim the definition of dogma as the special province of the clergy, that the world is much changed since the mediæval days, and that the intellectual state of the laity enables them to deal with religious questions quite as ably and efficiently as the clergy. In the middle ages the Church combined almost all the learning and the education of the people; clerical superiority exists no longer. If the laity are to have a real share in the administration of the Church it will be simply impossible to confine them within the artificial barrier of the clergy's raising. However the lines of the constitution may be laid out, many of the questions which will agitate the whole Church will turn on theological opinions; and to say that the laity shall never discuss them, but shall accept with silent reverence what the clerical section may have decided, is so absurd and so unreal as not to need refutation. A laity excluded from the examination of theological questions is, above all in an age like ours, a subordinated and avowedly inferior element in the Church; and the idea of a real Church government within the Established Church vanishes at once into thin air. In a word then, we conclude, with Hooker, that "till it be proved that some special law of Christ hath for ever annexed unto the clergy alone the power to make ecclesiastical laws, we hold it a thing most consonant with equity and reason that no ecclesiastical act be made in a Christian commonwealth without the consent as well of the laity as of the clergy." That special law has never been cited, for it is nowhere to be found in Scripture. On the contrary, in the Apostolic age the great truth was universally recognised that the Church of Christ was composed of clergy and laity alike; both partook in all the great deliberations of the Christian society, and both were consulted on important decisions both of doctrine and practice. This practice

has been excellently illustrated by the Rev. S. A. Herbert of Gateshead:—

"I may remind you," says Mr. Herbert, "of some of the circumstances of the first great council of the Christian Church—one whose decisions were fraught with solemn interest to the whole Gentile world. I refer to that whose history is briefly recorded in Acts xv. The great subject then discussed was the authority of the Mosaic ceremonial law, and, consequently, the spiritual freedom or bondage of the Gentile Church—a subject which all must acknowledge to have been of vital importance; and, therefore, without doubt a question of doctrine. Now we may fairly ask, firstly, who composed this council, the authority of which none will dispute? and, secondly, in whose name were its decrees published? The answer to these questions may soon be given. First, as to the composition of the council; were all its members what we now call ecclesiastics? or were laymen present—not merely as spectators, but as participators in the proceedings? In v. 4 we are told that Paul and Barnabas and the delegates of the Church of Antioch 'were received of the Church.' Now by this expression something different from ecclesiastics must have been meant, for it is added, 'of the apostles and elders.' Again, in v. 6, in the description of the council itself, it is first said that the apostles and elders came together; but in v. 12, 'all the multitude' are spoken of as keeping silence, by which term could scarcely be meant the apostles and elders only, but rather those spoken of in v. 4 as the Church, that is, all believers—laymen as well as ministers. In this view we are confirmed by v. 12, 'Then it pleased (that is, as the result of the foregoing deliberation and discussion) the apostles and elders with the whole Church.' The council then was composed of the whole Church—that is, laymen and ministers present, either in person or by their representatives. Secondly, in whose name and by whose authority were the decrees of this council published? In v. 23, the letters or decrees sent to the Gentile churches were from 'the apostles and elders and brethren'—that is, evidently, not only the ministers, but also the lay portion of the Church; for in v. 1 it was the brethren, or laymen, whose minds had been disturbed by the Judaizing teachers; and again, in v. 23, the epistle was sent to settle the minds and to remove the doubts and scruples of 'the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia'—that is, to the lay members of those churches whom these false teachers had endeavoured to draw away from the simplicity of Gospel truth. Now since on such an important occasion laymen were permitted to form part of the council of the Church, and to share in its deliberations, there can be no fair or legitimate objection to the same practice in our day, notwithstanding the distinction subsequently made between the subscription of those who decide and those who consent; for it is a distinction which by no means excludes those who consent from their share in ultimately forming, ratifying, and sanctioning the decisions; since it is manifest that they who are allowed to take their part by giving consent to the propositions laid before them, have also the power of withholding their consent, that is, practically, of rejecting."

Many other passages might be cited from the account given of the Church in the Apostolic age which indicate the conjoint action of "the people," "the multitude," "the Church," the laity with the clergy, in every public function of the Christian society: but Mr. Herbert's argument suffices to place the fact in the clearest light.



No objection, therefore, on the score of any essential principle of the Christian religion can be pleaded against the union of both the orders in the determination of doctrine, as well as in any other part of ecclesiastical ministration. A practice which established itself at a later period, however it may have perpetuated itself in a long chain of tradition, is only a human institution after all: and everything not determined by inspired authority may be altered if the circumstances of the Church demand a change. Changes are not made in great institutions without painful effort, without, we may say, some strong impulsive pressure; and certainly no reasonable man would propose a measure so positive as the construction of a Church organ of government, and the assignment of equal power in it to the laity, unless the safety of the Church imperiously required it. Before any detail of such a measure can be fairly judged, its principle, its necessity, must have been previously recognised: and if it is acknowledged that the bringing home to the feeling of the whole people that the Church is theirs is the condition of salvation, and that this feeling can be raised only by associating the laity in the management of the Church on terms of equality with the clergy, the considerations urged above ought to remove every scruple on the ground of the essential elements of revelation.

But it will be exclaimed on every side, We are pursuing the impossible. The game is lost: the antagonism of the several parties within the Church is irreconcilable. Each is bent on making its own view prevail; none will hear of toleration, none will work heartily with others. Let then the Church last out her time, be it long or short: to attempt to fuse into one substance incompatible ingredients is a mere waste of time and labour. To this we reply, that difficulty is not impossibility. The test of trial alone can determine the limit of what is practicable. If the end aimed at is known to be good and great, to sink down into despair without an effort is pure cowardice. Life is full of salvation achieved under desperate circumstances by resolution and high spirit. A Frederic of Prussia raised a kingdom out of the depths of ruin, and after-ages have called him Great for the achievement. Is the salvation of the Church of England, for those who love and value her, not worth a like application of courage, perseverance, and self-denial? What if many have already turned their minds towards voluntary churches, is there no fair and reasonable hope of recovering some of them to loyalty for the Church of England? Have not a large number of these persons inclined to Voluntaryism because they despaired of any express effort being made to save the Church of their birth, and would not the appearance of a brave spirit of defence recall them to their allegiance?

Some too may dream of obtaining what they would call a Catholic government of the Church by episcopally-ordained ministers in the land of freedom. Let them look at what is going on in Ireland at this moment, and a healthy misgiving may spring up in their minds whether their anticipations are so sure of being realized. The equality of the laity is asserted in the counsels of reconstruction with a force and determination which cannot be mistaken. The clergy are not likely to reign supreme in the new Episcopal Church of Ireland, even in matters of dogma. It is vain to reply that the Irish Episcopalians constitute a peculiar case, and that they are Low Churchmen, naturally disposed to underrate the office of the clergy in a Christian Church. The prospect in England is not more cheery. Here a much wider and much deeper division of religious opinion prevails than is to be found in Ireland. It is not easily conceivable that less than three churches should come forth from the crucible of disestablishment. Of these, as the Bishop of St. David's rightly prophesies, the High Church division will sooner or later be absorbed by Romanism, the Broad Church section will split and divide, and end no one can say where; whilst the Low Church party, if they hold together, will, as in Ireland, be little disposed to concede any superiority to the clergy! What then has Voluntarism to promise to the assertors of clerical pre-eminence? What permanent gain are they likely to acquire from a suicidal desertion of the Church of England? Impatience of present evils and vague confidence in the future are but poor guarantees that hope is not feeding itself with illusions. It is quite true that the Church of England in her present state does not satisfy the religious wants of our age, so that change is both necessary and inevitable: but surely the commonest wisdom would suggest that the attempt to acquire what is needed should be resolutely made within the Church before incurring the enormous risks which must attend her dissolution. A fearful load of responsibility lies upon the clergy at this hour. It is not enough that they mean well—that they seek ends whose goodness no one contests—that they are impelled by desires whose accomplishment is demanded by the best interests of religion. Good intentions will prove an unavailing defence at the bar of conscience or of God, if prudence, and thought, and careful weighing of possible contingencies have been passionately cast aside. That the Church can remain long as she stands at present, no thinking man believes, though many prefer to submit to whatever the course of events may bring rather than endeavour to control them by painful exertion. Let such remember that inaction in the presence of an ascertained danger escapes neither responsibility nor possibly guilt.

The most formidable obstacle, we fear, is to be found in the



mutual jealousy of the clergy. Each party dreads the supremacy of its opponents in the new constitution. The High Churchmen foresee a Low-Church tampering with the Liturgy hovering in the distance. They are alarmed for the Catholic portion of the Prayer-Book: they imagine the elimination of Catholicity to be at hand. Again, the Low Churchmen are haunted with the vision of Ritualistic services, of ceremonies constructed on the basis of a perpetual offering of sacrifice by priests, of the Real Presence being made the centre of the Christian religion. The Broad Churchmen are agitated by still stronger apprehensions, for the triumph of either of the other two parties might end in their own expulsion from the Church. Thus each section dreads the other, and each so cordially dislikes the tenets of the other as almost to prefer the disruption of the Church of England to the prevalence of the doctrines of their antagonists. We will not say that these alarms are altogether without foundation, for the movement which demands an organ of Church action is not a desire for toleration, but an eager longing to give effect each to his own ideas by legislation. Unquestionably the substitution of a one-side enforcement of a party creed for toleration would be an unspeakable calamity for the Church and nation. It would effect the overthrow of the former very speedily. But it must be borne in mind that it is not absolute but only sub-legislative power which is claimed for the new organ of government. On fundamental points, the consent of Parliament would be required for any change; and of this we may all be certain, that toleration and comprehension are principles which it is impossible for Parliament to abandon. Parliament, as the representative and protector of the whole people, now that the House of Commons stands on a constituency which pervades the whole land, and enters into every house, can not and will not erect the dominion of a single party over the heads of all the rest. A Church body, therefore, which insisted on its own partial and tyrannical legislation, however sincere may be its convictions, would simply separate the Church from the State, and bring about pure disestablishment. Either then the Church rulers must be tolerant and comprehensive, or they must break up the Church: the permanent domination of one school of theology to the exclusion of all others would be impossible.

But surely there are other forces which may be brought into play to surmount the difficulty. The spirit of moderation and forbearance cannot be extinct among the clergy. The greatness of the peril may yet teach the necessity and the duty of mutual concession. If the real nature of the situation is fully apprehended, if it be clearly seen that either the Church of England must contain different theological schools or be dissolved, can one doubt that patriotism, and states-

manship, and, above all, Christian duty, are all strong enough to exert the necessary sacrifice of enduring what each may think an imperfect or erroneous creed? The co-existence of widely-different beliefs is now the actual condition of the Church of England; and those who do not desire disestablishment—and those, alone, we are now addressing—must be presumed to be willing to continue the comprehension now existing. A new organ of government cannot make matters worse in this direction. The danger is that it may incite parties to strive for a supremacy which can never be asked for from Parliament; but, on this side, it is reasonable to hope that the voice of moderation will not be disregarded. The great bulk of the laity, no more than Parliament, will never consent to the exclusive domination of one particular party. It may be that under an administrative action, extreme Ritualism will not be as free to develop itself as it is now; but High-Churchism will not be suppressed, nor impeded. Nor will extreme Low views obtain a complete ascendancy; the intellectual condition of the country is an effectual safeguard against such a danger. The first result will probably be, that neither High nor Low Churchmen will possess such facilities for pushing their views and their practice to such extreme length as they enjoy at present; but the religion they profess in common, the large mass of common conviction, will have more powerful means of action, and will acquire a stronger hold upon the people. The administrative body, no doubt, will be coloured with a certain hue of the opinion of the majority. At one time its leaning may be High Church, at another Low; but this is a quality inherent in all constitutional government. Conservatives do not consider it to be a grievance justifying the overthrow of parliamentary rule, that at times they are subject to a ministry of a Liberal cast of politics: nor do Liberals plot revolution when the Conservatives are in power. Why then should a Churchman of any party refuse to submit to the government of his antagonists, so long as its rule is tempered by the necessity of satisfying the general belief of the nation? If it is replied that religion differs from temporal truth in its certainty and the paramount duty of making it prevail, the only conclusion which can be drawn from such an assertion is, that the present Church of England is indefensible, and Voluntaryism, with its multitude of sects, the only legitimate and permanent state of Christianity in the modern world.

It lies with the bishops and clergy, together with the lay leaders of each party, to provide that great instrument of administration of which the Church is sorely in need.

Any measure which meets with general support will have an excellent chance of being ratified by Parliament; but Parliament



will not furnish an administrative and sub-legislative organ to the Church spontaneously. The difficulty, we are profoundly convinced, does not lie in the mass of the members of the Church of England; it resides in the want of moderation and true Christian charity in Church leaders. A golden opportunity presents itself before them for commencing a new era in the Church of England, a period when her influence may embrace and be felt by the great majority of Englishmen; but how long will it last? There is time yet for salvation; but the shades of evening are falling fast. Are the Churchmen of our day capable of genuine toleration? This is the vital question. Under the actual constitution of the Church of England toleration is a fact; it is established by law. Men of the most diverse theologies co-exist within her communion. But this fact, in combination with other influences, has generated a centrifugal force of great strength; many are eager to seek in voluntary associations the means of escaping the endurance of religious opinions which excite their hatred. That the majority of either clergy or laity possess this feeling in any intensity, we do not believe; but the language of leaders breathes a spirit of unnatural repulsion which savours more of passion than of calm consideration of duty and responsibility. Still, the interest at stake is so gigantic, that those who recognise the remedy should not abandon a hope of making the voice of patriotism and Christian charity prevail. Disestablishment, in our judgment, would be a supreme calamity for England and her Church; let each make the effort which in him lies to avert it.

A LAYMAN.



## THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

*The Holy Grail, and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.  
Poet-Laureate. London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

*The Idylls of the King.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-  
Laureate. London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

PUBLIC expectation has been for some time awake, looking for the new poem by Mr. Tennyson, which his present publishers were promising. And now that it has come, none we presume will be disappointed to find that it has taken the shape of an addition to the "Idylls of the King."

For it is on this greater work that, after all, the Laureate's reputation will mainly rest. It is in this alone that he has made any approach to casting off the single-grouped form of his many exquisite lesser poems, and has ranged a number of connected groups round a common centre. Feeling that the title which he has chosen is not the best, we may venture to set down a paradox, and to say that the "Idylls of the King" stands pre-eminent among his works by being, of them all, the least idyllic.

The rare felicity of the subject has been long ere now the theme of abundant praise. We may venture to recall to mind that Coleridge, many years ago, pronounced the Arthurian legends a profitable source for a great national epic. But Mr. Tennyson has done better than construct an epic out of them. We conceive it very doubtful, whether this or any succeeding age would tolerate the epic, properly so called. If the Iliad were really made up, out of a number of "Aristeiai," into its present epic form, the circumstance



would shew us that the first and third thoughts of literature, like those of individual men, were of the same kind. We seem to require, in these introspective days, a whole, composed of parts which can justify their own separate existence: and, casting off the artificial requirements of the epic, we ask no more than that those parts should be connected by a great central interest, and, by their common assumptions and allusions, should recognise and presuppose one another.

We need not say that the separate Arthurian legends admirably fulfil this condition. They are illustrations of the presence of Christian virtues, or of their defect,—of their victory in temptation, or their defeat,—in various members of a community bound together for a glorious purpose. The scenery and circumstance of the poems are national both in place and in religion; the interests aroused are of the highest. Add to this that the very legendary character of the material removes it far enough away from ourselves to set free the poet's fancy among the weird mythologies of ancient Christendom, and the boundless fictions of pre-historic times. The *Mort d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Mallory is just so much a guide, that readers of the poems greet again their old delights in the names and leading facts, while at the same time the poet scruples not to depart from him at any moment when a better way suggests itself. Nor is this all. And to shew that it is not, it may be well, before devoting our attention to this new group of "*Idylls of the King*," to say something of what we believe to be the general design, and to constitute the essential unity, of the whole collection.

In the early summer of the past year, a writer in one of our monthly magazines gave us a series of articles on "the poetry of the period." The title was not attractive; for when a writer prefixes a slang motto to his work, we are apt to fancy that we see through it the probable nature of the work itself. In the first of his papers he undertook to shew that Mr. Tennyson was not a great poet. This he did in various ways: principally by selecting one idyllic description from "*The Gardener's Daughter*," and adopting it as containing the characteristics of the author himself. This, and a number of very safe prophecies as to what posterity, "the judges of the period" that is coming, would think and say of this and that, formed the chief support of his unfavourable judgment. There was, certainly, one thing more: and it is because of that one thing that we have alluded to this writer at all. He told us to imagine, what *might have been* made of the Arthurian legends (it is true he did not fill up the sketch for us); and then he set against this *ignotum pro magnifico*, that which Mr. Tennyson *has* made of them,—which he is candid enough to compliment as being four exquisite insulated pictures, or something of that sort.

Now as to the question, whether Mr. Tennyson, or any one else of our own time, is a great poet, we prefer leaving such idle speculations alone altogether. The hedges around us are too high, while we are ourselves travellers through the upward slope, for us to survey the bearings of any great contemporaneous contention. But as we look back over ages spread beneath us, so shall they that follow look back upon ours: and to them we leave such things to decide.

Yet, whether Mr. Tennyson be, or shall turn out, a great poet or not, of one thing we can presume to judge, and indeed feel as nearly certain as we can be of any literary judgment: that the magazine-writer has utterly mistaken the design of the "*Idylls of the King*." We had not four insulated pictures then—we have not eight insulated pictures now. All that we had then, was a portion of—all that we have now, constitutes—a great connected Poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man.

In order to make this manifest we shall have to review the whole course of the so-named "*Idylls*," and to mingle in the lately-published matter with that which has been so long familiar to us.

The education of the soul of man is the inner place, the sacarium, of history and theology. This fact was well seen, though unfortunately through a narrow sectarian opening, by the Church historian Milner, who made it his object to trace through the centuries that which he believed to constitute the true "*invisible*" Church of God. It may be hoped that even his own party have learned since his day to widen their view of that body. At all events, we believe that every true student of God and of man looks far beyond Milner's limits now. The highest part of man—that which leads and commands—that which is alone receptive of kindling from heaven—this it is which the ages educate—this, which is susceptible of defeat, corruption, postponement of its high aims and upward progress,—but which, in the long run of the world's complete history, we have faith to believe shall prove to have been well led, through all its compound action and passion, by Him who has the hearts of men in His hand.

For this highest faculty of man, we have various names. Some, founding their metaphysics, strange and contemptible though such procedure may seem to our anti-theistic journals, on the Book which they believe to come from One who knows what is in man, deem of it as a possession peculiar to man, supervening on the soul and body which he has in common with all animal life,—and call it the Spirit. Others know it as the Conscience; and these again are divided among themselves, some regarding the Conscience as an innate moral sense, and others as the wise result of accumulated experiences.

But, name it how we will, here it is in presence within each of us,



and here is its combined force in every age of man, arising from the social or accumulative conscience, and constituting the moral force of public opinion.

Now this higher soul of man, in its purity, in its justice, in its nobleness, in its self-denial, we understand Mr. Tennyson to figure forth by "the King." In his coming—his foundation of the Round Table—his struggles, and disappointments, and departure,—we see the conflict continually maintained between the spirit and the flesh; and in the pragmatical issue, we recognise the bearing down in history, and in individual man, of pure and lofty Christian purpose by the lusts of the flesh, by the corruptions of superstition, by human passions and selfishnesses. But in history likewise, and pre-eminently in the individual human life, though the high soul of man is surrounded and saddened and outwardly defeated by these adverse and impure influences, yet in the end shall it triumph, and pass into glory.

This is the theme which we trace through the "Idylls of the King," and, tracing it, we regard it as simply ridiculous and beside the purpose, to speak of the four which were, or the eight which are, as insulated groups or pictures. One noble design rules, and warms, and unites them all: how diligently and how skilfully worked out, those know best who know the history of Mr. Tennyson's poetical life and labours.

We shall proceed to trace out this high design through the Idylls, now complete before us.

The opening Idyll, now published for the first time, is entitled "The Coming of Arthur." In it we have, under cover of the romance, the state of the land before Arthur came:—

For many a petty king ere Arthur came  
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war  
Each upon other, wasted all the land;  
And still from time to time the heathen host  
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.  
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,  
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,  
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.  
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,  
And after him King Uther fought and died,  
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.  
And after these King Arthur for a space,  
And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,  
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,  
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

This is a sort of summary of what took place; and after it we are introduced to *one* of these miseries which Arthur cured:—

And thus the land of Camelard was waste,  
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,  
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;

So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear  
 Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,  
 And wallow'd in the gardens of the king.  
 And ever and anon the wolf would steal  
 The children and devour, but now and then,  
 Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat  
 To human sucklings; and the children, housed  
 In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,  
 And mock their foster-mother on four feet,  
 Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men,  
 Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran  
 Groan'd for the Roman legions here again,  
 And Caesar's eagle: then his brother king,  
 Rience, assail'd him: last a heathen horde,  
 Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,  
 And on the spike that split the mother's heart  
 Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,  
 He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

Arthur comes at the King's call, and is smitten with the fair face of  
 Guinevere, the King's daughter, who takes no note of him,—

Since he neither wore on helm or shield  
 The golden symbol of his kinglihood,  
 But rode a simple knight among his knights,  
 And many of these in richer arms than he.

While he is lingering in Cameliard, driving the heathen, his great  
 Lords and Barons break into war against him, and challenge any to  
 prove him Uther's son:—

'For lo! we look at him,  
 And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,  
 Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.  
 This is the son of Gorlois, not the king;  
 This is the son of Anton, not the king.'

In his conflict, it seems to him that the only blessing needed to  
 uphold and complete him is union with Guinevere:—

'Were I join'd with her,  
 Then might we live together as one life,  
 And reigning with one will in everything  
 Have power on this dark land to lighten it,  
 And power on this dead world to make it live.'

Accordingly he sends to King Leodogran with the demand,

'If I in ought have served thee well,  
 Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife.'

And thus the question of his birth is raised. An aged chamberlain  
 reports that two men only, each double his own age, have the know-  
 ledge; Merlin, and Bleys, Merlin's master. Sir Bedivere, one of the  
 embassy, gives a history of Arthur's birth, how that he was son of  
 Uther, by Ygerne, widow of King Gorlois of Tintagil, and was delivered



as soon as born to Merlin for safety from the fierce lords of the time, and, when his hour was come, Merlin brought him forth, and got him crowned King. At last, Bellicent, Arthur's half-sister, daughter of Gorlois and Ygerne, and Queen of Orkney, comes to Camelard, and gives another and a more wonderful history:—but first narrates the crowning of Arthur. The lines are so important for our present purpose that we quote them entire:—

'A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas—  
Ye come from Arthur's court: think ye this king—  
So few his knights, however brave they be,  
Hath body enow to beat his foemen down?'

'O king,' she cried, 'and I will tell thee: few,  
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;  
For I was near him when the savage yells  
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat  
Crown'd on the dais, and his warriors cried,  
"Be thou the king, and we will work thy will  
Who love thee." Then the king in low deep tones,  
And simple words of great authority,  
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,  
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some  
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,  
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes  
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

'But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round  
With large divine and comfortable words  
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld  
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash  
A momentary likeness of the king:  
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross  
And those around it and the Crucified,  
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote,  
Flame-colour, vert and azure, in three rays  
One falling upon each of three fair queens,  
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends  
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright  
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.'

This passage, if there were no other of the same kind, would be decisive as to more being meant than is shewn on the mere outward surface of the narrative. The divine influence of the King over his knights,—their earnest sadness on swearing fealty to him,—their receiving a momentary likeness of him,—the three heavenly colours coming through the Crucified One, and falling on the three Queens, representing we suppose the three heavenly virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, (which three Queens again appear in the close, at the "passing of Arthur," and receive him into light,)—all these would be simply superfluous in a mere secular narrative, and get their full meaning only by supplying the true key of the parable.

Additional figures are described making up the great group at his coronation,—Merlin,

‘Whose vast wit  
And hundred winters are but as the hands  
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege;’

and another figure, who also appears at the end as at the beginning of his power—

‘And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,  
Who knows a subtler magic than his own—  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.  
She gave the king his huge cross-hilted sword,  
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist  
Of incense curl’d about her, and her face  
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;  
But there was heard among the holy hymns  
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells  
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms  
May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,  
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.’

But without one more object the parabolic description is not complete.

‘There likewise I beheld Excalibur  
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword  
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,  
And Arthur row’d across and took it—rich  
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,  
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright  
That men are blinded by it—on one side,  
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world, ‘  
“Take me,” but turn the blade and you shall see,  
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,  
“Cast me away!” And sad was Arthur’s face  
Taking it, but old Merlin counsel’d him,  
“Take thou and strike! the time to cast away  
Is yet far-off.” So this great brand the king  
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.’

And thus we have the King, supported by the three great Christian virtues, counselled by Wisdom, and armed by Holy Justice, setting forth on his great career, inspiring, and making like to himself (by a momentary emotion, sprung out of the depths of their being) those who are to be his followers. All this is in the strictest and most skilfully wrought accord with the great office of the “King within,” the prototype of the poet’s hero.

But again, whence came the King? Can this his sister tell any deeper tale than we have yet heard? We quote again at length, seeing that every word is weighty:—

‘But let me tell thee now another tale:  
For Bleys, our Merlin’s master, as they say,  
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,  
To hear him speak before he left his life.



Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage,  
And when I enter'd told me that himself  
And Merlin ever served about the king,  
Uther, before he died, and on the night  
When Uther in Tintagil passed away  
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two  
Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,  
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm  
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night  
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—  
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps  
It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof  
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern  
Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two  
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,  
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,  
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:  
And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried "The King!  
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the fringe  
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,  
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,  
And all at once all round him rose in fire,  
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.  
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,  
Free sky and stars: "And this same child," he said,  
"Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace  
Till this were told." And saying this the seer  
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,  
Not ever to be question'd any more  
Save on the further side; but when I met  
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—  
The shining dragon and the naked child  
Descending in the glory of the seas—  
He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me  
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!

A young man will be wiser by and by;  
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!  
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;  
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:  
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

'So Merlin riddling anger'd me: but thou  
Fear not to give this king thine only child,  
Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing  
Hereafter; and dark sayings from of old  
Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men,  
And echo'd by old folk beside their fires  
For comfort after their wage-work is done,

Speak of the king ; and Merlin in our time  
 Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn  
 Tho' men wound him that he will not die,  
 But pass, again to come ; and then or now  
 Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,  
 Till these and all men hail him for their king.'

And then follows the marriage, Lancelot, whom Arthur loved and honoured most, having been sent for Guinevere :—

To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,  
 Chief of the church in Britain, and before  
 The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the king  
 That morn was married, while in stainless white,  
 The fair beginners of a nobler time,  
 And glorying in their vows and him, his knights  
 Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.  
 And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,  
 'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world  
 Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,  
 And all this Order of thy Table Round  
 Fulfil the boundless purpose of their king.'

Then at the marriage feast came in from Rome,  
 The slowly-fading mistress of the world,  
 Great lords, who claim'd the tribute as of yore.  
 But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn  
 To fight my wars, and worship me their king ;  
 The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;  
 And we that fight for our fair father Christ,  
 Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old  
 To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,  
 No tribute will we pay : ' so those great lords  
 Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space  
 Were all one will, and thro' that strength the king  
 Drew in the petty principedoms under him,  
 Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame  
 The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

Our citations of this first new "Idyll" have been large beyond proportion, because it contains so much that must reveal even to the reader slow to recognise such things, the grand spiritual meaning of the whole.

The conscience, from whatever source derived,—for this is left in mystery,—is now enthroned as lord of the subjacent life. The inner soul is pure ; the resolves for good are high and firm. "Arthur and his knighthood for a space held all one will." "For a space:" but soon disturbing forces break in. And it is to exhibit those forces, in their conflict with the higher soul, that the six following "Idylls," our magazine-friend's pretty isolated pictures, are written. As life passes on, the pure mind, the high resolve, are broken in upon, fouled and desolated, by the body and its passions. So it has been in the history of the Christian conscience, written



large on the book of the world ; so it ever is in the individual life. The work of the pure purpose is wrecked and broken up in the storms of worldly trial. All it has left at length is the testimony itself, ripened and chastened by these very defeats, and pointing on to a future glorious state on which hope ever lingeringly dwells.

Various portions of this conflict are set before us by the Idylls which follow. We shall pass rapidly over those four with which the public are already familiar, merely using them as examples ; and shall dwell more at length on the two which are now first presented to us. In "Geraint and Enid" we have the setting forth of the lightest and most rapidly passing disturbance of pure and holy trust by a storm of passionate suspicion,—arising, be it noted, out of the great central fault of the Queen's guilt,—marring for a time the blessed work, inducing heartlessness and cruelty, and all but subjecting the Christian knight to the foul savagery of his enemies, and exposing his lovely lady to their violence. In the end, all comes back again,—love, and trust, and wedded happiness such as was not known before,—again, be it noted, far away in their own land from the sin of the court. But it was a perilous venture and a rare escape.

In leaving this Idyll we would point out to the reader the value of various episodes and descriptions in it—especially that of the repentance and change of Edyrn :—

And when they reach'd the camp the King himself  
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,  
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held  
In converse for a little, and return'd,  
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,  
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,  
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

' Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave  
To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,  
And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own : but now behold me come  
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
With Edyrn and with others : have ye look'd  
At Edyrn ? have ye seen how nobly changed ?  
This work of his is great and wonderful.  
His very face with change of heart is changed.  
The world will not believe a man repents :  
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use  
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
And make all clean, and plant-himself afresh.  
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart

As I will weed this land before I go.  
 I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,  
 Not rashly, but have proved him everyway  
 One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
 Sanest and most obedient: and indeed  
 This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
 After a life of violence, seems to me  
 A thousand-fold more great and wonderful  
 Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,  
 My subject with my subjects under him,  
 Should make an onslaught single on a realm  
 Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,  
 And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

The next Idyll in order is "Vivien;" in which we see the "vast wit" and "hundred winters" of Merlin taken captive and buried by the wiles of earthly passion.

It were idle to point out, to any real students of the poem, the service which this portion of it renders to the great general purpose. But we cannot forbear noticing how completely this purpose, borne in mind, transforms the whole Idyll in the reader's estimate. We have heard it spoken of as she of whom it treats was spoken of in Arthur's court; and regret expressed that it were not expunged from the series. To any one who has a worthy idea of the poem, the loss of "Vivien" would be irreparable. Besides its substantial part in the working out of the great result, it abounds with collateral material for understanding the bearings of various other departments of the subject. One single passage only we will recall to the mind of the reader. The sly Vivien, after aspersing various members of the "Table Round" with her calumnies, at length ventures to taunt the King himself with cowardly connivance at the great crime of his Queen:—

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said;  
 'O true and tender! O my liege and king!,  
 O selfless man and stainless gentleman,  
 Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fain  
 Have all men true and leal, all women pure;  
 How, in the mouths of base interpreters,  
 From over-fineness not intelligible  
 To thing with every sense as false and foul  
 As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,  
 Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!'

In the third Idyll, "Elaine," comes to light, and bears bitter fruit, the great crime which we last mentioned. There is no need surely to tell the tale again—one of the sweetest that English words have ever clothed—of the pure innocent love of the lily-maid of Astolat, which the guilty Lancelot might not return;

The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,  
 His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.



Nor need we again set forth, for have not skilful pencils aided the poet's pen to impress it on all? how

the dead

Oar'd by the dumb went upward with the flood,

and how Lancelot cleared himself, and then to himself accused himself. All this needs but to be hinted to the reader: but we may pause to remind him, how notably it all helps forward the noble parable; how it exhibits to us the apples of Sodom which are borne by the rank volcanic growths of unholy lust overbearing the higher soul: and we may remind him too, how clear and bright in this Idyll is everything which springs from that higher soul—the first yearning, trusting love of the lily-maid;—the love of her brothers for her, and of Lavaine for Lancelot;—the dumb affection of the maimed old servant;—and, above all, the noble justice and lofty wisdom of the King. This latter, as important to us now, must be more fully expressed:—

But Arthur who beheld his cloudy brows  
Approach'd him, and with full affection flung  
One arm about his neck, and spake and said.

'Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have  
Most love and most affiance, for I know  
What thou hast been in battle by my side,  
And many a time have watch'd thee at the tilt  
Strike down the lusty and long-practised knight,  
And let the younger and unskill'd go by  
To win his honour and to make his name,  
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man  
Made to be loved; but now I would to God,  
For the wild people say wild things of thee,  
Thou could'st have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,  
By God for thee alone, and from her face,  
If one may judge the living by the dead,  
Delicately pure and marvellously fair,  
Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man  
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons  
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,  
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, 'Fair she was, my King,  
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.  
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,  
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—  
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love  
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.'

'Free love, so bound, were freest,' said the King.  
'Let love be free; free love is for the best:  
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,  
What should be best, if not so pure a love  
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet thee  
She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I think,  
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know.'

We now come to "The Holy Grail," the most considerable of the

new "Idylls." And here we enter on a new phase of the bearing-down and corruption of the soul: in delineating which all the poet's delicacy and at the same time distinctness of touch were required. As in the great history of the higher soul of Christendom, so in that of the individual man, a time comes when pure resolve and practical following of Him who is Lord of the conscience, finds itself displaced by the tempting disease of superstition. Putting on the very semblance of the holiest things themselves, appealing to motives which are the parodies and exaggerations of those which the conscience dictates, commanding actions which may well pass for those enjoined by Him whom we venerate, these dreams become substitutes for the higher and better life: "religion" loses its meaning, and is understood to mean devotion to aimless unrealities: "holy obedience" is miscalled, and imports yielding up the light of the soul at the bidding of a phantom: justice, mercy, truth, are broken up, and ill-balanced partialities, hard-heartedness, intrigue, take their place.

We may venture to anticipate the verdict of any one who shall worthily study "The Holy Grail," that seldom, if ever, has this great truth been more nobly set forth than in this "Idyll."

First, let it be explained that "The Holy Grail," the "Sang-real," "Royal Blood," is, in this poem, the cup in which our Lord instituted the Sacrament of His Blood.

'Nay, monk! what phantom?' answer'd Percivale.  
 'The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
 Drank at the last sad supper with his own.  
 This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
 After the day of darkness, when the dead  
 Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,  
 Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought  
 To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
 Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.  
 And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
 Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,  
 By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
 Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
 Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.'

Then the idea is, that to those who fast and pray and attain to something like heavenly purity, the Holy Grail is shewn, coming down from heaven on a beam of light.

When King Arthur made  
 His Table Round, and all men's hearts became  
 Clean for a season, surely he had thought  
 That now the Holy Grail would come again.

First of all a holy maiden, sister to Sir Percivale, being fired by the narrative concerning it, is related to have fasted and prayed till she saw it.

As we are now on new matter, we are bound to cite more than merely what may serve the ultimate purpose of making the whole



poem understood, and to give a place to some passages of more than ordinary beauty.

Sir Percivale speaks:—

‘And so she pray’d and fasted, till the sun  
Shone, and the wind blew, thro’ her, and I thought  
She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

‘For on a day she sent to speak with me.  
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes  
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,  
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
Beautiful in the light of holiness.  
And “O my brother, Percivale,” she said,  
“Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:  
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
As of a silver horn from o’er the hills  
Blown, and I thought, ‘It is not Arthur’s use  
To hunt by moonlight’; and the slender sound  
As from a distance beyond distance grew  
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,  
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,  
Was like that music as it came; and then  
Streamed thro’ my cell a cold and silver beam,  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
With rosy colours leaping on the wall;  
And then the music faded, and the Grail  
Pass’d, and the beam decay’d, and from the walls  
The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
So now the Holy Thing is here again  
Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,  
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
That so perchance the vision may be seen  
By thee and those, and all the world be heal’d.”’

And then he, and many of the knights

Fasted and prayed even to the uttermost,  
Expectant of the wonder that would be;

but most of all, Sir Galahad:—

‘This Galahad, when he heard  
My sister’s vision, fill’d me with amaze;  
His eyes became so like her own, they seem’d  
Hers, and himself her brother more than I.’

Then comes an interview between him and the holy maid:—

‘But she, the wan sweet maiden shore away  
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair  
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;  
And out of this she plaited broad and long  
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread  
And crimson in the belt a strange device,  
A crimson grail within a silver beam;  
And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,  
Saying, “My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,  
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,  
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.

Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,  
 And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king  
 Far in the spiritual city: "and as she spake  
 She sent the deathless passion in her eyes  
 Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind  
 On him, and he believed in her belief."

There was a vacant chair in Arthur's hall, wrought once by Merlin,  
 called the "Siege Perilous," in which whosoever sat, lost himself.  
 And Galahad, one summer night, crying, "If I lose myself I save  
 myself," of purpose sat down in Merlin's chair. Thereupon

'... all at once, as there we sat, we heard  
 A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
 And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
 Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
 And in the blast there smote along the hall  
 A beam of light seven times more clear than day:  
 And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
 All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,  
 And none might see who bare it, and it past.  
 But every knight beheld his fellow's face  
 As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
 And staring at each other like dumb men  
 Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

'I sware a vow before them all, that I,  
 Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
 A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,  
 Until I found and saw it, as the nun  
 My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,  
 And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,  
 And Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,  
 And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.'

But where was the King, when this took place? He was away,  
 on a chivalrous errand of mercy and justice. In the midst of the  
 excitement, he, and they that went with him, return:—

'And then the King  
 Spake to me, being nearest, "Percivale,"  
 (Because the hall was all in tumult—some  
 Vowing, and some protesting), "what is this?"

'O brother, when I told him what had chanced,  
 My sister's vision, and the rest, his face  
 Darken'd, as I have seen it more than once,  
 When some brave deed seem'd to be done in vain,  
 Darken: and "Woe is me, my knights," he cried,  
 "Had I been here, ye had not sworn the vow."  
 Bold was mine answer, "Had thyself been here,  
 My King, thou wouldst have sworn." "Yea, yea," said he,  
 "Art thou so bold and hast not seen the Grail?"

"Nay, Lord, I heard the sound, I saw the light,  
 But since I did not see the Holy Thing,  
 I sware a vow to follow it till I saw."

'Then when he asked us, knight by knight, if any  
 Had seen it, all their answers were as one:  
 "Nay, Lord, and therefore have we sworn our vows."



"Lo now," said Arthur, "have ye seen a cloud?  
What go ye into the wilderness to see?"

"Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice  
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, call'd,  
"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,  
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—  
'O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.'"

"Ah, Galahad, Galahad," said the King, "for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these.  
Thy holy nun and thou have seen a sign—  
Holier is none, my Percivale, than she—  
A sign to main this Order which I made.  
But you, that follow but the leader's bell"  
(Brother, the King was hard upon his knights)  
"Taliessin is our fullest throat of song,  
And one hath sung and all the dumb will sing.  
Lancelot is Lancelot, and hath overborne  
Five knights at once, and every younger knight,  
Unproven, holds himself as Lancelot,  
Till overborne by one, he learns, and ye,  
What are ye? Galahads?—no, nor Percivales"  
(For thus it pleased the King to range me close  
After Sir Galahad); "nay," said he, "but men  
With strength and will to right the wrong'd, of power  
To lay the sudden heads of violence flat,  
Knights that in twelve great battles splash'd and dyed  
The strong White Horse in his own heathen blood—  
But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.  
Go, since your vows are sacred, being made:  
Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm  
Pass'd thro' this hall—how often, O my knights,  
Your places being vacant at my side,  
This chance of noble deeds will come and go  
Unchallenged, while you follow wandering fires  
Lost in the quagmire? Many of you, yea most,  
Return no more: ye think I show myself  
Too dark a prophet."

Then after one day, the last spent in full tourney before the dispersion of the Table Round, the various knights set out on their quests. Sir Percivale is at first baffled at every turn because he had not true humility, and afterwards with difficulty attains to the vision. But Sir Galahad has not only seen, but been even accompanied by, the holy vision, and passes in his enthusiasm into a visionary and glorious end. Sir Bors also is favoured with the vision,—and Sir Lancelot, dimmed with the consciousness of his sin, saw but obscurely, and in a dream. The rest pursued phantoms.

The grandest thing in the Idyll, and one of the grandest in the whole collection, is the King's speech at the knights' return:—

"And spake I not too truly, O my knights?  
Was I too dark a prophet when I said  
To those who went upon the Holy Quest,  
That most of them would follow wandering fires,  
Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone,  
And left me gazing at a barren board,

And a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe—  
 And out of those to whom the vision came  
 My greatest hardly will believe he saw ;  
 Another hath beheld it afar off,  
 And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,  
 Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
 And one hath had the vision face to face,  
 And now his chair desires him here in vain,  
 However they may crown him elsewhere.

“ And some among you held, that if the King  
 Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow :  
 Not easily, seeing that the King must guard  
 That which he rules, and is but as the hind  
 To whom a space of land is given to plough,  
 Who may not wander from the allotted field,  
 Before his work be done ; but, being done,  
 Let visions of the night or of the day  
 Come, as they will ; and many a time they come,  
 Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
 This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
 This air that smites his forehead is not air  
 But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
 In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
 And knows himself no vision to himself,  
 Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
 Who rose again : ye have seen what ye have seen.”

Well may Percivale add,

‘ So spake the King : I knew not all he meant.’

For in this answer is nobly contained the lesson which churches, and men, would have done well in all times to learn and practise : the great truth that to each is given his own work, lying round about the path in life—not to be broken in upon by following after strange wonders, or seemingly higher pursuits ; not to be left for any “going forth into the wilderness to see.” Had this been known and felt, Christendom would have been other than it is : its nations would better have done their Lord’s will, and, by consequence, known more of His doctrine ; the seven hills might have been less frequented, but over many a local centre of faith and worship the light of knowledge and of obedience would have shone ; many an old mount would have lacked its embattled conventual walls, but more houses in Europe would have been religious houses in a truer and nobler sense. And among ourselves, what lesson can be just now of more import than this ? When thousands of good men, and hundreds of eminent ministers, are spending their hearts’ strength over follies and millineries, and letting our great wastes of Heathendom remain unconquered. Is it not a sight wretched as that which met the eye of the King on his return, to see the living energies of our day spent among all sorts of fantastic forms of superstition, or vying with one another in attempts at rash catholic large-heartedness by the aid of doctrinal formulæ ?



In "Pelleas and Ettarre," the next Idyll, also new, we have the very height of corruption of the soul. All the purity and high honour of the conscience is stained. Sir Pelleas, meeting with a bevy of fair but scornful ladies, is smitten with love for their chief, conducts them to the jousts at Caerleon, wins for her the prize, and by the vow of his knighthood, loves her only. She scorns him, hates him, has him kept out, bound and brought in, and then thrust out, from her castle. At last Sir Gawain, the lightest of Arthur's knights, passing sees Sir Pelleas in conflict with three knights of Ettarre's, and when they are overthrown makes him a proposal to enter the castle under pretence of having killed him, and with his horse and arms,—and engages to win for him her love who hates him now. In this adventure he proves faithless, and Pelleas discovers his unfaithfulness, and riding forth infuriated across the land, meeting with Sir Percivale, hears from him,—on saying that he held his love as pure as Guinevere, dark hints at the Queen's crime and the breach of faith by others; asks if the King is true, and waits not the answer; rides back in haste to "the hall that Merlin built." The rest shall be told by the poet.

Not long thereafter from the city gates  
Issued Sir Lancelot riding airily,  
Warm with a gracious parting from the Queen,  
Peace at his heart, and gazing at a star,  
And marvelling what it was: on whom the boy,  
Across the silent seeded meadow-grass  
Borne, clash'd: and Lancelot, saying, 'What name hast thou  
That ridest here so blindly and so hard?'  
'I have no name,' he shouted, 'a scourge am I,  
To lash the treasons of the Table Round.'  
'Yea, but thy name?' 'I have many names,' he cried:  
'I am wrath and shame and hate and evil fame,  
And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast  
And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen.'  
'First over me,' said Lancelot, 'shalt thou pass.'  
'Fight therefore,' yell'd the other, and either knight  
Drew back a space, and when they closed, at once  
The weary steed of Pelleas floundering flung  
His rider, who called out from the dark field,  
'Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I have no sword.'  
Then Lancelot, 'Yea, between thy lips—and sharp;  
But here will I disedge it by thy death.'  
'Slay then,' he shriek'd, 'my will is to be slain.'  
And Lancelot, with his heel upon the fall'n,  
Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then spake:  
'Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say thy say.'

And Lancelot slowly rode his war-horse back  
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief while  
Caught his unbroken limbs from the dark field,  
And follow'd to the city. It chanced that both  
Brake into hall together, worn and pale.  
There with her knights and dames was Guinevere.  
Full wonderingly she gazed on Lancelot

So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, him  
 Who had not greeted her, but cast himself  
 Down on a bench, hard-breathing. 'Have ye fought?'  
 She ask'd of Lancelot. 'Ay, my Queen,' he said.  
 'And thou hast overthrown him?' 'Ay, my Queen.'  
 Then she, turning to Pelleas, 'O young knight,  
 Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee fail'd  
 So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,  
 A fall from him?' Then, for he answer'd not,  
 'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,  
 May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me know.'  
 But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce  
 She quail'd; and he, hissing, 'I have no sword,'  
 Sprang from the door into the dark. The Queen  
 Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her;  
 And each foresaw the dolorous day to be:  
 And all talk died, as in a grove all song  
 Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.  
 Then a long silence came upon the hall,  
 And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at hand.'

And so the great vision of high faith and purity draws to a dark end; and the traitor Modred watches his opportunity, and finds it; and the Queen and Lancelot fly—but part: he to his own lands, to join in Modred's treason; she to the Amesbury convent, conscience-stricken and weary of life.

And now we come to the greatest achievement of the whole group of poems—the Idyll called "Guinevere." Of this, nothing need be said to bring it within the scope of our present comments. Whatever may have seemed doubtful before, all is clear here. 'The high promise, the beauty, the glory, that were in the past, are shattered and spent; the King has striven the good strife alone, and stands deserted and bereaved.' There is hardly a creation in the realm of poetry which for pathos surpasses that scene between the Queen and the little novice who unconsciously tells that Queen's history of guilty shame: there is certainly none, for pathos and majesty united, equal to the last interview between the King and his unworthy Queen. It were vain to quote what all know; it may suffice to remember that all earthly hope is broken down, the heart is wasted, and the higher soul only escapes being crushed within, by the blessed hope of a better course to be run hereafter:—

'Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
 And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
 We two may meet before high God, and thou  
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know  
 I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
 Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
 I charge thee, my last hope.'

That this hope found an echo in the penitent's heart, we have no rest pledge:—



And while she grovell'd at his feet,  
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,  
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'I think there was a hope,  
Except he mock'd me when he spoke of hope ;  
His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,  
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.  
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven  
My wickedness to him, and left me hope  
That in mine own heart I can live down sin  
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens  
Before high God. All great and gentle lord,  
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint  
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—  
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took  
Full easily all impressions from below,  
Would not look up, or half-despised the height  
To which I would not or I could not climb—  
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,  
That pure severity of perfect light—  
I wanted warmth and colour, which I found  
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,  
Thou art the highest and most human too,  
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none  
Will-tell the King I love him tho' so late ?  
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle ? none :  
Myself must tell him in that purer life,  
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,  
What might I not have made of thy fair world,  
Had I but loved thy highest creature here ?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest :  
It surely was my profit had I known :  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.  
We needs must love the highest when we see it,  
Not Lancelot, nor another.'

The concluding Idyll, now called "the Passing of Arthur," was in the main published long ago as an epic fragment, in the Poems of 1842. But it has received strange and beautiful additions in this new issue of the collection. In its old state, it begun with what is now its 146th line, "So all day long the noise of battle roll'd"; and contained only the casting of the brand into the lake, and what immediately followed therefrom. Now, we have in the opening a beautiful remembrance of the saddest part of the *Odyssey*,—the melancholy ghost of Gawain, "blown along a wandering wind" in Arthur's dream, crying "hollow, hollow is delight," and warning the King that he shall pass away to-morrow. Then Sir Bedivere's story goes on to tell of that weird battle of the West:—

Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.  
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea :  
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew  
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold

### *The Contemporary Review.*

With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell  
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,  
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;  
And some had visions out of golden youth,  
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts  
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist  
Was many a noble deed, many a base,  
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,  
And ever and anon with host to host  
Blows, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,  
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash  
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks  
After the Christ, of those who falling down  
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist;  
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,  
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,  
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs  
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,  
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail  
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death  
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,  
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,  
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day  
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came  
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew  
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide  
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the field  
Of battle: but no man was moving there;  
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,  
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave  
Broke in among dead faces, to and fro  
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down  
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,  
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,  
And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
The voice of days of old and days to be.

The twice attempted and at last accomplished casting away of the brand Excalibur, and its resumption by the hand that gave it,—the bearing to the coast of the wounded King, the barge with the three Queens which was to take him to the island valley of Avillion,—who knows not of these things as if he had been taught them in childhood, and with whom are not the whole lines of Arthur's parting speech to Bedivere as household words? Again we speak of them here only to notice how the higher soul, baffled and darkened here, passes to its immortal rest of light and glory—how those three who stood by when it was crowned for its rule, return for it when it passes away.

But here again the poet has given us a rich addition in his new volume. The old Idyll ended with

Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull



Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But now there is a revelation after this blackness, of the future glory.

At length he groan'd, and turning slowly clomb  
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;  
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,  
'He passes to be king among the dead,  
And after healing of his grievous wound  
He comes again; but—if he come no more—  
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,  
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed  
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,  
They stood before his throne in silence, friends  
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint !  
As from beyond the limit of the world,  
Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb  
E'en to the highest he could climb, and saw,  
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,  
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,  
Down that long water opening on the deep,  
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go  
From less to less and vanish into light.  
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

Thus we have seen the arising and crowning of man's higher soul, and the brightness of its opening reign: then gather round it the storms of passion, of lust, of vain superstition, ever thickening and blasting all fair prospect; until, baffled and discomfited in its earthly hopes, it sinks in the mist of death, but at eventide there is light, and the end is glory.

We know not of a nobler subject; we know not where to look for one who could have more nobly wrought it out. And we trust that this exposition of it,—which is not, we beg to say, a mere invention of our own,—may be the means of lifting many, who with our friend of the magazine have hitherto seen nothing in the "Idylls of the King" but isolated pictures, to find in them a higher delight than mere word-painting or charm of skilful verse can furnish.

The criticism proper of the new portions of the poem, as well as the whole consideration of the minor pieces which accompany them, we may resume on a future occasion.

HENRY ALFORD.



### A NONCONFORMIST'S VINDICATION.

I AM indebted to the courtesy of the editor of this journal for permission to reply to an article which appeared in the December number from the pen of the Rev. Joseph B. Mayor, entitled "A Nonconformist View of the Church of England." I read that article with a great deal of surprise. The sensation I experienced was just such as an artist might feel who had painted what he considered to be a truthful gallery of portraits, and received from an irate friend of one of the characters in the collection a sudden slap in the face. Supposing the painter to be a man of mild disposition, he would, instead of returning the blow, or ordering pistols for two, quietly inquire what was the matter? "Matter!" shrieks the irate friend, "you have covered my venerable parent's face with warts, besides putting a carbuncle on each eye." The painter replies, first, that there are only half a dozen warts and one carbuncle to be found on the whole visage; secondly, that he had but copied authentic likenesses from the hand of the venerable parent herself; and thirdly, that his portrait belonged not to the present but to the past, he, himself, having in his studio others in which a carbuncle was not to be found, half the warts had disappeared, and the others were tending towards the same happy consummation. The reply of the irate individual in question is to open a bowie knife, make ineffectual slashes right and left at the picture, and declare that the painter is no



artist whatever. Exit, in the same state of mind ; when the painter proceeds to vindicate to the assembled company the character of his picture. This is what I now propose to do.

I frankly acknowledge the existence of several minor inaccuracies in the "*History of the Free Churches of England.*" In the preface to the first edition I alluded to the possibility of such inaccuracies being found in a work dealing with the ecclesiastical history of three hundred years, and requested friends to be good enough to inform me of any that they might detect. They were pleased to comply with this request, and one or two of the errors to which Mr. Mayor refers are, therefore, not to be found in the second edition. I imagine that no one ever wrote history without making some blunders. No one ever made more blunders than Mr. Hallam, the safest and most trustworthy of all historians. The errors in the first edition of Johnson's Dictionary are, to say the least, exceedingly numerous, but Hallam is, notwithstanding, a recognised authority,—Mr. Mayor himself being witness ; and Johnson's reputation has not, even yet, greatly declined. If such could grossly err how could I hope to be infallible ? The truth is, as Mr. Mayor requires to be informed, we do not judge of books as a whole by a few separate and accidental blots, still less do people, unless they are very angry, or very rash, declare, because they have found some blots, that the whole performance is nothing but a blot from beginning to end. When a man says that, it is quite certain that there is a tremendous ink-stain upon his own spectacles. This is just the case with Mr. Mayor.

(1.) My critic says, and very justly, that "the first and most obvious essential in a historian is that he should ascertain his facts correctly, or at least take some pains to do so." I suppose that what is essential to the historian is equally essential to the critic ; but how, to use my critic's words, "are we to put any confidence" in one who, having little more than a dozen pages to write about a single volume published eighteen months ago, makes a false step the very second time he puts his leg forward ? When he says that I have lodged Cartwright and Whitgift at Oxford, he is quite right. I ascertained the fact correctly enough, and may, indeed, have "taken pains" to do so, although very great pains were not necessary with Cartwright's and Whitgift's Lives before me. But I wrongly reported the fact. I apologise to the Universities—to Cambridge for robbing it of the fame of Cartwright, and to Oxford for connecting with it Whitgift's tyranny. But when my critic says that I have stated that the Universities were first closed to a section of the English people in 1688, he makes an inaccurate and unfounded charge. I have nowhere said such a ridiculous thing. I have said that they were so closed by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. My language (p. 96)

is, "One of the first resources of those who had been ejected by the Act of Uniformity was to establish themselves in teaching, and although contrary to law, they formed schools in all parts of the country. The Universities, for the first time in English history, were closed against a section of the people." The truth is that Mr. Mayor has confounded 1662 with 1688, and the Act of Uniformity with the Act of Toleration. Yet he assumes to be a critic. Let me add, upon this point, that where he reports me as stating that up to the reign of Charles I. degrees were conferred without distinction of opinion, he reports what is not the fact. I have not said so; all I have done is to report what Mr. James Owen said.

(2.) My critic next calls attention to a "still more surprising blunder." I had quoted, in a note to the first edition of my work, a Return to an Order in Council which purported to give the numbers of Conformists and Nonconformists, *circa* A.D. 1688. I quoted the return without comment. I am not responsible for it. There it is as an official document. It happens that it scarcely made up, as I have since stated, half the population of England at the time, but, as far as it goes, it is probably trustworthy. My own comment upon it is as follows: "There is an evident inaccuracy in this return, for the population of England was then nearly double the aggregate of these figures. Probably the return related only to the worshipping population." I don't think I could have said more than this.

(3.) I have stated that the ejected during the Commonwealth were, on the whole, tenderly treated, and that the few who left the Church were mercifully dealt with. I say so still, for they were left in possession of a portion of their tithes. This, however, is not the only difference between the ejected of the Commonwealth and the ejected of 1662. The former were, to a considerable extent, notorious for bad living or incompetent preaching: the latter were the salt of the Church. Is it really necessary, in this day, to produce testimony to the most familiar of historical facts?

(4.) There is next a general impugnement of the description I have given of the manners of the Puritans and Dissenters of the Commonwealth period. I have stated that the Nonconformists of that age were "not the melancholy and sour-visaged race that historians have delighted to portray." I have given contemporary evidence in proof of that fact, but not half that I might have given. Dr. Stoughton in his "Ecclesiastical History," and Dr. Halley in his "History of Puritanism and Nonconformity in Lancashire," have since treated the same subject. The Nonconformists of those days were men of free, liberal, and cultured manners, learned, courtly, well dressed. Perhaps they were a little too fond of billiards, but if they were, their



fondness did not do them much harm. It is of no use for Mr. Mayor to say, as he does, "Those who like may believe this." "Liking" has nothing to do with the matter. The question is, is it true? There are the portraits of the men, there are the books, there are the manuscripts. It is not my fault if they tell me what they do. The business of a writer is simply to report what he finds. One business of a critic is to expose the writer when he is wrong, and neither to reject nor to receive evidence simply according to his likes or his dislikes.

(5.) I am next taunted—following the accusations in the order in which they are made—with not mentioning the names of Clarkson, Wilberforce, etc., in connection with the Anti-Slavery agitation *circ.* A.D. 1837. What was Mr. Mayor thinking about when he wrote the sentence in which this taunt is conveyed? He has confounded the *Anti-Slave Trade* with the *Anti-Slavery* agitation. Clarkson was dead long before this, and Wilberforce took little part—how could he?—in the latter struggle. If Mr. Mayor will glance at the Bishop of Winchester's "Life of William Wilberforce," he will see the extent of his blunder. If, in addition, he had referred to my "History" under the year 1788 (p. 484), he would have found Clarkson's name in the proper place.

(6.) Hallam is quoted against me in reference to my statement that during the whole of the period from Henry VIII. to James II. not one bishop or clergyman had lifted up his voice against the inhumanity of the persecution which was then practised. Hallam says that "the first famous plea in this country for tolerance in religion was the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' by Jeremy Taylor." This is one of the instances in which Hallam is wrong. Mr. Mayor, before quoting him, should have read Jeremy Taylor's works. I find this to be Jeremy Taylor's opinion. Writing of Toleration, he says:—

"As to the thing itself, the truth is it is better in contemplation than practice: for reckon all that is got by it, when you come to handle it, and it can never satisfy for the infinite disorder happening in the Government, the scandal to religion, the secret dangers to public societies, the growth of heresy, the nursing up of parties to a grandeur so considerable as to be able in their own time to change the laws and the Government. So that if the question be, whether these opinions are to be persecuted, it is certainly true they ought not. But if it be considered how by opinions men rifle the affairs of kingdoms, it is also certain they ought not to be made public and permitted."

It can easily be understood, after this, why I did not quote Jeremy Taylor as being in favour of real toleration. His "Liberty of Prophesying" meant, practically, no liberty at all, excepting to such as the State might choose to license. I should not wish to cast the smallest reflection upon the memory of such a man as Jeremy

Taylor. As an aid to religious meditation, and for the wonderful richness of his devotional thought, no writer has ever, in my judgment, surpassed him; but I decline to accept him as a remarkably liberal or advanced thinker in the matter of toleration or "prophesying."

(7.) I have said that the Church established at the Reformation was a new Church, and am told that, when I say so, I am "following the Romanists." If Mr. Mayor had looked at a note at the bottom of the page in which this remark is made, he would have seen that I was following a living bishop of the Established Church. "The existence," says Bishop Short of St. Asaph, "of the Church of England as a distinct body, and her final separation from Rome, may be dated from the period of the divorce." If the Established Church was not a new Church, did the Romanists who refused to join it belong to a new or to an old Church?

(8.) My critic says, "I defy any one to get a clear idea of the numerical progress of Dissent from this book." In page 22 (1570) the first Nonconformist Church is mentioned; in page 91 (1688) the contemporary growth of Dissent is given; in page 280 (1715) the actual number of the Churches is stated in counties and parties; in page 623 (1851) there is another precise statistical account.

(9.) "One is rather surprised," says Mr. Mayor, "that the author 'should condescend to complaints' at the exclusion of Dissenters 'from aristocratic circles.'" There is no shadow of such a complaint throughout the work.

(10.) "It is not a history of the Free Churches." I can only reply that it gives the origin, organization, doctrine, and progress of all the principal denominations.

(11.) "It is an appeal to Nonconformists to forget main differences and combine for a last attack upon their common enemy, the Established Church." There is no such appeal; but if, happily, the work should serve the purpose, as I imagine all history does, of convincing men of the error and inutility of all forms of State Churchism, it will, in my judgment, aid in accomplishing a higher service to the Church and the nation than I had dreamed it could perform.

(12.) The readers of the *Contemporary* are, in other pages of this criticism, treated to several selected extracts from the "History." I humbly, but very firmly protest, as a literary man, against the temper which has apparently guided the writer in the selection of those extracts. In the space which this "Vindication" must occupy, it would be impossible for me to quote, from my own work, other extracts to show that Mr. Mayor has not honestly represented either the spirit or the tone of the work. What he has quoted I adhere to,



but he should have quoted the other side. In writing the very sentences which he parades, I exercised, as I considered, much self-restraint. All that is said was, I should have thought, familiar to every historical student. Whitgift, and men like him, gloried in what they did. The disposition of the Church is still to be found in our ecclesiastical and canon law. The religious state of the people in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can be traced by any one who cares to trace it. I have not said, upon this subject, the half of what Churchmen themselves have recently said.

I wish that I had space to say a few words more—to say all that it is in my heart to say upon the present relations of Church and Dissent. I think that history teaches us that the past relations have been wrong. We are gradually attaining to a higher order of Christian and Church life. If I may be allowed to say so here, some Essays that have appeared in this *Review* from the pen of Dean Alford, have given me more hope of the ultimate realization of an ideal National Church and Christian nation, than anything else that I have ever read. This ideal, however, can only begin to be realized, as Dean Alford has said, "with the fact of disestablishment." We shall, however, not attain to it either by ignoring, or justifying, the past. It is best that the whole truth should be proclaimed. When the worst is known we can—on both sides, forgive—forgive, but not forget. Forgetting is an utter mistake, and altogether inconsistent with forgiveness. We cannot wipe out the past, and any attempt, such as Mr. Mayor's, to do so, is not only an utter impossibility, but a mistake. The Almighty Father never forgets, and who would wish Him to do so? What we can do, remembering the Past, is to make a new Present and a new Future.

HERBERT S. SKEATS.



## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

### I.—THEOLOGICAL.

*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, at his Tenth Visitation, October and November, 1869, by CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D., Bishop of St. David's. With an Appendix, containing an Answer to the Question, What is Transubstantiation? Published at the request of the Clergy. London: Rivingtons. 1869.*

THE utterances of the Bishop of St. David's are, in these times of new words and things, matters of deep interest. With a mind which grasps the real sources and practical issues of present currents of thought,—a subtle power of words which, with the calmest and sometimes hardly perceptible irony, pierces through and through idle fallacies and veiled disloyalties,—and at the same time with a spirit far above all the littlenesses and intrigues of party, Bishop Thirlwall commands, it is not too much to say, more hearing and respect from thinking men than any other member of the English bench.

And of all his remarkable charges, this last one is, it seems to us, the most remarkable. Not even when he published respecting the mistaken and futile Pan-Anglican conference those quiet words of warning which time has more than justified, were his pages more pregnant with far-seeing wisdom than are those now before us.

The opening is one befitting the seriousness of the present state of things in the Church:

"If it had been customary to prefix a text of Scripture to a Visitation Charge, that which would most readily have occurred to me, as appropriate to the circumstances in which we now meet, would have been the words of the Psalmist: 'If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous (the righteous man) do?' Not, thank God, that the period in which we are living is one of revolutionary convulsion, in which the institutions on which social order reposes have been violently upturned. But it may be said, without exaggeration, that it is one in which change follows change with unexampled rapidity, each apparently fraught with more and more momentous consequences, reaching down to fundamental principles of thought, belief, and action, laying them bare to the most searching investigation, and threatening whatever they are found too weak to sustain, however hallowed and endeared by traditional associations, with collapse or overthrow. It is therefore a time for the question, 'If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous man do?' or, what ought he to do? What is the frame of mind and the course of action which befits one who desires to live as in the Divine presence, and to shape his conduct by the rule of duty toward God and his neighbour?"



Hence the bishop advances to lay down the relative position of Church and State in our Christian regards: to remind his clergy that the "Denisonian" view of Church and State is a remnant of old Manichæan error, and that "it was of a pagan and persecuting state that the apostle declared, 'the powers that be are ordained of God.'" It was no less needful to remind them of the imperfection and ambiguity of a language commonly used with regard to both: that as the clergy are not the Church, so neither are the ruling powers the State. In order to meet the difficult questions regarding Church and State, it is necessary to endeavour to stay our minds on clear notions and solid principles, which this ambiguity hinders us from doing.

These remarks were easy to be understood in their intended bearing on the consideration of the great question of the Irish Church. The opening of the bishop's remarks on this subject is worthy of a permanent place in literature:

"Here, as usual, it is only by the light of the past that we can hope to gain any clear view of the present, or any true insight into the future. The retrospect is indeed one of the most saddening to be found in the annals of history; but we may not shrink from pondering its lessons and its warnings. It presents a land abounding in the sources of national wealth, in all that can stimulate and reward industry, and by its natural features exercising a peculiar charm on the affections of its inhabitants; a people richly gifted with many noble qualities of mind and heart; singularly deficient indeed in the faculty and the spirit of political and ecclesiastical organization, neither comprehending its conditions, nor appreciating its advantages, but naturally disposed to yield to the guidance of a friendly and beneficent authority, and for many centuries closely connected with a more powerful nation, endowed in an eminent degree with the qualities which the weaker most lacked. Here, then, it might have been thought, were the elements of prosperity and happiness for both. And yet in the whole course of Irish history there is not one bright spot; not a single period on which memory can dwell without finding matter chiefly for shame, sorrow, and regret. I cannot even except that to which many look back as to a golden age, the time when Ireland won the name of the Isle of Saints. That description does not prove it to have been a land of holiness. The seventh century, an age in which the Church was sunk in the grossest darkness and corruption, was called the Age of Saints; and we cannot doubt that, while the Irish monasteries were seats of piety and learning, and sent forth many illustrious missionaries to spread the Gospel in foreign lands, their own country was in the same state of anarchy and barbarism in which we find it as soon as we become acquainted with its internal condition."

The bishop then reviews some of the more prominent epochs in the history of Ireland,—that which first yoked both countries under a common rule, accompanied by the English policy of physical force, upheld by Papal support of its tyranny,—that, when there fell on England, at the time when she "received the greatest of all blessings, that to which she owes her place among the nations," the inability to impart this blessing to the people whom she had treated as something less than human, to be killed with impunity as the beasts of the field. In their minds the Reformed faith was associated with violence and oppression, and the breach was widened by that which should have healed it. Nor did the influence of a purer creed tend to inspire the dominant nation with milder sentiments towards its subjects. Penal legislation may have been excusable in the heat of a great crisis: but no such plea can avail for the maintenance of "that atrocious code" when it served no purpose but that of nourishing the evil passions of those who regarded the affliction and degradation of their countrymen as the only sound basis of Protestant ascendancy.

The stirring of better thoughts in the minds of English statesmen was the result, the bishop shews, not of a sense of the wickedness of the system, but to experiences of its folly. As long as the introduction of the Reformation had a political significance, it was favoured: but "when it appeared that the only benefit to be derived from it was the spiritual benefit of the Roman Catholic population, it ceased to occupy the thoughts either of statesmen or of Churchmen."

The bishop does not scruple to use very decided language in characterizing the union of the two countries.

"It was," he says, "notoriously brought about against the will of the great majority of the Irish people, by means morally indefensible, and alike discreditable to both parties, the bribers and the bribed."



And again :

"The Union had all the legal force of an Act of Parliament, and even of a solemn treaty. But morally it was a mere name, a fiction, a piece of parchment, utterly inoperative for its professed purpose. It neither expressed a fact, nor tended to realize the supposition which it assumed. The cry for its repeal never ceased to awaken an echo in the Irish bosom ; and the most important boons lost all their conciliatory value, because they appeared to be not free offerings of our good-will or of our justice, but concessions wrung from our fears."

We cannot follow Bishop Thirlwall through his exposure of the ordinary fallacies which passed current as defences of the monstrous injustice of upholding the Protestant Episcopal Church Establishment in Ireland : and we must be contented with commending to all readers his masterly dealing with the cry of "sacrilege," which is raised by some among us whenever circumstances have rendered advisable an alienation of property once devoted to ecclesiastical purposes.

The bishop, as is well known, was an advocate for what was called at the time the "levelling-up" plan, at least to the extent of using the surplus for the partial endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy. In his charge he again advocates this view, and regrets that it was not acted upon.

His expectations for the disendowed Irish Church are not of a gloomy kind :

"On the whole, the future of the Irish Church is, under Providence, in her own hands. There appears to be nothing in the nature of things to prevent her from enjoying a degree of prosperity, at least as great as in any former period of her history."

He repudiates the idea that there is any connexion between the fortunes of the Irish Church in this matter and the probable future of the Church of England. As a Welsh bishop, he discusses especially the notion that the Welsh portion of the Church has to apprehend any special danger : and dismisses it with what has always seemed to us a decisive answer : that there is really no ecclesiastical distinction between Wales and England, and that in order for such apprehension to be realized it would be necessary "to create a Church of Wales in order to destroy it." And, which we are glad to see, he founds a strong argument in the same direction on the non-existence of any spiritual partition between Church and Dissent in Wales, such as divides Protestants from Roman Catholics in Ireland.

"But still, after all, what even now is that breach, compared with that which parts Protestant from Roman Catholic Ireland ? It is as a crevice caused by the summer heat, to a chasm opened into the depths of the rocks by an earthquake. . . . I need not say how impossible it would be for a Romish priest to join in the devotions of a Protestant place of worship. How does that correspond with the state of things which we have before our eyes ? to the crowds of Nonconformists who flock to our churches when the pulpit is to be filled by a popular preacher ? to that which is in the experience of several now present ? I have ordained not a few Nonconformist ministers, who, sometimes at a considerable sacrifice of emoluments, sought admission into the ministry of our Church. But in no instance have I found that they regarded themselves as having renounced religious convictions which had before satisfied their own souls, and had been the ground of their teaching. It was not another Gospel which they meant to preach in the new pulpit, or which their new congregation desired to hear. It was just on this account that they felt at liberty, and even bound in conscience, to lay aside a show of dissent which betokened no substantial difference, and to become Churchmen in profession as they had long been at heart. Let it not be thought that I regard the questions on which those who are called orthodox Nonconformists, are really at variance with us as unimportant. But their importance is of a quite secondary order, and they mostly excite much greater interest in the clergy than in the laity ; and whatever their importance may be, it vanishes in comparison not only with those which are at issue between the Churches of England and of Rome, but with those which separate members of the Church of England who regard the Reformation as a blessing, from those who speak of it as 'an act of Divine vengeance.'"

To these last words the bishop appends this foot-note :

"As the Rev. Dr. Littledale, priest of the Church of England. There is too much reason to fear, that in this view he may not stand alone ; but it may be hoped that the amenities which accompanied the expression of this opinion, which, though not new to those who ever heard an Italian Capuchin rail against Luther and Calvin, sounded a little strange in the mouth of an English clergyman and gentleman, are peculiar to the Rev. Dr. Littledale, priest of the Church of England."



The bishop sums up this part of his charge in not quite so cheerful a tone.

"But though I cannot view the disestablishment of the Irish Church in the light of a cause operating to subvert that of our own country, I do think that as a sign of the times, as an indication of the direction in which public opinion is moving, it may well inspire the friends of our Church with uneasy forebodings."

From the fact that some within our own pale now advocate the principles of the Liberation Society, the transition is easy to speaking generally of the dangers which appear to threaten us from within: and from that again, to the advance of the Ritualistic party. This subject he dealt with at length in his last charge. But so much has been said and written of late which tends to a confusion of ideas on the state of the question, that he thinks it may be useful to recall it distinctly to our minds.

He disposes first of the amiable decoy by which so many weak minds have been won over to and kept in, the fallacies of Ritualism; viz. the notion that it corresponds to a general tendency of our age to a larger application of the Fine Arts to public and private purposes. It will be remembered, that this was the mist under which the Ritualists came off triumphant in the miserably weak report of the Lower House of Convocation two years ago. They managed to get an acquittal inserted of any intent on their part to serve a doctrinal purpose—and thus the whole force of the report vanished.

Happily it is now too late for any such disclaimer. The Bishop of St. David's quotes Mr. Bennett's evidence before the Ritual Commission:

"2606. Is any doctrine involved in your using the chasuble? I think there is.—2607. What is that doctrine? The doctrine of the sacrifice.—2608. Do you consider yourself a sacrificing priest? Distinctly so.—2611. Then you think you offer a propitiatory sacrifice? Yes, I think I do offer a propitiatory sacrifice."

We must again refer our readers to the Charge itself for its forcible comments on the judgment of the Committee of Council respecting doubtful postures and acts at the celebration of the Holy Communion. We will only remark that those comments have since received remarkable elucidation for all just and sober men, by the shuffling conduct (we are sorry to have to write the word, but there is no other for it) of the offender against whom the inhibition was directed.

After a few demonstrative remarks on the Vestment question, which still awaits a judicial decision, the bishop passes to the doctrine which is now propounded under the name of the Real Objective Presence: which after all is the central point of all "Ritualism," and that which distinguishes its worship from the worship of the Church of England. An English Churchman, in a Roman or fully developed Ritualist church, may by chance find himself on common ground with a *preacher*. I have often heard sermons in Roman Catholic countries, almost every word of which I should have been glad to have preached myself. But during any portion of the *service*, such common ground is impossible. They worship a God objectively present in the consecrated elements: we worship a God in heaven, and only present here spiritually. The two religions (not quoad faith, but) quoad worship, are radically and essentially distinct. And the germ of this distinctiveness is in all Ritualistic worship—the distinctiveness itself subsisting, in proportion as the tendencies of that worship are developed.

The Bishop of St. David's shews in his quiet way the utter absurdity of such a Presence as the Ritualistic party are contending for. Repudiating the corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood, and Transubstantiation, they

"Believe that in the Holy Eucharist, by virtue of the Consecration, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ, 'the inward part or Thing signified,' are Present, really and truly, but spiritually and ineffably, under 'the outward visible part or sign,' or 'form of Bread and Wine.'

"It must be observed that, although at the outset one of the doctrines to be maintained is described as that of the Real Objective Presence, the word *objective* does not appear in any of the subsequent statements; so that it would seem as if—in the opinion of those who framed the document—it would have added nothing to that which is signified by the adverbs *really* and *truly*. But we are thus led to ask, whether these terms themselves add anything to that which is signified by the word *present*? For whatever is present any where at all, must be really and truly present. But the sense which



would most readily suggest itself, when these words are used with reference to the Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, is that they are present as they really and truly are, that is, as real flesh and blood. But as this sense is expressly repudiated, unless they are merely superfluous adjuncts, they must have some other meaning which is not explained in the context, and is not very easy to find. There are two senses in which we may speak intelligibly of the presence of a material object: the one literal, the other figurative. Literally, a body is present in the space which it fills; figuratively, it may be present as a thought to the mind. And in this last sense it might be properly said to be *spiritually* present to the thinking subject. But that could not be the meaning of those who describe that which they speak of as an Objective Presence. They seemed to have used the word 'spiritually' as opposed to *corporally* or *physically*. We are therefore left to search for some kind of presence which is neither literal nor figurative. But in what region of nature or of thought is such a Presence to be found? If our absolute incapacity to conceive it is not a proof that it has no existence, at least it makes it impossible to frame any proposition concerning it, of which we could say that it is either true or false. The only term really appropriate by which it is described in the Memorial, is *ineffable*. And thus it turns out that the statement which purports to be positive, is, in fact, merely negative. It denies that the Presence is one of which any thing can be predicated. The addition of the words, under 'the outward visible part or sign,' or 'form of Bread and Wine,' as it only expresses what is literally present, can throw no light on a Presence of a totally different kind. This negative truth may be of no great value, but it is at least inoffensive. It might even afford a basis of general agreement, if it had not been so worded as to hold out the appearance of an affirmation which, on closer inspection, proves fallacious."

The bishop proceeds to treat in a similar manner the notion of the Eucharistic sacrifice put forward in the "Memorial" of the twenty-one who represented the Ritualistic party.

Considerable confusion has been of late produced in many minds by a notion promulgated by Mr. Cobb, in his "Kiss of Peace," that "the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation is not at variance with that of the Church of England." With this the Bishop of St. David's deals in an appendix to his Charge, convicting Mr. Cobb of having, in his exposition of Roman doctrine as gathered from Bellarmine, fallen, in his advocacy, into the very mistake which that writer apprehended from an opponent, and having confounded the *natura* with the *modus existendi*.

The bishop next touches on the great question of Popular Education which still awaits a solution. He takes the line of insisting for a well-considered scheme for supplying the inevitable shortcomings of the present system, and in deprecating any "revolutionary measure which would sacrifice what is by most persons accounted most important in the quality of education." At the same time, he desiderates some sufficient guarantee that a large part of the children of the State shall not be left destitute of the elements of useful knowledge: and he points out some of the fallacies endorsed by the National Society and by various well-meaning persons in reference to the supposed powerlessness of ordinary secular education to prevent crime. It is strange indeed, that any sensible man should not have thought of the "tu quoque" which the bishop so well puts: "Does the Denominational System prevent crime?" A very important paragraph follows:

"I also venture to think that the line commonly drawn between secular and religious instruction is too sharp and trenchant. I do not think that a school in which instruction is confined to secular subjects is therefore necessarily irreligious. I believe that it may be a school of morals as well as of learning, acting upon the habits and character, by discipline, precept, and example, and thus opening the way, and disposing the heart, for an intelligent reception of religious truth. I attach much greater importance to the tone, to the moral atmosphere of a school, than to the nature of the things taught in it. I also believe that enormous exaggeration prevails as to the capacity of children, especially of the poor, for the reception of theology; and that clergymen are very apt to deceive themselves as to the impression made on the mind of a child, by incidental allusions to points of doctrine, which they may find opportunity of dropping in the course of lessons not expressly doctrinal or religious. It is only, as far as I know, in schools for the poor, that this was ever considered as an important part of religious education. It seems to imply a catechetical talent which probably few clergymen possess, and fewer still have leisure to cultivate and exercise. Much less, of course, is it to be expected in the schoolmaster, so that the cases in which a school suffers any loss from the absence of such opportunities, must be exceedingly rare and exceptional. As a ground for any general school regulations, this consideration may safely be left



out of the account, and it is to be hoped will not continue much longer to be urged as an objection to the Conscience Clause, which, at least in its principle and spirit, may now be considered as universally received."

After a few words on Church Restoration, and its progress in his diocese, and a pardonable note of characteristically quiet triumph over the poor "Pan-Anglican Synod," the bishop "passes to a kindred topic, but one of immeasurably greater importance, viz. the convocation of a council of the whole Roman Catholic Episcopate, and styled Œcumenical; under the presidency of the Pope himself."

The same Mr. Cobb has been raising "a voice claiming our sympathy for the coming Council, and treating it as matter of surprise and regret, that no overtures have been made on the part of the Anglican Episcopate, for some kind of participation in its proceedings." This writer the bishop hands over to "Janus" for an antidote, sufficient, he believes, for every mind still open to conviction, and not incapable of discerning truth. "The contrast," he continues, "between solid information and reckless assertion, presuming upon general ignorance or indifference to truth, is complete." The same quiet rolling over of Mr. Cobb occurs again and again in the text and in the notes. One cannot help feeling that it is an honour of which he is little worthy, to be dealt with by such an adversary: but this does not diminish our thanks due to the bishop. There are so many empty heads and disloyal hearts in our Church at present, that there is no telling how small a matter may carry them off Romewards.

The bishop does not look on the convocation of the Council as any opportunity of action for those who are outside the Church of Rome; still he thinks the occasion ought to lead us to take a review of the history of that Church in the period subsequent to the Reformation, and especially on the transactions of its last General Council. To this he devotes several pages, which in our opinion, as we have already said of some that preceded, deserve a permanent place in comments on ecclesiastical history.

We can only quote one paragraph:

"The proceedings of the unhappy Council of Trent were fitly closed by a series of acclamations, which have been duly recorded for perpetual memory with the rest of its acts. The last, pronounced by the sanguinary Cardinal of Lorraine, was 'Anathema to all heretics;' and the final response of the assembled prelates echoed and re-echoed the word, 'Anathema, Anathema.' Its meaning was expounded a few years later by the massacres of St. Bartholomew, hailed at Rome with transports of joy and solemn thanksgiving to the Almighty. To renew such scenes is no doubt out of the power, and, I would fain hope, not even in the will of Pope or Council, however they may anathematize toleration in theory. But that there has been any abandonment of the principle of persecution, as a religious duty, wherever it appears to be expedient, or the slightest mitigation of the feeling which it has been the policy, as well as the instinct of Rome, to associate with the name of heretic, we have no reason to suppose. On the contrary, one of the doctrines proclaimed indirectly in the Syllabus, by the condemnation of the opposite opinion, and which is expected to be defined by the Council, is the external coercive jurisdiction of the Church to inflict temporal penalties on dissentients. And these penalties have been authoritatively explained as including fines, imprisonment, and scourging, without prejudice to the Church's right to take stronger measures if they should appear necessary.

"Under that anathema we must be content to live, until it is removed by an authority equal to that which laid it on us. Our consolation is that we can say, 'Though they curse, yet bless Thou:' and with the fullest conviction that the Divine blessing on the cause of Truth and Righteousness will not be intercepted by the fiercest curses of fallible, presumptuous, unrighteous judges."

We are aware that although this notice has been protracted to an unusual length, we have done very scanty justice to this remarkable Charge. It is hard to think, in days like these, of the weight of years which have gathered over the head of him who wrote it; and impossible not to feel, if we may use the words of vain regret in reference to future, and not, as they were written, of past conflict,

"Si Pergama dextra  
Defendi possent, etiam hoc defensa fuissent."

H. A.

*Sacred Allegories.* By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. New Edition, with Engravings from Original Designs by C. W. COPE, R.A., J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A., SAMUEL PALMER, BIRKET FOSTER, and G. E. HICKS. London: Rivingtons.

THIS, which has been treated by several of our contemporaries as a new illustrated edition, is only a re-issue of the former edition of 1856. We are rejoiced to see that Mr. Adams's beautiful allegories have such hold on the British public, and that the costly illustrations have not put the volume beyond the reach of Churchmen in general. H. A.

*The First Book of Common Prayer of Edward VI. and the Ordinal of 1549, together with the Order of the Communion, 1548.* Reprinted entire, and edited by Rev. HENRY BASKERVILLE WALTON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College: with an Introduction by Rev. PETER GOLDSMITH MEDD, M.A., Senior Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

THIS small and portable reprint of our first prayer-book and the valuable documents mentioned in the title must be generally acceptable; as must also the Introduction, containing in a short compass the historical information required.

It were only to be wished that this Introduction had not been written so entirely in the spirit of advocacy of the first prayer-book, and of hostility to the second book, the precursor of our present liturgy and offices. This, stamping the volume as a product of the present Romanizing party in the Church, was surely ill-judged on the part of the Editors. The undisguised contempt with which they speak of the following, and completing, work of the Reformation, leads one, against one's will, to a suspicion whether the present republication may not be intended to subserve the spirit of disloyalty, so widely spread among that party, to our present Prayer-book and offices. If we shrink from the suspicion as an unworthy one, we can only say that it has been forced upon us by the sad experiences of repeated acts of disingenuousness, and examples of special pleading. H. A.

*A Manual of Plain Devotions, adapted for Private and for Family Use.* By the Rev. JOHN WALLIS, M.A., Incumbent of Crosscrake. Second Edition. London: Rivingtons.

WE are glad to see so sensible and good a book of Prayers attain its second edition. Still, we freely confess to a sense of defect in it, when compared with the wants of our people. The prayers are too long: the style too cumbrous; there is none of that regard for aptness of sound and terseness of sense, which causes our Church prayers to impress themselves indelibly on the memory. In these respects Mr. Wallis has not advanced upon, but has rather retrograded from, Bishop Blomfield and Mr. Thornton. Still, as we began by saying, the prayers are sensible and good, free from the excesses of the Church-manuals of the day, and full of the "unction" of the devotion of the heart. And this is, after all, no mean praise. H. A.

## II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

*The History of Ireland from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time.* By JOHN MITCHEL, Esq. In Two Vols. Dublin and London: James Duffy.

THE writer of this history has had the misfortune to offend every party in England. Tories, Whigs, and those "unattached" people who care more for quiet than for any political principle, naturally dislike the "rebel" of 1848; while Radicals of every shade are disgusted with a champion of liberty who supported the slave-holders in the Southern States of America. For our own part we must confess that this last anomaly seems to us more easily explained in the case of an Irishman than it would be in that of a philanthropist of any other nation. Of all the oppressed races in the world, none, perhaps, has



been so often persecuted *in the name of liberty* as the Irish; and during a long period of our history, the English leaders who struggled most for English and European freedom were the worst enemies of Ireland. We think, then, that it is not wonderful, however much to be lamented, that an Irish patriot should become even cynically indifferent to the cry of freedom from other races than his own. Yet we think that in writing the early part of this very able history some twinges of conscience must have come across Mr. Mitchel when he described the relations of the insolent little English colony to the bulk of the Irish population. Although it was from England that the Protestant colony received their right to tyrannize over their Catholic fellow-subjects, yet it seems clear that if the Irish movement for independence in 1698, of which Mr. Mitchel speaks with just contempt, had been successful, it would not have been wholly unlike in its objects to the "Southern" secession of 1861.

Fortunately, however, for the oppressed Catholics, the interests of the Protestant colony in Ireland, and of the English Parliament, were not identical, and slowly, very slowly, a common oppression began to draw together the different parts of the Irish people. From the time when Dean Swift's pamphlets, much against their author's wish, brought on, as Primate Boulter complained, "intimacies between Papists, and Jacobites, and the Whigs," to the time when Catholics subscribed to the volunteer movement in 1780-1, the connection was slowly growing, hindered now by the bribery of the English Government, now by the bigotry of the Protestant leaders.

The great struggle for American independence, and its effect on the subsequent Irish movement, are well sketched by Mr. Mitchel. On the volunteer movement he naturally dwells with enthusiasm:—

"It was now that the public spirit of Ireland, instead of being colonial, began to be truly *national*, and this chiefly by the strong impulse and inspiration of Henry Grattan, who saw in the extension of the volunteering spirit a means of combining the two discordant elements of the Irish people into one nation, and elevating the Catholics to the rank of citizens, not by the insidious 'boons' of the English, but through the cordial combination and amalgamation of the Irish for their common defence."

To Grattan, indeed, this glory seems more clearly due than similar praise generally is to the leaders of such movements. He had still a mass of bigotry to fight against, and bigotry which found its supporters not merely among foolish and selfish men, but even in true patriots like Flood and Lord Charlemont. It is clear, however, that the Catholics felt that their truest interests were bound up with their fellow-countrymen, and wherever they were allowed, they joined heartily in the movement—which for a year or two won freedom and independence for Ireland. During these two years, the most glorious of Irish history, the union between the Catholics and Protestants had been growing fast. The Protestant volunteers at Dungannon "rejoiced," by formal resolution, "in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects;" and on the 20th of February, 1782, the House went into Committee on a Bill for giving the Catholics, "first, the enjoyment of property; secondly, the free exercise of their religion; thirdly, the rights of education; fourthly, of marriage; and fifthly, of carrying arms."

But now began that shameful series of intrigues and corruptions which ended in the total extinction of Irish independence. The unfortunate quarrels between Flood and Grattan tended also to weaken the patriots, and represented that opposition between "Democracy" and "Liberalism" (between those who trust all classes of the people, and those who are just to men of other religions), that has so often cursed Ireland. Grattan's coldness towards Parliamentary Reform (until the Parliament had been thoroughly corrupted by Pitt and Castlereagh) was the worst result of this quarrel.

But the patriots were not idle in their efforts on points where they were agreed; and Grattan's defeat on the great question of tithes seems to have been the first clear sign of the growing corruption of the "independent" Parliament.

For a while, however, during the panic of French invasion, the patriots seem to have succeeded. They caused, for instance, the exclusion of pensioners and placemen from the House of Commons; but when, emboldened by this success, Ponsonby, Grattan, and others supported a measure of Parliamentary



Reform, they were defeated. Similar hopes and similar failures also marked this time with regard to the Catholic question. In 1792 a Bill had passed with the support of the Government and of the more liberal patriots, for admitting the Catholics to the franchise and professions; but when, in 1795, Grattan at last ventured to bring forward Catholic Emancipation, Lord Fitzwilliam, who had promised all his support, was suddenly recalled.

The hopeless struggles of the Parliamentary patriots are vividly contrasted by Mr. Mitchel with the movements outside. The return of several Catholic peasants seems to have roused for a time the old Protestant bigotry. Then came Wolfe Tone's effort to unite them, the Society of the United Irishmen, the unfortunate divisions between the Parliamentary leaders and their supporters outside Parliament, the threats of the Union—all culminating in the fatal rebellion of '98, and followed by the overthrow of Irish independence in 1800.

With respect to the legislation for Ireland since the Union, it is not wonderful that Mr. Mitchel should be suspicious; but we think he weakens his cause by understating the other side. His language both with regard to Catholic Emancipation and the endowment of Maynooth has much to justify it. But surely no conviction can be produced by such a summary as the following of measures which are generally admitted to have been absolutely good to Ireland, though the first of the three has been hindered in its working by the violence of religious factions:—

"By the 'national education' system provision was made for stifling all national sentiments in the young.\* By the Poor-law the life or death of certain millions of the people were placed at the disposal of British officials. By the Tithe-law the impositions of the Established Church were rendered inevitable."

As to the Encumbered Estates Act, however, there is, little doubt that its effects have been in the main such as to justify the most bitter dislike of Irishmen to English legislation. Small landlords have come over from England merely "as a speculation;" and the peasantry have, we believe, found themselves generally far worse off than before, though, no doubt, "political economy" has been satisfied by the growth of trade.

The question of the effect of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and free-trade generally, on Ireland, is one which Mr. Mitchel decides, not wholly without excuse, on the Protectionists' side. The most surprising point, however, in his summary, is the entire omission of any allusion to the movement for disestablishing the Irish Church. Yet before this book could have been out of the author's power, the Resolutions of 1868 must have been passed. We do not mean that Mr. Mitchel was bound to accept that measure, either as a substitute for the independence which he desires, or even as weakening the "right of insurrection," but he was at least bound to tell us his view of its probable effect, especially as he complains bitterly of the strength of the Established Church. But the fact seems to be that he sees no event worth chronicling since 1848, though there is a short chapter on 1850—52. On the whole, this history should, we think, be most earnestly studied at the present crisis; and now that the Fenian insurrection has completely subsided, we may be able to consider temperately and boldly whether there are not some reasons, at least, in the facts of history, to justify the idea that Ireland would be better governed by those who live there and understand her wants. With the Fenians Mr. Mitchel has, strange to say, so little sympathy, that he does them the gross injustice of classing them with Ribbonmen, an organized society (as it has lately been proved) for the murder of landlords, the truth being, by the admission of even Tory Irishmen, that the Fenians actually suppressed Ribbonmen during their short career; and of their general conduct in Ireland, an Irish Conservative landlord (who was on his estate the whole time of the insurrection) once said in our hearing, "They were certainly the most merciful rebels I ever heard of."

C. E. M.

*The Decline of the Roman Republic.* BY GEORGE LONG. Vol. I., 1864; Vol. II., 1866; Vol. III., 1869. London: Bell and Daldy. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

ONE more volume will, we presume, complete Mr. Long's important undertaking; and we shall then possess from his pen the history of Rome subsequently

\* This measure, however, in an earlier chapter he does admit worked well in bringing down education to the poorer classes.



to the Fall of Carthage, and down to the establishment of the Empire. The first volume comprises the period between B.C. 154—106 and includes the Jugurthine War. The second commences at B.C. 107, and ends with the death of Sertorius, B.C. 72, embracing Marius and Sulla. The third begins at B.C. 78, and ends with Cicero's exile in B.C. 58, treating therefore of Catiline and the earlier career of Cæsar. By the term "Decline," then, we are to understand rather the subversion of the Republican constitution of Rome than any waning of her dominion and material splendour, which, in fact, continued to increase. This work, with that of Dr. Arnold which reaches down to the end of the Second Punic War, will give us the story, nearly complete, of the Roman Republic by Englishmen worthy to stand on the shelf with Thirlwall, Grote, Merivale, and Gibbon.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Long's classical editions know they will, in these volumes, be in company with a man of close study, thorough scholarship, and independent mind; interested in the subjects of his enquiry, and not pretending to explain further than he sees. In history he goes straight to the fountains, but examines cautiously the purity of the waters, never imposing on us a fluent unhesitating narrative based on originals he knows to be scanty, weak, and untrustworthy. Whether as a narrator he equals Arnold in the interest he excites in his reader (which would be high praise indeed) we are hardly prepared to say; but we have found Mr. Long's chapters on the Gracchi, Sulla, Catiline, Pompey, anything but dry. His exposition of the Public Land question is so far satisfactory that it shows us what can be understood and what has lapsed into the inexplicable. Like a man who has bestowed honest labour on his work he expects, as he does not scruple to say, corresponding pains and patience in those who read him; and these qualities will be necessary in many a page of tough reading; but the student's reward here is that he gets an excellent commentary in mastering the original authors he may have in hand: for his guide is thorough, shirks no difficulties, and is well aware what it is the student wants and ought to know. Mr. Long's style is not laboured, nor yet does it possess that stately march which some of our writers have acquired in narration; it is, as we cannot help thinking, somewhat blunt: but his vivid conception of facts and his clear way of stating them, his shrewd observations, and one eye always on modern life and times, not to mention some quiet irony (now and then however misplaced), give an interest of their own to his pages. His chapter on the Slave War in Sicily is, we think, likely to be felt one of the most interesting and popular. We should not omit to notice that one feature in this history is careful geographical description. His concluding chapter in fact is a valuable essay on the physical character of Gaul, preparatory to his bringing Cæsar on that famous ground, where we shall hope for the greatest pleasure in meeting him under so able an instructor as Mr. George Long.

C. H.

*Life of Oliver Cromwell, to the Death of Charles the First.* By J. R. ANDREWS, Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans.

THIS agreeable volume will very well suit those readers who wish to refresh their memories on the general affairs of Church and State during the first half of the seventeenth century. About Oliver himself there is little or nothing to say till he was some forty years old, and a biographer who cannot resign himself to the recording of that little, may tap many other contemporary subjects which will yield a readier stream. The ten years ending with Charles' death are fuller of Cromwell and of course he cannot be missed. Mr. Andrews composes rather as an historian than a biographer, and it is somewhat in a wood that his hero must be discovered and tracked. We ought to caution the reader as to one story which is sure to attract his notice. It is where James I. in the spring of 1603, on his journey south to take possession of the Crown, stops at Hitchinbrook, the seat of the Cromwells, where little Oliver and little Charles play together and the rugged commoner gives the Stuart a bloody nose. Our author relates it first as a tradition in Huntingdon (p. 20), but subsequently (p. 304) he adopts it himself. Further examination however would have shown him that the prince was not of the royal party at all on that occasion and did not quit Scotland for another year, namely till the summer of 1604. It is one of those gossiping anecdotes of after growth for those who are entertained by strange coincidences, omens, and prognostics.

C. H.



*Albert Durer: His Life and Works.* Including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT, Author of "Half-Hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts." With Six Etchings by the Author, and other Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

*The History of the Life of Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg.* With a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works. By MRS. CHARLES HEATON. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE criticism of some books should, to attain any fair completeness, begin with one side of the cover and end with the other, going meanwhile carefully and minutely from frontispiece, title-page, and preface to each division of the book's main body, and, from the last step there, on to such appendices, indices, and so forth, as may rest between the conclusion and the fly-leaf. Such a book is Mr. William Bell Scott's monograph of Albert Durer, although, within the limited space we have to give to it, it will be impossible to indulge ourselves in doing the volume that inventorial justice which it unquestionably claims of all critics who *have* space for an exhaustive review. Had we such space we might find a good deal to say of the chaste and characteristic cover, bearing one of Durer's beautiful designs for embroidery; of the modesty of the title-page, quoting only, of the long list of Mr. Scott's published works, his "Half-Hour Lectures;" and of the one defect in the "get-up" of the book, namely, its ploughed and ruddled edges; but long praise and extended blame on these points must be left for the more serious consideration of Mr. Scott's real work.

The want of an English monograph of Albert Durer was, as the biographer remarks in his preface, a remarkable one to have existed as long as it did exist; but it is also curious that two authors should have been simultaneously and separately engaged on the work of supplying such want; nor is it altogether matter for congratulation that the book of Mrs. Charles Heaton on this subject and that of Mr. Scott should be put forth at the same time, thus dividing the public attention. Mr. Scott's conception of his task and of the status of the great man to whom that task had reference, is best described in his own words:—

"As we call to mind how highly Durer is estimated in this country, how carefully his engravings are collected, and how popular the tales founded on his history or works are with us, we can scarcely help feeling that some express and authentic account of the master might have been expected. In themselves his writings are very interesting, and fully warrant the conclusion to which his designs and pictures lead us, that he was a simple-minded man, profound and strong, viewing life, art, and religion in the same serious spirit.

"There is no doubt that the works of a born artist are as much an expression of the man as the verses of a true poet; and that his life, properly seen, is another realisation, another picture, or series of pictures, in unison with the painted stories that came from his hand. If Michael Angelo may be taken as the representative of self-centred strength in the garb of learning, so Durer may be accepted as that of sympathetic strength in the garb of science. In both we see a singularly clear reflection of the thought and society of the age, while we also see that they stand completely alone, both obeying the law that works from within outwards, both tending toward a painful severity of thought, both influenced by a bias to the mystical—men who could never have lived at all, or, at least, to great and good purpose, but for the example of Christ, as felt and understood in modern Europe." (Preface, pp. v.-vi.)

Mr. Scott, himself a true artist in more kinds than one, has placed himself in *rapport* with the great German under the conception of him set forth in this passage, and has succeeded in embodying in his volume, by means of pen and pencil (or rather etching-needle), a very fully conceived and considered image of Albert Durer. The great bulk of Durer's journals and many letters, here translated, together with what of personal narrative and acute critical work the biographer has laid together, suffice to place a clear-cut figure of a man against the background of Nürnberg society, in its most important phases, depicted at the outset of the book. And to place before the reader conceptions of the man and his abode in more concrete reality, we have three portraits of Durer at various ages, with a sketch of his house and a sketch from his house; the whole not executed in slipshod modern methods of rapid and cheap reproduction, but tenderly and carefully etched by the author himself, in a style that does no



violence to the subject-matter of the book. In fact, each of these etchings of Mr. Scott's has the weight and value of a small work of art; the "Village of Eytas"—which, added to the plates we have named, completes the half-dozen etchings—is in a high degree beautiful as regards tone and delicacy of touch; and the portrait of Durer at the age of twenty-eight, reproduced from the print by Forster, is of a quality and texture hard to surpass. Indeed, to find a more beautifully-executed etching than that portrait, which is the well-known "Christ-like" portrait of Durer, it would be necessary to seek among the works of great masters in the art of aquafortis and point.

Not only in these beautiful etchings, but throughout the book's original and translated prose, the discerning reader feels that an artist's hand has been at work. Leaving on one side all small or scarcely relevant discussions, and never indulging in that lengthy descriptiveness or descriptive rhapsody which some persons now-a-days define as "art-criticism," he has held closely and lovingly to his subject; and the result must be that whoever reads his book will rise from it with a genial feeling towards Durer as towards a large-souled and supremely-gifted man; or, if such feeling be already existent in the reader, it will be enhanced. The notion of book-making never suggests itself in the whole perusal of this volume, the dominant idea and key-note being that the book has grown up as the outcome of an artist's genuine love for a great forerunner. We feel sure, not only from portions of the narrative, but also from the eloquent faithfulness of the two Nürnberg etchings, that the biographer has been to Nürnberg and looked with eyes of real affection and discerning interest on all connected with Durer, whether written, or painted, or built. The full catalogues forming the Appendix convey analogous impressions in regard to the author's study of existing foreign works and fragments on Durer; and we cannot too much commend the industry here displayed, or the care to keep the catalogues within the narrowest limits compatible with a serviceable fulness, and not to distend them with personal opinion and disquisition. As a biography, and one conveying a satisfactory account of so fertile and interesting a genius as Durer, the book is remarkably short; and this merit, with the other high merits we have already named, will make it a work of permanent position in our literature, and specially dear to artists, and to the thoughtful and cultivated sections of society now and hereafter.

Concerning Mrs. Heaton's book, we should not commit ourselves to praise expressed in precisely these terms. The first impression on taking the volume up is the vague impression of festivity conveyed on externally inspecting a "Christmas gift-book" and turning over its leaves. The numerous photographs and mediocre woodcuts, contained between these flaming red boards with a general effect of tawdriness, suggest that cheap attractiveness which has so long reigned at Yule-tide over literary productions; but no one who went fairly into Mrs. Heaton's work would be disposed to blame *her* for the admission of these symptomatic weaknesses, or to relegate to the Christmas-volume columns of the daily and weekly press a work which really seems to have been performed with earnestness and care, if not with that severe restriction as to matter and that strong artistic sympathy which one would demand of a great artist's biographer. Mrs. Heaton has sought out and set in order many things concerning Durer and his family and his times; but she has included many things that do not bear with sufficient weight on the subject; and the order in which things are set is not always the best order. We cannot sympathize with the plan of introducing the catalogue of the artist's works between the accounts of his earlier and later life; nor do we like the tone adopted in treating of Durer's wife, Agnes Frey. The more popular tradition has, it is true, handed down this woman's name as that of a household curse rather than a blessing; and whoever heard that two lives of Durer were in preparation might have anticipated that one of the biographers at all events would follow the modern "white-washing" tendency, and thoroughly vindicate her fame. But not so: Mr. Scott judiciously sums up the evidence as inconclusive, and passes an open verdict; while Mrs. Heaton, also admitting that there is no reason in absolute logic why Agnes Frey should be strongly and universally vituperated, yet takes the liberty of her sex to be so far inconsequent as to enter upon several tirades (perfectly lady-like ones, be it specified) against the poor woman. Mrs. Heaton admits a bias towards the unfavourable view of Agnes, says modestly she is "afraid



that the defenders of Agnes have far less ground to rest upon than her accusers" (p. 58), and does not doubt that Agnes loved her husband faithfully, even if it were "in some selfish fashion of her own" (p. 56); and, knowing as she does that the question is still gravely debated by persons who are not altogether in their dotage, it would have been better taste to spare the reader such passages as this:—

"Truly she must have been a most miserable woman!—unhappy in herself, and making every one else unhappy around her. Poor Durer! the skeleton from which he drew his figures of death, and which is still shown in his house at Nürnberg, must have been a lively companion compared with this living death's head that sat at his table and shared his bed, striking a chill into his very heart . . . But, no doubt, her 'piety' supported her under her affliction, and she probably considered that she had only done her duty in worrying her husband to death" (p. 328).

It is a pity that such disagreeable impressions should be needlessly perpetuated on the mere evidence of a friend of Durer's who is believed to have had a great personal dislike to Agnes Frey, and whom we have no reason whatever to hold immaculate; and the more so as Durer's written testimony as to his life bears no expression which can be justly construed as bearing a burden of evidence against her. Durer's letters and journals display a mind at once elastic and admirably regulated—a soul at once fervent and far from sad: we discern no trace of the henpecked or worried husband; and the one expression found in a letter of his and used against Agnes is "Rechenmeisterin," or "mistress of accounts." His having written of his wife as "mistress of accounts" is taken by Mrs. Heaton and others as bespeaking at least a coldness towards her; but we protest against so innocent a soubriquet being held of any value in this sense; and we are convinced that it has no such bearing as is ascribed to it: in the first place it would be dissonant with the whole of Durer's writings to impute anything against his wife; and in the second place it would be fully consonant with those writings to employ such a term simply as a man might employ "housewife," or "mistress," mistress being used in the sense in which it is widely used nowadays under the corrupted form "missis." Durer's well-regulated mind appears to have led him into admirable business habits; and his "accounts" form a very interesting portion of the fabric of his journals. He kept, apparently, accounts of all his expenses (at all events during the time occupied by his tour in the Low Countries), and he even entered in his journal systematically the value of presents received, and the number of times he dined with various individuals, frequently adding the estimated cost of the entertainments. All this was sheer regularity of habit, not meanness; for, withal, we find him princely in his gifts to other persons (still constantly recording the value of such gifts); and, seeing how prominent a place his "accounts" occupied in his mind, it is not unreasonable to assume that he innocently called his wife "Rechenmeisterin," as the person who kept the accounts while living at home,—even supposing that research should fail to prove that the term was one in common use as an equivalent for "housewife" or "missis."

Mrs. Heaton's attacks and sidethrusts at Agnes lend her book something of the unsavoury odour of what is sometimes called picturesque writing; and leave an unpleasant notion that they bear their part in an attempt to make an ornate story out of a plain but great—vastly great—life in old times; and the notion is not unsupported by other passages: one half mistrusts, for example, such writing as this in relation to the "Christ-like" portrait:—

"What calm majesty of intellect lies in that high unwrinkled forehead, and what exquisite tenderness of spirit beams forth on us from those sad tender eyes! The deep-thinking mind of the man broods in silence over its thoughts of life and death, but we feel that with one little touch of sympathy the whole face would melt into soft pity and love; and therefore it is with deep reverence only, and not with any feeling of isolating awe, that we gaze on its solemn beauty, and seem to hear words of gentle wisdom from the full ripe lips" (p. 63).

Our extracts are not isolated samples: such passages abound through the narrative, and give unnecessary size to the "Part II." (the descriptive catalogue of works); tending, indeed, to inflate the volume generally. Still the "Life" is a very serviceable one, and, in the absence of a better, would have been a



valuable contribution to the literature of art. It is excellently well done, even in face of the drawbacks we have named; but, we repeat, it is not quite fortunate that Mr. Scott and Mrs. Heaton should have happened to put forth works on this subject at the same time—not quite fortunate for him, because the very faults of her book are such as will probably appeal favourably to a wider public than can be commanded by the severe and refined merits of his, and for her because those who really feel deeply, and read or consider intelligently on art-topics, while frankly receiving hers as a *Life of Durer*, and a very good one, will not fail to recognise, in the nobler product of Mr. Scott, *the Life of Durer*. H. B. F.

*Life and Remains of Robert Lee, D.D., Minister of the Church and Parish of Old Greyfriars, and Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh.* By ROBERT HERBERT STORY, Minister of Roseneath. With an Introductory Chapter by MRS. OLIPHANT. London: Hurst and Blackett.

A FAMILIAR figure to Edinburgh students, and indeed to Edinburgh people generally, prior to 1867, was that of Dr. Robert Lee. Regularly at a certain hour he was to be seen smartly making his way to the College, to do his quotidian work there. And he looked every inch of him a worker. He was of middle size, of a well-knit build, that seemed to quiver with nervous energy; and he had no burden of spare flesh. The feet were firmly planted with utmost regularity, one might almost say, with controlled impatience of step; while the longish head, well-set on the shoulders, but with a characteristic lift of the chin, unmistakably gave the impression of a man who having, single-handed, fought his way thus far, was not inclined to look back or to look about him—if, indeed, it did not express a certain composed, self-satisfied *hauteur*. A closer acquaintance only served to confirm this impression. The eyes in their clear grey were searching and steady, but with a reserved fire of impatient contempt ready at any moment to flash out of them, and they seemed to float calmly over you, till they had found a perfectly safe point on which, as it were, to gather up your whole character and there settle; while the voice, with a sort of set sharpness, had a kindly pleasing music in it that strangely drew you by dint of its single honest tone, notwithstanding that it lacked compass, and the capability of expressing passion, or indeed high feeling of any kind. The whole bearing gave the impression that this was a man of mark, although a cursory survey sufficed to tell that he was likely to turn out an acute man rather than a broad one; clear within a well-defined circle, and with a peculiar faculty of putting aside and quietly ignoring whatever lay outside it; apt to range effectively a limited number of ideas rather than to lighten over a broad surface and catch the purport of distant and disparate points by the magic of fluent sympathies. He was in one word a debater, with whom dialectic was something more than a formal exercise; and in a church whose government is to a large extent committed to those who can gain the lead in church courts—in the Presbytery, in the Synod, in the Assembly,—it is evident that a man of this type must speedily become a power, if he enters into the thick of debate at all;

And it has hitherto been one of the chief grievances of the Scotch nation, as respects the more intellectual of its clergy, that the temptation in this direction has been strong enough to draw the main currents of energy away from quiet pastoral work into the stormy arena of the Church Courts. Dr. Lee with characteristic foresight, and perhaps with a rare self-knowledge which prompted him to eschew a sphere too likely to prove a vortex sucking in all his activities, seems to have seized thorough hold of the ground of this feeling; and in his earlier years, while he had charge of a quiet country parish, persistently sought to restrict himself to the proper oversight of his cure. Here we have at least a tribute to his share of the Scotch virtue of self-restraint, for even then he must have been conscious of the presence in him of elements calculated to make him shine in his Presbytery. At this period, he was an earnest but a practical rather than a doctrinal preacher. Already he exhibited a peculiar love for the reading of more variously selected portions of Scripture than usual in the Scotch service, and a tendency to depart otherwise from the regular routine, showing that the idea of a liturgy, which afterwards led to a noisy struggle known in Scotland as the "Innovations Question," had thus soon vaguely suggested itself. But while liberal in tone, he was impatient



of anything that sounded rational or irreverent, and spoke of the *Scotsman*, to which he afterwards became a contributor, as "that ungodly paper." While the loud and eager controversy about Patronage and Non-intrusion (the settlement of ministers in parishes against the reasonable wishes of the people) which issued finally in the Disruption or the secession of the Free Church, was going forward, he remained comparatively quiet and retired; but even then the eyes of others had turned towards him, and a Presbytery speech on Patronage, in the year 1840, prepared the way for his being transferred to Edinburgh shortly after the Disruption, to fill one of the churches which had become vacant. In Edinburgh, he found himself the subject of new influences; and gradually his views, if they did not change on many points, got powerful stimulus, and underwent marked development. He began the study of German, which gave him new lights by which to regard doctrine: he was thrown into the thick of the Education Question—i.e., whether a national system should be secular or not—and thereby learned two things: that he might be influential as a public speaker and debater; and that the *Scotsman* was not so ungodly as he had thought it, since he found that he could ally himself with it to fight against the religious sectaries, who were injuring what he conceived to be a great national cause by religious narrownesses and jealousies. He became more and more liberal in thought, though we cannot say that the growth of his sympathies quite kept pace. He seemed to have caught from Bunsen, the idea that greater virtue lies in a common form of worship than in a rigid subscription of dogmatic formulas, and he was seized with the ambition of ushering in the new reformation that he believed Scotland was in need of. He provided for his own congregation a liturgy, or prayer-book, which was the means of bringing him into such notoriety as many a fame-seeker might have envied. The matter was brought before the Church Courts, and kept Scotland for a good while in hot water, to use the common phrase. Dr. Lee fought the battle bravely, arguing that in reading prayers and the rest he was only re-introducing and carrying out the idea of the Directory and the Book of Common Order, which had been thrown aside of necessity, when the church itself was turned out of doors, and the ministers who held to the covenant had to make prayers to suit the need of the moment on the hill-side. The question hung doubtful for a long time; but Dr. Lee substantially gained the victory—proving that it was quite legitimate for any minister or congregation in the Scottish Kirk to adopt a liturgy—to kneel while praying, or stand while singing.

It might be supposed by persons in England, that the apparent importance Dr. Lee attached to ritual and to postures in Divine Service, would affiliate him with the high-church party; but this would be to take up a wrong idea of him. He was rather a broad churchman—insisting on the advantage of liberality and freedom in the construction of articles or confessions. He held, too, the genuine broad-church idea of the position and functions of the church. The church was the highest and purest form of the state—to go outside it for whatever cause was mere schism. All reform and revolution, to be of the least avail, must take issue from within and be carried out by means of the constituted legal modes. If you put yourself outside the pale, you were, by that very act, disqualified to give any opinion on a subject affecting her interests, nearly or remotely. Consequently Dr. Lee from first to last treated the Free Church with a kind of lofty, patronising scorn. In this his biographer Mr. Story follows him just a little too closely, scarcely ever mentioning the names of Chalmers, Candlish, or Guthrie without a sneer. Many of the men who seceded in 1843 had adorned the Establishment; and when Mr. Story is too consciously intent upon magnifying his hero at their expense, one cannot help feeling that some, at least, of Dr. Lee's pre-eminence results from the fact that he had to face few such masters in debate as they were. Certainly most of the great debaters the Scottish Church had reared for half a century quitted the Establishment in the crisis of 1843—leaving clearer than it would otherwise have been, a field for the display of Dr. Lee's powers—a fact which Mr. Story might have recognised, and, recognising it, have done more justice to honoured names. Bating this defect, the memoir is constructed with skill, with care, and a certain enthusiastic sympathy which is to a memoir, like a kindling expressive eye to the human countenance. Besides, Mr. Story is a graceful and scholarly writer; in spite



of certain little innocent affectations, which occasionally tend to make one smile. As for Dr. Lee, with the added light of this memoir, we see in him a man of original and strong character, who deserved all the praise a biographer can give him. Though not exactly a Scotchman by birth—for he belonged to the county of Durham—he exhibited many of the best features in the Scotch character, together with some of its most salient defects. He was simple in his tastes, he was tenacious and self-sufficient—one proof of which is that being disappointed in obtaining a bursary he himself built a boat, the price of which paid his first college fees; and he had a power of attracting towards him a certain type of mind and riveting it. He was laborious and thorough also; he never meddled with a question till he had made himself master of it from his own side; although in this process he never seems to have perceived or given much weight to the elements of feeling or sentiment which cling closely round old habits and doctrines long held. Sometimes these may be little better than a mist shrouding the real outlines of the object, but a little light thrown on them gives the colour that holds the common eye and the common imagination. Dr. Lee rather delighted in stripping off this luminous veil. Hence not seldom he seemed to gratuitously dash at cherished associations, when he really did not mean to give any offence. Still he was a man whose influence was powerful in Scotland, and whose memory deserves to live; and Mr. Story has done much to preserve it. Nor should we omit to refer to the Introduction by Mrs. Oliphant, which, in a few graceful, well-chosen words, gives an excellent idea of the state of the ecclesiastical atmosphere in Scotland during the years in which Dr. Robert Lee was more or less active and prominent.

H. A. P.

*The Life of Mary Russell Mitford.* Related in a selection from her Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'ESTRANGE. Three Volumes. London: Bentley.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of the merits of these most charming and interesting volumes. Copious as is the selection from Miss Mitford's correspondence which they contain, extending as it does from a little letter to her father, written in 1799, when a school-girl in her twelfth year, to a note dated January 8th, 1855, two days before her death, there is yet nothing that we could well wish away. Writing out of the fulness of the mood of the moment to very dear and intimate friends, Miss Mitford shows herself to us in these letters precisely as she was, and in her case such self-revelation can only make us like her the better, and appreciate her very great powers more highly. There is hardly an unkind word, or a harsh judgment on any one from one end of the book to the other, and her estimate of herself and her literary merits is, considering her success and the way in which she was courted and followed after, singularly modest and unassuming. As to the ease, the naturalness, the genial and graceful playfulness of the letters, they seem to us unsurpassed and unsurpassable. As a writer of letters Miss Mitford must rank with the very greatest masters of this species of composition that the language can boast of—with Gray, with Cowper, with Horace Walpole. No doubt such letters are hardly possible nowadays. To write them was an art, and like the other art of real conversation, has all but died out of the world. Clever people now generally keep their best things for the public, and seem to think telegraphic English and slang good enough for their friends. The letters which, on the whole, we prefer in this collection, are those from 1810 to 1821, addressed principally to Sir William Elford, the Recorder of Plymouth, and a man of some note in his own day in the literary and scientific world. He was an old gentleman of sixty-four when the correspondence began, and lived to the age of ninety; and Miss Mitford writes to him with as much freedom and abandon as to her own father. The brightness of her spirit had not then been dimmed, or its energy outworn by the ceaseless and almost hopeless struggle to earn enough by her writings for the support of her parents and herself—a struggle in which indeed she triumphed, but which for a long time cost her her peace of mind, ruined her health, and most likely shortened her life. She says of herself, at the end of 1853, not complaining, but only pointing out how unlikely it was that she could live much longer,—



"For above thirty years I had perpetual anxieties to encounter—my parents to support, and for a long time to nurse—and generally an amount of labour, and of worry, and of care of every sort, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of woman. I had not time to take care of myself, or of my health; and that, beyond a doubt, laid the foundation of my complaints" (vol. iii. pp. 277-8).

It seems only too certain that of all this embarrassment and suffering, her father, Dr. Mitford, was wholly the cause. The picture we have of him in the brief introduction prefixed to these letters, and the occasional notes which elucidate and connect them, is anything but pleasing. He was a man of good family, a cadet of the Mitfords, or Midfords, of Bertram Castle, in Northumberland, who in the course of his career contrived to squander three fortunes—his own small patrimony; his wife's fortune, which for those days was very large indeed; and, finally, a £20,000 prize in a lottery, which his little daughter drew for him. He appears to have been lavish to profusion in his expenditure, a reckless speculator, and what was worse, an inveterate gamester. As long as he could command any money he would avail himself of some excuse for enjoying himself with it in town, careless, fond as he certainly was of them, how his wife and daughter might meanwhile be faring in the country. And yet there must, one would think, have been much good in the man, for both wife and daughter were passionately attached to him, and so far from blaming him for the distress and privations he caused them, manifestly thought it a privilege to suffer for his sake.

But admirable as is the story of Miss Mitford's constant and untiring filial devotion, we seem to get a truer notion of what she really was by studying her in her earlier years, when she and sorrow were comparative strangers. Her nature was essentially a bright and joyous one. Even in the midst of her troubles she will bask in any stray gleam of sunshine, and break out into happiness like an imprisoned lark. She had none of the vague unrest, the yearnings after some dimly-guessed ideal good better than anything that is, which seem inseparable from genius of the highest order. If circumstances had only been more propitious to her, with her father and mother, her friends, her dogs, her birds, her flowers, and her beloved woods and commons, she would have been happy always. Art, too, she loved in poetry and pictures; music she evidently neither understood nor really cared for. She had all the healthy, *irreflective* love of natural beauty, the delight of observation, of seeing things merely as they are, without getting from them disquieting hints and suggestions of something beyond, which characterize Scott, but we think with a finer discrimination than we find in him, with more sensibility to the elements which make up the general effects. Had her path been freer from thorns, and had she been able to follow the light that was in her more unreservedly than was the case, we believe that with her rare gifts she might have achieved something to which "Our Village" would have seemed as a pencil sketch to an oil painting. But yet, pencil sketch though it may be, what purity of outline, what grace, what freshness, what fine humour there is in it! We would not be misunderstood. We do not think that under the most favourable of outward circumstances would Miss Mitford have won herself a place among artists of the first class. She wanted depth and intensity, if nothing else, for that feat. But her work, though always the same in kind, might in degree have been indefinitely more highly finished and complete.

We must find room for one or two extracts from these early letters, always premising that we quote almost at random, and that our specimens might very likely be matched or surpassed from the treasures of these fascinating pages. Here is a passage from a letter to Sir William Elford, under date of April 5th, 1812. There is nothing particular in it, and that is the very reason of our giving it, as a proof of how perfectly, and with how much vivacity nothing may be said:—

"It is well for me that I can plead privilege (the privilege of gentle poesy) for my madness; or you might, perhaps, out of friendship for papa, send down Dr. Willis and a strait waistcoat, or exert yourself to gain me an admission to St. Luke's. 'Vastly well, madam! I forgive your description. I admit your apology; but what is all this to my white moss roses?' My dear Sir William, be patient. 'Patience is a virtue' was my writing master's favourite copy (I really had a writing master, whatever you may think of the matter). Be patient and you shall hear—that just at present I can tell you



nothing about them. This, you know, is Sunday; and even if I could get to Reading (which, till the return of our equipage, a most commodious dog-cart, I cannot do), the worthy seedsman, Mr. Swallow, who adds to his other occupations that of spiritual teacher to a vast congregation of Methodists, certainly would not let me even look at his roses. I do not suppose he would even let the roses blow if he could help it. But to-morrow will be Monday; and to-morrow your faithful subjects, William Swallow, and George Mitford, and Mary Russell Mitford, and the dog-cart, and the white moss roses (if any such there be, for I never heard of them), and the yellow roses, will meet together, and exert themselves in their several capacities to obey your royal mandate" (vol. i. p. 182).

But the letters are far from containing nothing but graceful nonsense like the foregoing, though we are happy to say they have abundance of it. The following is in a different strain; the date is December 14th, 1814:—

"The want of elegance is almost the only want in Miss Austen. . . . I quite agree with you in preferring Miss Austen to Miss Edgeworth. If the former had a little more taste, a little more perception of the graceful, as well as of the humorous, I know not, indeed, any one to whom I should not prefer her. There is none of the hardness, the cold selfishness, of Miss Edgeworth about her writings; she is in a much better humour with the world; she preaches no sermons; she wants nothing but the *beau-ideal* of the female character to be a perfect novel writer; and, perhaps, even that *beau-ideal* would only be missed by such a *petite maitresse* in books as myself, who would never admit a muse into my library until she had been taught to dance by the Graces" (vol. i. p. 300).

In a subsequent letter, about a year later, she enlarges on her own deficiencies in this respect. She had taken it into her head that her own charming style wanted polish—that, in fact, she was quite unequal to writing English prose.

"My prose," she says, "when I take pains, is stiffer than Kemble's acting, or an old maid's person, or Pope's letters, or a maypole—when I do not, it is the indescribable farrago, which has at this moment the honour of saluting your eyes."

And yet she goes on,—it must be observed that she was from childhood enormously fat,—

"It so happens that of all other qualities this unattainable one of elegance is that which I most admire, and would rather possess than any other in the whole catalogue of literary merits. I would give a pound weight of fancy (and fancy weighs light), for one ounce of polish (and polish weighs heavy). To be tall, pale, thin, to have dark eyes, and write gracefully in prose, is my ambition; and when I am tall, and pale, and thin, and have dark eyes, then, and not till then, will my prose be graceful" (vol. i. p. 321).

We have exhausted our space, though not our subject, and must pause. It would be easy to say more; but we hope we have said enough to express, however inadequately, the pleasure and profit we have derived from these memorials of a most admirable and highly-gifted woman. G. S.

*Memoir of the Rev. William C. Burns, M.A., Missionary to China.* By the Rev. ISLAY BURNS, D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church, Glasgow. London: James Nisbet & Co.

THE critical mood is anything but the temper in which one lays down this memoir. The impression, in its completeness, rather resembles what we should expect to be produced by some thoroughly Christian epic, with a lyrical thread or undernote running through it, in which the hero, devoted with absolute singleness of purpose to some great object, is followed through varied trials and changes of outward circumstances, until at last he falls in midst of his labours, while only the first-fruits of the harvest of his efforts have become evident. And yet the memoir is studiously subdued, the writer carefully restricting himself to faithful narrative, and only allowing the least trace of emotion to emerge when the pencil of the stranger lays in the colour. There is little art here—save, indeed, the art of perfect frankness and simplicity. A shy reticence as to personal details evidently characterizes the biographer as it did the subject, and it imparts a peculiar and rare suggestiveness and delicacy, which gives a buoyant lightness and clearness to the narrative. The impression we derive from this book is not enhanced by any literary element. Whence, then, comes it? From the pervading savour of a great, a most heroic life—a life single and simple in an extreme degree, yet with a conquering greatness in it, which, once thoroughly engaged to a great work, never acknowledged an obstacle. William



Chalmers Burns's biography exhausts itself in one word—*Evangelist*. He was a preacher of the true apostolic type, believing the simple doctrines of the Cross with childlike unquestioning, and gladly giving up everything for one end—the conversion of souls. From his early youth, when he first felt the call, and, without notice given of his intent, journeyed home to begin his preparatory studies *at once*, until he dies, glorying, ministered to by his Chinese assistants in the poorly-furnished room at Nieu-chwang, he was indeed “instant in season and out of season.” He was the moving spirit in the great revival which, in 1839 and 1840, broke over Scotland. During this period he preached almost without intermission. Wherever a few persons would gather, Mr. Burns was ready with a word for them; and often he held one service after another—going on from afternoon till midnight. The fervent zeal of the young man—for he was only twenty-five—impressed many with the idea that he was the victim of a self-destroying fanaticism. Indeed, in reading the memoir, one is disturbed by a sense of this while all goes comparatively well with him in Scotland. But he visits Ireland with the view of stirring up the souls of the people there; and unable, even in face of his friends' advice, to forbear calling the inhabitants to repentance in the street, he meets with rude rebuffs—is even struck and pelted with stones—all which he bears with such equanimity, and even good-natured “improving of the occasion,” as to dispel once for all the idea of the enthusiast. One of the most refreshing things possible is the way in which, all along, he is able in a crisis to show the true Christian prudence,—saying the right word, or being reticent where speech would only have done harm. Save for a short time that he ministered in Dundee, in the place of Robert Murray M'Cheyne, who was then in ill health, Mr. Burns was never settled, and indeed never seems to have regarded “settlement” as an aim in life at all. He went from place to place, “making proof of his ministry,” guided by indications vouchsafed to him after long prostrations both of spirit and of body before the throne of grace in prayer.

He spent about two years in Canada, and was “in journeyings often” there; but his name will hereafter be most intimately associated with China, to which he went in the year 1846, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in England, and where, except some little time spent at home, he laboured till the end. His life in China reads like a romance. He speedily mastered the language, with several of its dialects; and went constantly from place to place, sometimes making a convert, as often falling into the hands of robbers, who stripped him of the *little* he had. And that his travelling baggage was strictly after the apostolic direction let this attest:—

“The trunk which had come home from China, containing nearly all of property that he left behind him, was opened, amid a group of young and wondering faces—a few sheets of Chinese printed matter, a Chinese and an English Bible, an old writing-case, one or two small books, a Chinese lantern, a single Chinese dress, and the blue flag of the ‘Gospel Boat’—this was all. ‘Surely,’ whispered one little one, amid the awe-struck silence, ‘surely he must have been *very* poor.’”

On one occasion, we are told that—

“The thieves broke open his quarters, and while he was present, helped themselves to clothes, books, and money, as they pleased, leaving him just enough garments for protection, and means to get back to Hong-Kong. One fellow had his hone, and being puzzled to know its use, brought it to Mr. Burns to know what it was fit for, and was patiently taught the mode of sharpening a razor or knife on it.”

But thieves could not at any time have found much. All his means he gave away—in one instance a whole year's salary (£250) to send out another missionary—and he limited his own needs to the barest necessities.

He constantly carried religious books and tracts with him, and penetrated into parts of the interior where no missionary had ever been before. Finding that it would be helpful to him in prosecuting his plans, he adopted the Chinese dress, as well as the Chinese mode of living. Now and again the earnest simplicity of the people in these remoter parts pleases him.

“After the policeman left us, we had still many applications for books. Our boatmen moved on, and in their eagerness to gain their object, several, from time to time, went into the water, and swam to our boat (a distance of only a yard or two). But how could



you give a book to a man who had to swim with it on shore? The book, one would think, must get wet. But, nay, the Chinese are in many things singular; here was a new expedient. The swimmer got his book, placed it on his brow, made it firm there by his tail tied round his head, and swam to the bank!"

In spite of all drawbacks, Mr. Burns formed the nuclei of several churches. One of these addressed to him, when he was in this country, a letter which, for quaint simplicity and tender devoutness, reminds one of the spirit of the early Christians. It is such as we can readily suppose them to have written to St. John. We cannot go further into details. William Burns is one of the few men of modern times who have carried the Christian idea into such active revelation in the life, as would compel, even from the most sceptical, a reluctant consent to the Divine origin of the truths he taught and lived by; and his memoir, written with rare sincerity and simplicity, must long live as a bright specimen of true Christian biography.

H. A. P.

### III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

*Time and Space: a Metaphysical Essay.* By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON.  
London: Longmans.

THE title of this book is apt to mislead even those who are deeply interested in works upon mental science, and may perhaps turn some from the perusal of it, under the apprehension of purely abstract dissertation. It is really not a book devoted to the exclusive consideration of Time and Space, but to the construction of a philosophy of human knowledge, and is a treatise of such merit as to be well deserving of study. The author's position may be indicated by saying that, starting from Kant's distinction between the matter and form of knowledge, instead of following on the course of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, in pursuit of the absolute, he seeks, on a humbler walk, a theory of consciousness, which may escape the contradictions in which others have been involved. The investigation may be said to be on the Kantian track, seeking a different terminus. The author indicates his position in these words:—

"The doctrines of Kant form a system which not only is more complete than any that preceded it, but also contains principles which are the firmest foundation for the labours of succeeding philosophers. The marvellous system of Hegel reposes on a Kantian basis; but reasons will be given later on for the conclusion that this was not the true edifice which should have arisen on that foundation. The fundamental principles still remain; and the following pages are an attempt, first to analyze and interpret them, and then to raise on them the true superstructure of philosophy."

This is indeed a high task which the author sets before himself, and in the prosecution of it he not only shows extensive acquirement, but also metaphysical ability of a high order. We regret that we are not able to add the conviction that he has been successful in his effort. Success of a certain kind, and that in a very large degree, there is, as the previous remarks suggest; but we cannot admit success in rearing the structure of a system. We can only briefly indicate the grounds of our judgment by looking for a little at the fundamental part of the work.

We are not able to agree with the result, and that because we cannot agree with the method. The above extract points sufficiently to the danger which the author could not fail to encounter. He does not merely start with all the advantages of Kant's investigations, which no doubt are an immense gain to later philosophers, but he looks upon his task in its initial stage too much as "an attempt, first to analyze and interpret the principles of Kant." This may be done safely, if the attempt be made to reach the principles by independent research; and yet there is great reason for caution, when it is granted that Kant's immediate successors, full of the spirit of his philosophy, raised upon the Kantian principles an insecure structure. Mr. Hodgson's book gives evidence of honest and able investigation, but it is hampered, in our judgment injured, by the simple affirmation of these Kantian principles at the outset. A rigid application of the Cartesian method, clearing the ground and laying a



fresh foundation, would have been a great gain, and would have involved no sacrifice of the important results of Kant's thinking. There is throughout the book a most healthful reference to consciousness, and to analysis; and yet a more thorough-going analysis of consciousness would, we think, have led to results of a different order.

There is not space to consider Mr. Hodgson's threefold division of mental philosophy into Psychology, Metaphysic, and Ontology, the middle term being, to our thinking, obtained by abstracting from the extremes a portion of what is essential to them; but when the author says (p. 32) of Metaphysic that its "last word is *analysis*," we would ask, What, then, is the instrument employed by Psychology? Is not analysis the instrument without which it can make no beginning? What will be said of the following?—

"What is the difference between psychology and metaphysic? A difference in their object-matter. The object-matter of psychology is the mind, or consciousness in relation to the bodily organs which are its seat; that of metaphysic is consciousness in relation to its objects" (p. 30).

We submit that this is not the result of analysis.

The author follows Kant in distinguishing between the matter and form of thought, and between synthetic and analytic judgments. He professes to establish a theory of knowledge first on Kant's distinction between matter and form, with the addition of what, in scholastic phrase, he calls "first and second intentions." As we understand it, the meaning is this: the first "intention," or inclination of the mind, results in the recognition of a simple object; the second "intention," or inclination of the mind, results in a comparison of the simple object with others, and a classification of the simple object in accordance with its recognised nature. We are satisfied that the author would not express the first clause of the sentence as we have done, but it is the best mode we can think of for making the matter understood to our readers. Now to put it in the author's own way. He takes external perception as the example, urging that at least the first object perceived must be perceived simply as an object without comparison with other objects. This projecting of a first perception into our investigations raises a question which we have no means of testing experimentally, and which should be unnecessary logically; while it threatens us with a repetition of needless discussions about infantile experience, in trying companionship with John Locke. But, having thrown this "first perception" into the heart of the discussion, the author proceeds thus:—

"Although all subsequent perception includes comparison, the first and simplest object perceived contains in itself parts or elements which may be combined, but cannot properly be said to be compared with each other when the object is perceived; the first and simplest objects are the results of a synthesis or synthetic movement of consciousness, while all subsequent and more complex objects than these are the results of a comparison" (p. 35).

In this sentence we notice that the first object has grown into first and simplest objects; and for the first object perceived we have objects which are the results of a movement of consciousness. There is a whole theory assumed in this turning of a sentence, and a theory which we think it impossible to establish by any philosophical process. The result of this theory is at once apparent in the doctrine, that consciousness is "the exact equivalent of the term existence" (p. 59), and existence is the equivalent of consciousness. This is a doctrine which we believe consciousness testifies against in the most explicit way. It is a doctrine here supported by what we think a misinterpretation of *Cogito, ergo sum*; most fallaciously making man himself *πάντων μέτρον*. The subject is one of peculiar interest, which we should have liked to have pursued at greater length; but is not the single example of the perception of a marble statue (p. 37-8) enough to overthrow the theory?—

"If I had never seen marble statues before, should I be unable to see this one if it were presented to me? I should not be unable. If I had had no sight before, should I be unable to see this marble statue if it were presented to me? I should still see it. If I had had no sensations at all before the statue was presented to me, should I be unable to see it on its being presented? I should still see it. I should have the sensation of whiteness, and of a certain extension of whiteness, but I should not know what that sensation or that extension was."



Here is something different from an object which is the result of a movement of consciousness. But what does the last clause mean?—"I should not know what that sensation or that extension was." Can I know a sensation without knowing it as mine? Can I know extension without knowing an extended object? We think these questions must be answered in the negative; and, if so, consciousness is not identical with existence.

But we cannot go further. The book before us is one of high ability, quite deserving of lengthened notice. We earnestly trust its author will continue his labours in philosophical research, and render important service in the interests of the philosophy of Britain.

H. C.

*Strong and Free; or, First Steps towards Social Science.* By the Author of "My Life, and What shall I do with it?" "Records of the Ministry of the Rev. E. T. March Phillips," "The Battle of the Two Philosophies." London: Longmans.

THIS book, written by a lady, with avowedly a special, if not an exclusive, eye to lady-readers, would never, under any circumstances, be taken for the work of a man. The author's little essay on the Mill and Hamilton controversy appears to have been received as if it came from a male pen, but in the present volume the whole spirit and manner are woman-like. We can hardly adduce, in illustration, the constant presence of a tendency to lean upon authority, because the author avows her intention of exhibiting authorities as the most important portion of her plan; and yet in this respect the book is peculiarly feminine. The subject is carried on in the form of drawing-room lectures by a learned clerical professor, which are followed or interrupted by discussions on the part of the ladies, most sides of opinion upon social questions being represented by the speakers. When we add that an immense quantity of opinion is gathered together from all quarters—Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill, the *Saturday Review*, the Rev. H. P. Liddon, and a hundred other sources—we have not unfairly described the book.

The discussions upon education appear to us the most original and valuable portion of the volume. We think much space is thrown away upon barren divisions or making of distinctions: a full third of the discussion on "Freedom" we should unhesitatingly call wasted. This distinction-making is, in our opinion, the great fault of the book, which might advantageously be cut down to half its present size. If it were not for the occasional glimpses of wit and humour in the dialogue, it would be rather heavy; and there is not the least necessity for that. In the meanwhile the work contains so much that is valuable and pleasing, and so many traces of careful thinking and preparation, that it may be warmly recommended to serious readers. Others may not find the slowness of the current of the writing, with the frequent eddying round verbal differences, as unwelcome as we do; and that difficulty got over, "Strong and Free" is an admirable book. But this judgment will, of course, not be taken as committing us to all the views of either the Professor or of his lady critics. Some of these, which are purely parasitic, would, surely, have been better omitted. A decided opinion is in one place volunteered upon a most intricate branch of legislation, to deal with which, we will not say effectively, but at all fairly, would require qualifications that are scarcely ever, if ever, to be found in women and clergymen. If Dr. Melcombe had been through a course of blue books, a course of study in certain by-paths of science, and then a course of knowledge of human life itself, such as is never gone through, and cannot possibly be gone through by a faithful clergyman, he would have spoken with a little more care on that particular topic.

M. B.

*Elements of Botany.* For the Use of Schools. By J. H. BALFOUR, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THIS new work by Professor Balfour is perfectly distinct in its scope and object from the well known "Manual," and other works of the same author. Its object is to provide a text-book for candidates for school examinations and non-gremial examinations by the universities. While, therefore, elementary, it is thoroughly scientific; while popular in one sense, it is very far removed from the vagueness of so-called popular handbooks. In the first part, the



structure and functions of plants and their organs are examined, and illustrated by woodcuts. The second part treats of classification, and here the technical terms are carefully and simply explained as they occur. One of the most admirable features of the work is, that here, after describing each order, one of the most common weeds belonging to it, accessible to every student, is taken, and carefully illustrated in detail, to explain the distinctive characters of its class. At the end of each division a series of questions are appended, most valuable to the teacher and school lecturer, and not less so to the private student, to enable him to test his acquisition of the subject, and to point out the most important facts. A very complete glossary of scientific terms is appended.

When we recall the dry and dictionary-like manuals to which we were forced to have recourse in our younger days, to learn the Linnean system—as inviting to a boy as so many pages of Johnson's Dictionary—we can but envy our juvenile successors with Professor Balfour for their instructor and mentor.

H. B. T.

#### IV.—POETRY AND FICTION.

*Ludibria Lunæ; or, The Wars of the Women and the Gods.* An Allegorical Burlesque. By W. J. COURTHOPE. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS elegant little book, true blue in colour (as in sentiment), is most pleasantly got up in type and form, and the inside is not out of keeping with the outside. The writer, a young Oxford poet, known "in his own country" as the author of a remarkably good prize poem, has not hitherto come before the world; but this, his first poem, has already attracted considerable notice. Whatever his future efforts may show him, he is certainly already equipped with many of the needful gifts of the poet. His versification is extremely fluent and easy, often very graceful; his phraseology, apt and telling. His metre, that of Ariosto, is generally exceedingly well managed, and is a great relief from the forms with which we are too familiar. He does, however, occasionally let us fall with a disagreeable jerk in the two last rhymed lines of the stanza. Unlike the Italian poet, he has not always succeeded in being burlesque without being trivial; he cannot set forth his marvels with genuine imperturbable gravity, and the recurring grin particularly felt in these two last lines often disturbs us. Yet there is sufficient seriousness in the intention underlying the comic form, to save it from being merely grotesque. His story is well and distinctly told, no little merit in a modern poet, and one employing such complicated machinery.

As the title prepares us to hear, the poem is a burlesque of the modern Woman Movement. The story is shortly as follows:—The women, led by their Blue Principal, Cornelia, who seems not unlikely to bestow her name on the type which the author holds up to abhorrence, have formed a college on earth, but dissatisfied with their want of freedom here, desire to migrate to the moon. But first they must expel the gods who have taken refuge there from modern innovations, and who seem to have little employment or amusement save in contemplating the foolish thoughts of mortals, which fly up to a limbo of useless things in the moon. The grotesqueness of Cornelia's Thought, which appears before them, moves the gods to a burst of Homeric laughter, after which they decide to send down Cupid to try issue with Cornelia. He makes his way into the college garden, and shoots his darts into many bosoms; but, being caught napping, is ignominiously whipped and dismissed by Cornelia, who bids him bear back her glove in challenge to the gods. Terrified at its vast size, they laugh no more; but Venus tries her arts, and inspires the youth Amadis to enter the college in disguise, and win the heart of the fair maid Celia, which accordingly is happily carried out in one of the prettiest episodes of the poem, until too sudden discovery comes on the unlucky pair, which terminates in their disgrace and imprisonment, while Cornelia proceeds in earnest to battle with the gods.

Having mastered the art of moon-flying, along with all other appliances of



modern science, the women at first are victorious in the fight, and the Cause of Progress seems about to triumph, when Venus, who has persuaded Vulcan to forge her an enchanted shield of vanity, suddenly displays it, and the weak women are drawn up by its attraction to the very verge of space, where she leaves them; and, as the poem concludes, "they fall, and so shall fall for ever."

Thus ends the allegory. It hardly seems worth while to question the truth of representations distinctly announced as burlesque, but certainly so grotesque a departure from reality cannot have much of the force of genuine satire. Cornelia, for instance, is a capital lay figure, but is in no sense a real woman, like Belinda, in the "Rape of the Lock." Celia is more like reality, but her thoughts and words do not keep up to the level of her beautiful self, and remind us a little of the sister in the fairy tale, who, instead of the expected pearls and diamonds, lets fall from her lips only the most unpleasing creatures. There is a triviality, all but vulgarity, in them which surprises us in a writer of so much real refinement and delicacy as Mr. Courthope, and confirms the truth of the often-repeated saying about the insuperable difficulty of painting what we call a "lady." We also think the difficulty of managing such a heterogeneous assembly of persons and thoughts, ancient gods and modern politicians, casually introduced at every turn, has not been thoroughly overcome. The sense of personality is often so worn away as to cause disbelief in the whole framework and scenery of the poem, and to injure its effectiveness. The chief reason why we prefer Amadis and Celia, and more or less the whole *personnel* of the college, is because we think they at least are somewhere and somebody, which Cornelia's Thought, and Hercules and Saturn, and the other phantoms, scarcely are; and throughout great part of the poem, we suffer from this disbelief.

We sincerely hope to see more of Mr. Courthope's work, the sooner the better, and conclude by selecting one stanza out of many we should like to give for their musicalness and grace. It describes Amadis as having come into the world too late:—

"His birth was due when orient beams  
Of Hope and Fancy waked each breast,  
When half the world was in men's dreams,  
And piled with jewels, east and west:  
When first, as over Lethe streams,  
The Admirals through Atlantic pressed,  
And brought you from the jaws of death,  
Glory and gold, Elizabeth."

C.

*The Lord's Prayer Illustrated.* By F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., and HENRY ALFORD, D.D. London: Longmans.

THIS is a very choice book. The nine drawings by Mr. Pickersgill are full of expression, of truth, and delicacy. Evidently he has had it in his eye to try how far it is possible to idealize the very figures and salient characteristics of the present day, and yet to preserve all the reality of photographs. We have a peculiar lightness and softness of effect along with a solidity and clearness and definiteness of line; and very seldom do we get the least impression of hardness, notwithstanding that it is very difficult to avoid hardness of effect in this style of work. We notice the illustrations first, because Dean Alford distinctly tells us that his poems, or rather his poem—for it is a complete work—was written to the pictures. We certainly should not have been able to detect this by study of the work itself; and, considering this, some persons might perhaps doubt the policy of giving the information. Be that as it may, however, the Dean has succeeded in moulding his separate incidents into a complete story, and has been singularly happy in the selection of the varied metres for the different portions of it; especially is he felicitous in occasional hexameter lines. Now and then we have a beautiful and striking simplicity, which is not lessened by a tenderness for detail sometimes tending to verge on diffuseness. The difficulties of the work were great, and have been very successfully overcome. Nothing could well be happier than some of the lyrical interludes. Dean Alford usually reaches a high mark in his hymns; a few of these taking place with the very highest and most select. We are glad to have here this other one fit to stand side by side with that exquisite outburst which has recommended itself

to the wide heart of the Christian Church, "Lo, the storms of life are breaking." It is as follows:—

#### THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steep of light:  
'Tis finished!—all is finished!  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in!

What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day, for which Creation  
And all its tribes were made;  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousandfold repaid!

O, then what raptures greetings,  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,  
Thou LAMB for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of thine elect,  
Then take thy power and reign.  
Appear, Desire of Nations,—  
Thine exiles long for home:  
Show in the heaven thy promised sign,—  
Thou PEACE and SATISFACTION, come!

The printing and binding, as well as the general get-up, are excellent and quite in keeping with the contents.

H. A. P.

*Christ in Song: Hymns of Immanuel, selected from all Ages, with Notes, by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., Author of the "History of the Apostolic Church," "History of Ancient Christianity," &c.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

THIS beautiful book is, we will not say a complete, but a more than usually copious collection of the hymns and lyrical pieces which have been composed on the Person and Work of our blessed Lord in the common language of England and America. The respected editor is, as many of our readers know, a learned German divine, resident and naturalized in America, and the author of several able and laborious works in Church history and the Sacred texts. He has lately paid a visit to the old country, and we are glad to find that he has left behind such a memento of it. "Christ in Song" is well worthy to find a place in every Christian household.

We have noticed some trifling and rather unaccountable blemishes in the dates appended to the hymns in the index at the beginning of the volume. Thus, to speak only of the few hymns by the writer of this notice, "Lo, the Storms of Life are Breaking," rightly stated in the body of the work to have been composed in 1845, is assigned in the index to 1864 as its "time of composition;" "Lo, the Feast is spread to-day,"—body of work, and rightly, "1845,"—index, "1865;" "Thou that art the Father's Son,"—body of work, and rightly, "written 1832,"—index, "1865."

If these errors occur in three out of five hymns by one author, probably mistakes of the kind are much more numerous. They are but trifling blemishes, perhaps: still they should be carefully looked through and corrected in another edition.

H. A.

*The Minister's Wife.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Salem Chapel," &c., &c. Three vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

"THE Minister's Wife" certainly gives no sign of any falling off in Mrs. Oliphant's peculiar power. That it shows an advance we do not say, both because "Salem Chapel" and "Agnes" seem to us in their own way, unsurpassable, and because of what we venture to think one grave fault in the construction to which we shall presently refer. But it may be, though of this point we do not feel sure, that the grouping in "The Minister's Wife" is better accomplished than in either of the two novels we have named. The subordinate characters have perhaps more natural root of their own, more independent vitality, and we are less tempted to lose sight of their individuality, and contemplate them merely from the point of view of the influence, benign or hostile, they exercise on the leading actor. But the gloom in which every picture of life we have now for many years had from Mrs. Oliphant has been steeped, has in this her latest effort attained a yet deeper shade, and one which we own we have found oppressive to painfulness. How she can be as popular, as



we have good reason to believe she is, and with an increasing circle of admirers, is somewhat puzzling to us. That pathos, or even that sorry counterfeit of it to which we are treated so liberally nowadays, should be enjoyed and appreciated is easy to understand; but to be brought face to face with "the old woe o' the world"—the hardness, the disappointment, the loss, the wretched heartsickness of baffled and impotent longing, which make the "seamy side" of this life of ours—is an experience for which one would have thought antecedently the readers of novels would have shown a far less eager relish. Here is, perhaps, the key-note of the book. The young, dying saint, Margaret, willing to depart and be with Christ, is oppressed by the consciousness that her twin-sister Isabel, with all her passionate love for her, is yet torn with conflict between her sisterly devotion and her longings after her lover—a consciousness which, as Mrs. Oliphant expresses it, in one of those choice felicities of phrase which fall from her so often and haunt ear and brain like music, "seemed to introduce an alien note into the soft concords of the ending life." Is this wicked? Is it repining against God's will? she asks her old friend, the minister, himself, despite his learning and his fifty years, hopelessly and yet madly in love with this same "bonnie Isabel," and he knows not what to answer her.

"Margaret," he said, "you know I cannot speak to you as many can; your sickness comes from the hand of God, and you have never repined against Him. What comes from the clash and contradiction of human feeling is a different burden to bear. It seems a feature in our life that we must go against each other daily, whether we will or no. There is no happiness but has trouble in its train. What is joy to her is grief to you. What would be comfort to you would sicken me, and—aye, I will be just to him—one other, with disappointment and pain. . . . It's a cross world, and its conditions must be borne."

"Aye," returns Margaret.—

"But He put us all in this cross world. He set us all our hard conditions. He wove in thread with thread, the warp aye crossing the woof. Is it sin that has set all wrong? You say love is the best thing on earth, but look what bitterness, and disappointment, and tribulation it works. I am not meaning that lad's love, or his kind; I am meaning the love that is likest God's, where all is given, and nought returned. We would give them the hearts out of our bosoms, and they look on us as cumberers of the ground, standing in the way of their happiness."

And the only conclusion is—

"It is harmony we want in this poor world, and there's no harmony: there are nothing but jars and discords however well we all mean to each other." (Vol. i. pp. 72, *et seq.*)

This, we say, seems the *motive* of the book. We run against each other in the dark, and are bruised and wounded, not so much through our own fault or the fault of others, as through blindness and ignorance. And God is high above us, and his ways inscrutable. We cannot say He wills it all, but He lets it be done. We may believe in Him; but it were vain to expect that our burden will be lessened.

Really, to estimate Mrs. Oliphant fully, we should have to enter at length on the question, What are the limits to the artistic use of pain? There are such limits, and though we yield to none in unfeigned admiration and reverence for her genius, she seems to us in "The Minister's Wife" to have somewhat overpassed them. "Bonnie Isabel" is all too slight a creature for her weight of woe. It is this, we think, which is the secret of our half-dissatisfaction. The young minister in "Salem Chapel" and Agnes have each a spark of the heroic in them. Suffering for them is fruitful in results. It calls forth activities and capabilities—new modes of being—which would have lain dormant and undiscovered but for the agony of that fiery furnace. But it is not so with Isabel Diarmid. She is a simple, tender, clinging creature with an almost unlimited capacity for pain, but for whom it can do nothing. Her nature is not strong or rich enough. Her pain is not an exalter or refiner, it is *mere* pain and no more. One feels in studying it much the same emotion—half-indignation, half deepest pity, with which one looks on some young child, confronted with a distress beyond his years, that simply overwhelms and bewilders him. In this tale, which seems to us almost terrible in its deep, unbroken, acquiescent sadness, no one that we can see gains one least atom of good by all the sorrow with which it teems. The days and years of wretchedness would all have to be swept away out of their lives as sheer loss.



The fault of construction of which we spoke at starting is the following. A considerable part of the tale is devoted to the religious movement which took place in the west of Scotland in 1830, of which, we believe, Irvingism is one of the results. Two of the subordinate characters are leaders in this movement, and up to the middle of the second volume its workings are brought before us again and again. Nevertheless it has no influence whatever on the true action of the story, but lies quite outside of it. This seems to us a blemish as inconsistent with that closeness of relationship and mutual interdependence which should exist between all parts, or, at least, all parts of any importance, in every work of art. If our author saw fit to introduce the movement of 1830, its operations should have been essential to the development of her plot, not a mere adjunct to the story.

We seem to have been doing little but find fault with this great novel. But, indeed, praise for Mrs. Oliphant's work is now hardly needed. It goes without the saying. We must, however, call attention to the poetic power she evinces of using language which shall suggest and imply a hundredfold more than it actually *says*. Her words are heavy with subtle associations. A few seemingly simple lines of description are all that is given, but we are made to see *through* them into long, shadowy vistas of thought and emotion:—

"Isabel went in now, to her sister, with life breathing about her, with the wild perfumes of the summer blossoms, the heather she had been brushing against, the bog-myrtle she had been treading under foot, like an atmosphere round her; and love untold and hope without bounds, all tender, vague, and splendid, encircling her like the air she breathed."

Surely we have here a poem, not the less perfect because unwritten. It may be felt, and that is enough.

G. S.

#### V.—MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Irish Land.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, of Edenwood, Fife, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces of India. Part I.—A Visit in the Spring. Part II.—A Visit in the Autumn. London: Trübner. Dublin: Hodges.

MR. CAMPBELL can claim a hearing on this difficult subject from his intimate acquaintance with various species of land tenure, while his official experience in India, whence he adduces some striking parallels, adds considerable interest to his pages. The reader soon becomes aware that he has fallen in with a man of clear head and honest mind, whom it is worth his while to accompany all the way. He sets out with a lucid exposition of what the words Landlord and Tenant mean in the mind of an ordinary Irish farmer. We need not remark that in the view of any Englishman a landlord is one who holds the land in fee-simple, to be disposed of like any other property at his discretion; the tenant is a temporary occupant whom the lord accepts on his own terms without dictation or restraint. We all know how smoothly this relation between the two parties works in England. In Ireland the law recognises precisely the same relation between landlord and tenant as in England. But in considerable districts of Ireland there is a striking discrepancy between the language of the law and the deeply-rooted sentiment of the farmer as to this relationship; and custom has so materially modified the fundamental idea as we receive it in England as to make the occupant of the soil virtually co-proprietor with his lord. "Tenant," in fact, does not express his real position; and the Indian Commissioner finding no other English word that does, though "villein" and "copyholder" partially answer, is obliged to suggest the Asiatic word "ryot" (p. 59). It would be very unfair to say that this encroachment is simply an usurpation on the tenant's part; the landlord is equally responsible, through the customs he has contributed to sanction, as, notably, permitting the tenant to sink money in the estate on such permanent works as in the English system appertain exclusively to the landlord. He has thus helped to create a tenant claim on his land which it is impossible for him to ignore. The words by which the occupant expresses the indemnity to which he is entitled are "Fixity of Tenure" in the South, and in the North "Tenant-Right," phrases corresponding with two different modes of converting the owner of the soil into a species of feudal superior. Of these two systems it appears that landlords have the least



dislike to the last; indeed many profess themselves well satisfied with it, and some even prefer it to any other, as it throws outlays absolutely on the tenant.

Mr. Campbell after a most patient investigation of all existing facts, and with an earnest desire to adjudicate impartially, finds that the tenant's claim carefully qualified and fairly limited, on the one hand, and the landlord's claim as carefully qualified and fairly limited, on the other hand, conduct him decidedly towards that compromise of claims known throughout Ulster as "Tenant-Right." Let us then suppose all so far satisfactorily settled. The real difficulty lies in the next step. For (putting out of consideration all estates in which the purely English system of landlord and tenant has stood its ground or may hereafter be created, which he would leave entirely untouched) Mr. Campbell recommends that the Legislature should establish Tenant-right in Ulster on a legal and recognised basis, which, as we have already observed, it at present wants; while he would moreover have it extended into other districts as a substitute for the objectionable "fixity of tenure." Now, if Mr. Campbell will pardon us, we fear that it is precisely at this point that failure must ensue. Grant all that can be said in favour of Tenant-right as it exists and on its present footing, the attempt to embody it in legal formulæ will break down. Why, the people themselves who are daily using it are puzzled to define what it is: it is an impalpable thing that works not by a rule but by virtue of an understanding; and acute as lawyers may be, we doubt their ever being able to comprehend this volatile essence in any chapters and provisoes they may invent. A statute can define a fee-simple and also a contract: those are simple ideas enough. But the complexity and subtilty of a co-proprietorship in which only one party is owner, we cannot but anticipate will baffle our longest-headed parliamentary lawyers, more especially when we consider the frequency with which Judges blame the inefficiency with which Bills of much simpler aims are drawn. And then moreover, to assume that what works well enough as an understanding would necessarily succeed as an enactment, is begging a great deal too much. Tenant-right works comfortably now because it is an understanding and no more; because the law is clear and men are obliged to treat each other with confidence, and accommodate themselves to that potent master Public Opinion—stronger than any law. But once stereotype it in statute, and all this is changed: rights and jealousies, rivalries and suspicions, will be consulted; endless quibbles and ruinous litigation must ensue. This would needs be so even in those districts where people have been already long accustomed to the action of tenant-right; what then must it be when transferred to a different zone of the country altogether, as a substitute for another favourite system long rooted in a population wholly dissimilar in origin, character, and customs?

This has not escaped a mind so comprehensive as our author's; but he does not appear to us to have realized its full weight. His argument is that something must be done, that the present state of things cannot go on, that we must accept the situation and do the best we can (p. 183). Why surely it is best, with the Duke, to do nothing until we are sure what is the exact thing to be done. When so experienced, so capable, and independent a person as Mr. Campbell, after so sifting a survey, having arrived at the best thing that ought to exist, admits serious misgivings as to the possibility of bringing it to pass, we may well understand the difficulties in store for the pilots of the State in the coming session—if they really are about to attempt to satisfy popular expectation in Ireland. But let us be permitted to throw out one hint. While we are so earnestly prescribing for honest difficulties, we should be quite sure that the mischief to be cured is not after all a rampant communism. C. H.

#### NORMAL SCHOOLS FOR TEACHERS.

*To the Editor of the "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."*

SIR,—In an article upon "Mr. Forster's Bill," by the Rev. T. Markby, published in the *Contemporary Review* in November, the writer attempted to show that normal schools "have had a fair trial in training masters for national schools, and at least in many important points are found wanting." Of course Mr. Markby has a perfect right to entertain any opinion upon this subject that he chooses; but fortunately for the institutions, which he has thought fit to assail in a Review circulated all over the world, he has given his reasons for his opinions; and upon looking at the premises on which he rests his conclusion, I find that he has been guilty of that very elementary but common logical blunder of drawing a general conclusion from an extremely small number of examples.



Moreover, he condemns normal schools of the present day because two or three young men trained in them twenty-five years ago were deficient "in force of character." Mr. Markby must be aware that normal schools have not had an existence in England of thirty years' duration, and therefore were in the merest infancy at the time when several of the events occurred upon which he has thought fit to base his charge. Any conclusion founded upon premises so weak must be worse than worthless. Yet relying upon such logic as this, Mr. Markby has not hesitated to mention by name two normal colleges in connection with his statement, that all such institutions are "found wanting," and thus has done all in his power to inflict upon them serious injury. How would he estimate the understanding and feeling of any man who should condemn the college of which he is, or was, a member in Cambridge upon such evidence as he has produced against "St. Mark's or Battersea?" Suppose it were said, that some five-and-twenty years ago a certain parish had one curate after another fresh from Trinity or Clare, who failed as clergymen, therefore the training given in these colleges at the present day is "found wanting." They were all deficient in force of character, and failed to gain, during the short time they stayed in the parish, any of the influence the old curate (who probably had spent the best part of his life in it) had attained.

Supremely ridiculous as such a charge would be, yet I believe that it would not at all be more exaggerated than is Mr. Markby's indictment against the two normal colleges singled out for reprobation in the pages of the *Contemporary*. It is the more unpardonable for a writer to argue in this loose way from insufficient data, when he might, if he had exercised ordinary care, have corrected his own private experience, in one small parish near Cambridge, by comparing it with the carefully considered reports of two royal commissions, composed of men of distinguished ability, practised acuteness, and special aptitude for their work. The commissioners, presided over by the late Duke of Newcastle, after having examined the reports of her Majesty's inspectors for twenty years, after having despatched special commissioners into various districts for the purpose of collecting independent information, and after having examined a great number of witnesses, arrived at the conclusion that there was abundant proof to show "that the trained teachers were not only comparatively superior to the untrained, but were in every respect but one positively good." The single point of exception was that the junior classes did not receive sufficient attention; but the commissioners go on to say, "We have attributed this neglect not to want of power, but to want of motive, in the teachers." The testimony of the Newcastle commissioners in their summing up (vol. i. p. 168) is the more reliable because they do not hesitate to set forth in full some of the alleged shortcomings of trained teachers. The commissioners under the presidency of Lord Taunton, appointed to inquire into the middle class schools of England, arrived at a similar conclusion, though with somewhat larger qualifications. They say (vol. i. 234), "the master who has been trained as well as certificated has a very distinct advantage within the range of his training. . . but as compared with an untrained and uncertificated teacher of the same class he is, with rare exceptions, vastly superior."

Such are some of the conclusions drawn by able and responsible commissioners, after collecting evidence from all parts of the country, and not, like Mr. Markby, from a single parish near Cambridge.

Knowing from experience that there are some few parishes in which, for some reason or another, neither a curate nor a schoolmaster can be retained more than a short time, and where no able man ever goes even for a short time, owing to the smallness of the stipend or to some of the other causes, well known to most people, for avoiding certain posts, I have taken some pains to glean a few particulars about that parish, which furnished Mr. Markby with all his examples. By the aid of an old clergy list I arrived at the conclusion (for Mr. Markby politely but positively refused to give me any information at all when I asked him to do so) that this parish was Duxford, where there are, if I am not mistaken, two vicars who have a joint interest in the school—which alone is sufficient to account for its complete mismanagement—and, moreover, the salary paid was somewhat less than is usually paid to a common policeman or postman: hence, it is probable that such a situation would be sought after, not by the best specimens of trained teachers, but by the worst.

In reference to a statement quoted by Mr. Markby to the effect that a certain number of "teachers trained at St. Mark's have left national schools and are now conducting middle and grammar schools," I beg to observe that for many years after the foundation of this college it was a distinct part of its system to provide teachers for such schools, and in those early days of its existence no annual grants were made in its support by Government, and the young men were free to accept any situations for which they might be competent. For years past that has not been the case, and I am prepared to show that at least ninety-eight per cent. of the students trained here of late years have become teachers of national schools. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN G. CROMWELL, M.A.,

Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea.

ERRATUM.—In December number, p. 602, in the quotation from Horace, for "vexas hospites" read "hospites vexas."





## THE VAGRANCY LAWS, AND THE TREATMENT OF THE VAGRANT POOR.

WHILST the subject I have taken in hand can hardly be said to be one of popular interest, it is nevertheless true that the discussions of the last few years have given to it a certain degree of prominence which it did not formerly possess. There has been amongst all men who have taken the trouble to investigate the matter a firm and growing conviction that the amount of vagrancy at present existing in this country is not so slight an evil as might be at first sight supposed; and that so far from its being, as is asserted, a necessary concomitant of our civilization, it is an excrescence which healthy action would to a large extent remove. Moreover, lately the true character of the vagrant population of this country has been brought more prominently forward, and many delusions with regard to the causes of vagrancy have been dispelled. It has been shown, in fact, that there exists amongst us a *vagrant class*, nomadic in their habits, and predatory in their disposition; and the better opinion is that our present method of dealing with the individuals who compose this class serves rather to increase than to mitigate the evils of vagrancy. There is no doubt that the public have been, to a certain extent, aroused from their lethargy, and that a feeling of disgust, not altogether unmingled with apprehension, has

led many persons to take an interest in the subject. At the same time, there has not been sufficient momentum given to the demand for reform to induce the legislature to take up the question, while the remedial measures which have been proposed have been, as a rule, far from satisfactory. The fact is, that public opinion on the question of vagrancy has at all times much fluctuated. History shows the continual sort of struggle that has been going on between the two opposite principles of the punitory and the compassionate treatment of vagrants. It seems as though we had never quite come to an agreement among ourselves as to whether the best method of treating these unfortunate persons were that of sending them to the gaol, or of taking care of them in the eating-house. Under these circumstances it cannot be matter of surprise that the course of legislation upon this subject should have been stamped with a certain amount of inconsistency, and that we should, at the present time, have the curious spectacle of primitive enactments of considerable severity existing side by side with a legal alimentary provision, administered with so few restraints as to be freely accessible to those who equally render themselves liable to incarceration as infringers of the law. Such being the anomalous condition of affairs, the task I lay before myself is that of inquiring into the operation of existing laws, and suggesting those legislative measures which appear to me to be likely to secure a reduction in the amount of vagrancy, as well as the reclamation to habits of industry of many individuals now composing the vagrant class.

Inasmuch as all laws must be judged of, primarily, by their results, I concede that it lies upon me *prima facie* to show that the operation of the existing vagrancy laws is unsatisfactory. There are those, I know, who looking at the very small proportion which the published returns of vagrancy bear to the population, are disposed to imagine that the question is of little or no importance. Such persons, I suppose, assume that the evil is a necessary one, and that when they have proved that the amount of it is, according to their particular notions, small, any further discussion of the matter is rendered unnecessary. High authority has, however, taken a very different view of the question; and I shall not stop here to consider whether the statement made a few years ago by one of her Majesty's ministers, to the effect that there were no fewer than from forty thousand to fifty thousand vagrants known to be tramping about the country, from one end to the other, discloses a satisfactory state of things or not. To my mind there is something almost appalling in the thought of the existence of this army of vagrants, and I cannot but re-echo Mr. Hardy's words when he asked\* :—

\* See the account of the banquet given at Bristol to her Majesty's late ministers.



"Is it not a sin and a shame that there should be in this country 40,000 or 50,000 persons who do nothing but feed upon the industry of their fellow-citizens, going from place to place like locusts, eating up the fruits of the country."

Without attempting to launch out any further into statistics, I shall assume that a similar view of the case is taken by my readers, to whose personal experience in this matter I also appeal.

Whatever then be the cause, few will, I think, deny that the present social condition of the country, with respect to vagrancy, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The streets of our large towns, and more especially of the metropolis, are patrolled with beggars from one end to the other. Superficial observers are apt to imagine that the evil is confined to the wealthy districts of the metropolis, and that it is the rich only who are subject to the importunate demands of the mendicant. Such is, I am convinced, a very mistaken opinion. Beggars abound both in Belgravia and Bethnal Green; they are to be met with both in the broad thoroughfare and in the crowded alley. If they extract their sixpences and shillings from the rich, they equally absorb the pence and half-pence of the poor. Dwellers in towns, again, are apt to suppose that at all events the bright open country is free from these evils; yet nothing could be more contrary to the fact. The tramp and the vagrant are to be met with in the country lanes, and even in secluded footpaths. Here, moreover, the external danger to society is considerably greater than in the towns. Injury to property, and even to life and limb, mark the footsteps of the professional tramp. The calendars at the quarter sessions testify abundantly to this fact. Mendicancy, then, has penetrated every nook and corner of this country, and makes its presence felt in every grade of society. There are, moreover, indications that the evil is upon the increase. The Report of the Poor-Law Board for 1866-1867 acknowledges the fact in the following terms:—

"We regret to state that we have received memorials from the Guardians of a large number of Unions throughout the country, complaining of the increase of vagrancy, and urging that measures should be adopted to discourage the mere vagrant, or mendicant, and, at the same time, to enable Guardians to administer better relief to wayfarers travelling in search of work, or other legitimate objects."

The last report of the Poor-law Board does not present a more hopeful view of the question. "Well founded complaints," the Board say, "of the growing evil of vagrancy have reached us from many quarters of the country;" so that, so far from abating, the evil has gone on increasing year by year, nor do I see the least prospect of a change for the better, until the legislature gives its earnest attention to the subject. I am well aware that society has

herself, in a great measure, to blame for the present state of things. I am aware that if the public refused to give to beggars, mendicancy would receive a most severe check. I know that where there is a demand for any particular article, there will be a corresponding supply; and that as long as there are consciences whose accusations of neglected social duties—for it really comes to this—can be appeased by offerings which do not cost the giver one moment's consideration, so long candidates for this so-called charity will not be wanting. With this matter, however, legislation is unable directly to deal; nor do I suppose that any one would seriously propose the re-enactment of the ancient statutes which made it a criminal offence to give alms to an able-bodied beggar. Indirectly, however, the present state of the law has a distant bearing upon the matter; and I hope to be able to show, that not the least important effect which we may anticipate from a change in the law, would be accomplished by its reflex action upon beggar-supporting society.

The origin of the vagrancy laws, and the early provisions which were made to check vagrancy, are well-known matter of history. The attempt to suppress vagrancy by torture, by maiming, and even by death, was characteristic of times now happily passed away. The reforming statutes have, however, invariably taken their complexion from those which they have superseded; and the idea of suppressing vagrancy by force is a feature inherited alike by most of them, and is still clearly traceable in the law, which treats vagrancy as a crime *ab initio*. The law does, indeed, recognise three degrees of criminality, which are graduated both as to the heinousness of the offence and as to the frequency of the convictions. A second conviction as an "idle and disorderly" person constitutes the status of "a rogue and vagabond;" and a second conviction for this latter offence brings the offender within the class of "incorrigible rogues." Upon the law with respect to these two latter offences, I have no comments to offer. It is quite right that offenders coming within the last class, at all events, should receive severe punishment. The moral crime of begging does not consist in the mere solicitation of alms, the gist of the offence—the *crimen*—is the intention to prey upon society, of which the asking of alms is but an evidence. Now, that the *habit* of asking for alms is most satisfactory of this intent, I do not deny; but our law goes considerably further, and makes the mere solicitation of alms in *itself* the crime. This law appears to me to be decidedly Draconian, and, as is the case with all laws whose severity does not receive the sanction of society, it is practically a dead letter, and is a law to the inefficacy of which every day's experience testifies. The truth is, most men are made of too kindly a material to become willing agents in sending these wretched-looking,



woe-begone objects to gaol. Such an act grates against all the humane feelings of our nature (I am not now discussing whether the ground upon which this feeling rests be maintainable, I am only stating the fact of the existence of the sentiment). The self-denying efforts in bringing beggars before the magistrates, which are made by gentlemen who busy themselves in these matters, are regarded with an ill-disguised aversion by a portion of the community, which I should be glad to believe to be uninfluential. Another cause which is said to contribute in no small degree to the inefficacy of the law, is the large expense to the county which attends the removal of the vagrants to gaol, and their maintenance therein. This it is which makes the inspectors of police, union officers, and others, hesitate before attempting to put the law into force. The case is thus put in a communication addressed by the clerk of the Cookham Union to the Poor-Law Board in 1848:—

“The Guardians beg to state that the loss and injury to the County of Berks by the occasional enforcing of the Vagrant Act has been very great, both as to expense and interference with the discipline of the county gaol. Every vagrant that is sent from the Cookham Union costs 13s. to Reading, and 20s. to Abingdon, for conveyance, besides maintenance during the term of imprisonment.”

Though it is possible that the expense here alluded to is, in the present day, reduced, we still constantly hear of complaints on this score; and, after this expense and trouble have been incurred, it does not by any means follow that the imprisonment has either a salutary or deterrent effect upon the vagrant. On the contrary, it appears that the vagrants, in some cases, prefer the prison to the workhouse, on account of the superior quality of the provisions there supplied. Mr. Cane makes the following observations in his report of 1866:—

“Some vagrants occasionally accept the conditions (*i.e.* of work, &c.), but subsequently refuse to comply with them. In the morning they refuse to perform the work assigned to them. The numbers that do so are not large, and I have not advised that in every instance a person refusing should be taken before a magistrate. It is only in extreme cases of outrageous conduct that it is expedient to resort to such a course. The detention in the ward for the four hours allowed by law is, generally, a sufficient protection in such cases, especially when it is known that the main object of the vagrant in refusing to work, as well as in tearing up his clothes, not unfrequently is to get sent to a prison, especially for such a term as would ensure his obtaining the fullest diet which prisoners are allowed.”

The knowledge of this desire on the part of the vagrants, combined possibly with other causes, appears unfortunately, in some cases, to have exercised a reflex influence upon the decision of the magistrates. A communication from the Thirsk Union, after stating the attempt which had been made to repress vagrancy by enforcing

conditions of work, and describing various difficulties under which the effort had laboured," goes on to say :—

"Another difficulty occurred. Many of the vagrants refused to work, and the desire to go to prison, and the unwillingness of the magistrates to convict, rendered the attempt to compel the vagrants to work an entire failure."

From a general perusal of the reports on vagrancy, it would appear that what the habitual vagrant dreads more than anything else, is detention within the walls of the workhouse. If he be given the offer of breakfast with work, or discharge without breakfast, he will almost invariably choose the latter. It may be said that he does so in common with the honest labourer, who is on the tramp in search of work. This is doubtless true; but the former fact nevertheless remains, and as I am now treating of the vagrant proper, or criminal vagrant, I am not, for the present, concerned with the fate of the labourer on tramp. The chief difficulty which is felt by union officers, in their treatment of this class of persons, appears to arise from their inability to detain them by law for more than four hours. There is nothing to prevent such persons from coming in and out of the casual wards as often as they please, and this is the cause of very serious disorder and inconvenience. The Guardians of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in a memorial sent to the Poor-Law Board in 1848, with reference to this difficulty, complain—

"That no authority is given to the Guardians of the Poor, or their officers, to detain the vagrants admitted as casual poor, for any period sufficient to test their cases, or to deter them from pursuing their habit of seeking nightly lodging in one workhouse after another, and levying daily contributions from the public by begging or pilfering."

In the same collection of reports the clerk of the Wolverhampton Union, after pointing out the very same evils, concludes his letter with the following pertinent remarks :—

"As a remedy no expedient suggests itself, beyond sending the well-proved professional mendicants to some Reformatory and Industrial Hospital, where power of detention is given to the officials, till better habits are implanted."

The foregoing will have prepared my readers for the reform in the law which I advocate, the principles of which I will proceed to sketch out. I must here premise that my suggestions, if carried into effect, would necessitate a more extensive employment of the police, though it would not be necessary to give that body greater power over the liberty of the subject than it at present possesses. In the first place, then, I would strike out of the statute book all provisions which treat the mere act of begging as a crime. I would treat the beggar, *prima facie*, not as a criminal, but as one who is what he professes to be—viz., a destitute man, in want of the mere necessities



of life. The act of begging is one which society cannot tolerate; but I would treat it primarily as an indication of want, and not of criminality. Society has made provision for want, and of that provision it is but fair that she should compel the beggar to avail himself, in preference to going about and levying a toll upon the public. The different begging offences which constitute at present the status of an "idle and disorderly person," are those with which I propose to deal. The statute defines these offenders to be "every person wandering abroad, or placing himself or herself in any public place, street, highway, court, or passage, to beg or gather alms." Such acts, having come within the cognizance of a constable, the mendicant should be taken before the nearest magistrate, who should have authority to direct the constable to see him safe within the walls of the district workhouse, under a power of detention for a limited period—say, one or two weeks—given to the master thereof, or to the police officer in charge of the vagrant wards, as the case might be. The subject of the detention would be, of course, classed "casual." This would give the power of search, and the individual might be passed on to the body of the house, or elsewhere, as might be thought proper. Here I wish to recall to the recollection of my readers an incident which happened the winter before last, and which serves to illustrate my position. I allude to Sir Robert Carden's raid against the City beggars. It will be within the remembrance of many that some eighty beggars were, during the course of one week, brought before that gentleman, sitting in his magisterial capacity at Guildhall. The magistrate did not shirk his duty. He sent fifty-one of these mendicants to Holloway Prison. Of course, as was to be anticipated, there was at once an outcry raised in some of the newspapers against these proceedings. Sir R. Carden, in defending the course of action he had pursued, gave an account of what had been the fate of the prisoners:—

"I gave," says Sir Robert, in his letter to the *Times*, "strict injunctions to the Governor of Holloway, which he, with his usual humanity, carried out, to make every inquiry as to their circumstances, and see what could be done to better their condition: four males and twelve females were physically unable to obtain a living; eight males and four females mentally unable to earn a living, being idiotic, subject to fits, blind, cripples, deaf, and imbecile; seven males and five females able-bodied, but, from want of character, unable to find employment; four males and six females incorrigible beggars and impostors. The whole had from 1*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* on their persons. They were disposed of as follows: seven males and five females sent home to their friends, railway fare paid, some pecuniary assistance given; five females sent to unions and workhouses, and partly clothed; nine males and fourteen females partly clothed, and money given them; two males refused to be sent home; four males and three females were admonished and discharged. All this was effected at a cost of £11."

Sir Robert then, after alluding to the fact that he had been charged with inhumanity in sending these persons to prison instead of to the workhouse, gives the following as his reasons:—

“By sending them to the union there would have been little inquiry, and a turn out next morning—clean, certainly, in person, but their clothes filthy as before. By sending them to Holloway their persons were not only cleansed, but their clothes were put into a hot oven and baked—rendered necessary, as nearly all the fifty beggars were so swarming with vermin that, literally, their clothes were alive.”

Now here I have to remark that such treatment as that described, while doubtless most suitable to the subjects of it, does nevertheless seem totally inconsistent with the notion of punishment, and it is to my mind another proof of the absurdity of the present vagrant laws. With regard to the observations made by Sir Robert as to the workhouses, it is clear that, in his opinion, they would be the natural receptacles for beggars, were it not that, owing to a defect in the law, the officers would not be able to detain them sufficiently long to enable them either to investigate their cases, or to effect a complete cleansing of their garments. The results which I anticipate from the adoption of the scheme of detention within the workhouse would be, in the first place, that the professional mendicant would no longer be able to ply his trade with the same immunity from interruption as at present. He would be subject to be constantly pulled up in his depredations; there would be the summary process before the magistrate, the search, the cleansing, the detention. He could no longer maintain that he was dealt with hardly when his own story was believed to be true, and he was treated as one really destitute. On the other hand, the non-professional beggar would find his wants amply provided for, and neither, in his case, could it be matter of complaint that the law should have undertaken to satisfy those wants which he had exposed for public commiseration. But, perhaps, the best effect would be that upon the beggar-supporting society. The apparent cruelty and harshness of the law would have disappeared, and in its place would have been substituted the helping hand, which not only points the way to where assistance is to be obtained, but leads the child of destitution thither. Moreover, there is some reason to hope that such a law would meet with the support and co-operation of society, without which every law must be a dead letter.

A repetition of acts of begging would be proof of the intent to prey upon society, and from thenceforth I would hand over the offender to the stern arm of the law. I am willing that the offence of professional begging should not only be as severely, but even



more severely, punished than at present it theoretically is. Of course a strict and careful registration would be a necessary, and at the same time a most valuable adjunct to the scheme.

Many persons to whom I have propounded the foregoing meet me with the objection that, after two or three years' working of the scheme, matters would be in precisely the same position as they are at present. The solicitors of alms, the great majority of whom are, it is asserted, professional mendicants, would have undergone their probationary lodgments in the workhouse, and would have become members of the criminal class. Those who advance this argument rely mainly upon statistics, whose bearing upon the question has been the subject of considerable misapprehension. Statistics do not show that the great majority of those who solicit alms are professional mendicants; all that statistics do show, is that the greater number of persons found begging *on any particular day* are professionals. But that this does not warrant the conclusion stated above, is perfectly clear from the consideration that, whereas the professional beggar is, *ex hypothesi*, always carrying on his operations, from day to day and year to year, the non-professionals are a temporary and ever-changing class of persons. Pressing want drives a man to beg of you, the want disappears, and he with it. His place is taken up by another and another, and so on through a whole series of individuals. The conclusion that the greater number of individuals who beg during the course of *one year* are *not* professional mendicants is, under these circumstances, as probable, to say the least of it, as the contrary. We are apt, moreover, to overlook the fact that criminal vagrancy is matter of degree. The poor wretch who gets his living by persuading you to buy a box of matches "out of charity," and the valiant beggar, who enforces his demand by a threat of arson, are but the same species in a different stage of development. Habits of vagrancy are gradually acquired; but, when once they have attained a firm hold, their development is rapid, and the contagion is quickly spread amongst the predisposed subjects of the disease. Our principal efforts, consequently, should be directed towards the removal, as far as possible, of all opportunities for the acquisition of vagrant habits. We can only check the progress of the vagrant army by intercepting its recruits and stopping its supplies. The object in view is not attained by the present law, and will never, in my opinion, be attained by laws of extraordinary severity.

It is necessary here to allude shortly to the history of legislation on this subject. It is, I think, a mistaken idea to suppose that most of the earlier statutes were framed with the view of treating the vagrant with extreme severity. It is perfectly true that such is the

complexion of these laws when read by the light of modern legislation. If, however, we compare them with contemporary legislation, we shall, I think, come to a different conclusion. The punishments of flogging, and cutting off the gristle of the ear, and similar maimings, were gentle corrections in times when the penalty for petty larceny was death. It will be remembered that Houses of Correction were specially introduced for the purpose of dealing with vagrancy, and the distinction between the uses for which such Houses of Correction were intended, and those to which the common gaols were devoted, will perhaps be best appreciated by referring to the wording of the statute, the 18th of Elizabeth, under which such Houses of Correction were established. The third section of that statute runs as follows:—

“That in every county of this realm, one, two, or more abiding houses, or places convenient in some market town, or corporate town, or other place, or places, by purchase, lease, building, or otherwise by the appointment and order of the Justices of the Peace, or the more part of them in their said general sessions (of the inhabitants within their several authorities to be taxed, levied, and gathered) shall be provided, and called the House, or Houses of Correction; and also stock and store (the) implements to be in like sort also provided, for setting on work and punishing, not only of those which by the collectors and governors of the poor, for causes aforesaid, to the said Houses of Correction shall be brought, but also of such as be shall be taken as rogues, or once punished as rogues.”

It appears that this statute was never put in force, but at the same time it is clear that the objects of it were considered of some importance by the legislature, for several Acts were successively passed with the view of enforcing its provisions. I shall merely quote from the Act passed in the reign of James I. The second section enacts as follows:—

“That before the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, which shall be in the year of Our Lord 1611, there shall be erected, built, or otherwise provided, within every county of this realm of England and Wales, where there is not one House of Correction already built, purchased, provided, or continued, one or more fit and convenient House or Houses of Correction, with convenient backside unto adjoining, together with mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary implements, to set the said rogues, or such like other idle persons on work, the same house to be built, erected, or provided in some convenient place, or town, in every county. Which house shall be purchased, conveyed, or assured unto such person or persons as by the Justices of the Peace, or the more part of them, in their Quarter Sessions of the Peace, to be holden within every county of this realm of England and Wales, upon trust, to the intent the same shall be used and employed, for the keeping, correcting, and setting to work of the said rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and other idle and disorderly persons.”

Such was the manner in which the legislation of those days proposed to deal with vagrants. The House of Correction was intended



to be a sort of Reformatory—a House of Industry. I shall have occasion to allude to this subject again at a later stage, and shall now return to the consideration of suggestions for the improvement of existing laws.

First I would observe, that in order to deal satisfactorily with vagrants, an improved system of classification is absolutely necessary. I know no more convincing proof of the present anomalous state of the law in this respect than the difficulty which I experience in correctly defining the word *vagrancy*. I have hitherto, for the most part, used the term in what I consider to be its proper signification, viz., criminal *vagrancy*, or *vagrancy* which the law prohibits. The word *vagrancy* is, however, commonly used as signifying the status of that portion of the casual poor which is more properly designated as the homeless poor. This is the *vagrancy* for which the law makes provision. The one species of *vagrancy* figures in the reports of the Inspectors of Police, the other in the reports of the Poor-Law Board. The barriers between the two classes of vagrants are practically indeterminate, and it is difficult to discover upon which side of the dividing line stand many of the individuals which compose them. Thus, it is very generally estimated that about seventy-five per cent. of the nightly sleepers in the casual wards belong properly to the class of criminal vagrants, who subsist by begging or thieving during the day. Mr. Doyle, in a very able report to the Poor-Law Board, in 1866, alludes to the subject in the following terms:—

“As a general rule, in this district, the casual ward of a workhouse, so far from being the temporary refuge of deserving poor, is a place of rendezvous for thieves and prostitutes, and other vagabonds of the lowest class, gangs of whom ‘work’ allotted districts, and make their circuits with as much regularity as the judges.”

Such a condition of things proves, I hope conclusively, the necessity for some alteration in the law. What can be more preposterous than that it should be a matter of pure accident whether a man should be treated as a criminal, or be housed as an unfortunate? The law ought to recognise a semi-criminal class of vagrants,—those whom it is not worth while, on the one hand, to send to prison, and who ought not, on the other, to be allowed to wander about the country, either preying on society, or under the temptation so to do. This view of the question, coupled with the consideration that the success of the foregoing recommendations is entirely dependent upon the industrial training, the discipline, and the management of the various places in which vagrants are detained, leads me to my second head, viz., the treatment of the vagrant poor, or those poor who are usually accommodated in the casual wards.

### *The Contemporary Review.*

In the first place, I have to observe that the course of action at present pursued is unsatisfactory in the extreme. Every imaginable system is in operation. Every board of guardians is, as it were, trying an experiment on its own account. In most workhouses it is true, there are casual wards; but these have hardly a feature in common. The character of the wards, and the nature of the regulations, vary to an extent which is perfectly marvellous. Some open at one time of the day, some at another. Some unions give supper and breakfast, some supper only, some breakfast only, some neither breakfast nor supper. Some have baths and enforce their use, some have no baths at all. Some employ the police as assistant relieving-officers in connection with the wards, and some do not. Some unions exact a task of work, others make food dependent upon work, others do not require work at all. But I should weary my readers were I to enumerate one half of the diversities of system which exist. The evils which are the result of this want of uniformity of management have been dilated upon in the reports of the Poor-Law Board by inspector after inspector. Mr. Cane, in his report in 1866, says:—

"The longer experience, and the fuller information I have obtained, convince me, even more strongly, of the necessity for uniformity of action and uniformity of treatment in relieving vagrants and casual poor."

Mr. Hawley says:—

"Uniformity in the system of dealing with the vagrants appears to be absolutely required to check the evil of mendicancy; but it will never be established until the Poor-Law Board shall interfere to enforce it by stringent regulations, and the aid of effective vagrant wards."

The Poor-Law Board, in their last report, add their testimony to the same effect in the following terms:—

"More uniformity of treatment and regulation, stricter supervision, and more ready means of communication between the authorities superintending the various vagrant wards, appear to be urgently required."

And again:—

"It appears questionable whether the evil can be effectually grappled with, except by a uniform system for the treatment of vagrants, enforced by law on the country generally."

There is nothing new in these suggestions. They are but the embodiment of the recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, who five years ago came to the conclusion—

"That with the view of suppressing vagrancy, as far as practicable, the Committee are of opinion that the Central Authority, when invested with adequate power for that purpose, should direct Boards of Guardians to provide suitable and sufficient wards for the reception of the wayfaring and wandering poor; and that the regulations for their management and relief should be on a uniform system throughout the country."



Until uniformity of management be enforced, it is useless for any one union to introduce an improved system of management, and such single efforts, even when in themselves successful, can never be effective in giving a real check to vagrancy. The Poor-Law Board, then, should be clothed with adequate powers, and should then issue orders embodying a definite scheme. The questions, whether the police should be employed; whether food should be given, and if so, when, and in what quantities; whether work should be exacted; whether baths should be provided; and what should be the regulations with regard to superintendence at night, to punishment for offences, &c.,—these and similar matters should all be definitely settled by the central authority, and should not be left to the mere caprice of particular boards of guardians or union officers. Nor do I believe that these measures would meet with any considerable opposition from the present local authorities. On the contrary, there are grounds for the belief that many of these would be glad to be relieved from the difficulties in which they now find themselves placed, when dealing with the perplexing questions which surround the treatment of vagrants.

This uniformity of treatment being forced upon the local authorities for the general weal, it would not be fair or suitable that the costs thus incurred should be thrown upon each particular union. I should, therefore, and in analogy to the example of the metropolis, recommend that the expenses incurred in the treatment of the vagrant poor should become a charge on the county rates. This plan would have the further advantage of doing away with all difficulties connected with the employment of the police.

With regard to the kind of management to be recommended, our object is, of course, the enforcement of regulations which shall promote habits to which those of the vagrant class are innately opposed.

"I believe," says Mr. Cane, "that vagrant wards may be so constructed and managed that relief may be so carefully but sufficiently given, on the one hand, and so fairly counterbalanced by work and proper discipline on the other, as to constitute those wards self-acting tests of destitution, as well as efficient means for its relief. Those who would be willing to accept relief therein on the terms on which it would be extended to them, might, with but few exceptions, be safely deemed to require it; whilst it might, with equal safety, be held that those who rejected it on the terms on which they could obtain it were not suffering from urgent want, and were not in need of the food, the bed, and the warmth and shelter held out to them."

The measures which seem most adapted for securing these ends are—1. The employment of the police as assistant relieving-officers in connection with the casual wards. 2. The enforcement of a thorough cleansing of the person of the vagrant. 3. The prohibi-

tion of the use of obscene language and the enforcement of discipline and silence at night. 4. The imposition of a suitable task of work. 5. The building of clean and light wards. 6. A rigid and unvarying prosecution for offences. The efficacy, however, of any set of regulations for vagrants can never be satisfactorily attested until the adoption of them becomes universal, for the best-managed wards will be filled occasionally by the lowest vagabonds, who, kept in existence by the surrounding unions, may find it necessary to use these, to them, repulsive quarters, whilst on their "circuits." The objection will doubtless be urged that in country workhouses, where there are sometimes only two or three vagrants a night, the enforcement of these regulations would be productive of more expense and more annoyance than is the mere housing and feeding of the vagrants. My answer to this objection is that the sacrifice, if it were one, would be made cheaply at the altar of decreased vagrancy.

Whilst experience testifies to the beneficial effects of the regulations of the kind recommended, it cannot be said that the whole problem of the treatment of the vagrant poor is thereby solved. Something more is needed. There must be a sifting of the genuine traveller in search of work, and his case must be distinguished from that of the regular professional vagrant. The difficulty of doing this cannot be by any means so great as it is often represented to be, for it is a well-known fact that an intelligent officer can easily point out, to any visitor to the casual wards, to which of the two classes any individual about whom he may be questioned belongs. The *real* difficulty is to reduce the matter to *rule*, and all must acknowledge that it would be oppressive for the State to act in such matters upon any but general rules. Probably the introduction of Mr. Baker's system of tickets to honest wayfarers would do something. Still more might be done by the keeping of a strict register of vagrants, which register should be frequently compared with that of surrounding unions. There should be, in fact, a sort of "hue and cry" of vagrancy. The period for which vagrants are authorized by law to be detained should, I think, be extended from the four hours at present allowed to twenty-four hours, at the discretion of the officers in charge of the vagrant wards, while this time should be liable to a further extension of one week, at least, in cases of misconduct, subject to an appeal to a magistrate. The regulation with regard to the liability to twenty-four hours' detention might, possibly, be suspended in the case of ticket men.

There are, I know, persons who are dissatisfied with measures of the nature I have proposed. There is a stringency and hardness about them which to some minds are repulsive. If such a system,



they argue, were universal, tramps would starve in the streets sooner than enter the walls of the casual wards. In the metropolis, we should come back to the old times, and it would be just as though the Houseless Poor Act had never been in existence. The argument, when analyzed, amounts to this. It is the duty of society, not only to make provision for vagrants, but to supply them with exactly the kind of provision for which they have a fancy. So we must supply filthy wards, do away with regulations for cleanliness, throw overboard the dictates of morality, and we must make our vagrant wards as like hells upon earth as their occupants may desire—a strange proposition this, and one which certainly carries the doctrines of modern humanitarianism to their extreme limits. The answer is obvious—society can no more prevent wilful starvation than it can any other kind of suicide. Society does not undertake to keep men from starvation. All she undertakes is to make such provision for life as that no man *need* starve under her *ægis*. For this she is responsible; but she is clearly not responsible for starvation which ensues in consequence of a refusal to accept the conditions which she attaches to the sustenance she offers. Another argument, which is sometimes adduced against the extension of the powers of detention possessed by the masters of workhouses, is that the authority might be wielded with tyranny. I do not myself apprehend danger on this score. It appears to me that there would be little likelihood that masters of workhouses would exercise this power either injudiciously or oppressively. In practice, the desire to get rid of the vagrants is so strong in the minds of union officers, that it would, I think, be more difficult to get them to use such a power than to abuse it; while, on the other hand, the knowledge that such power was possessed by them would place a wholesome restraint upon the conduct of the vagrant, and the occasional exercise of it upon the professional tramp would considerably harass his movements.

In the metropolis the evil of vagrancy is increasingly felt, owing, in some measure, to the deleterious operation of the Houseless Poor Act. The state of things at present prevailing in London calls for special legislation. Ever since London was of any size the idle and dissolute classes have been attracted to it from all parts of the country, partly owing to the reports of its extensive charities, and partly owing to the comparative facility with which a livelihood can be eked out by irregular labour—in fact, by *cadging*—in its streets. The working of the Houseless Poor Act has, I fear, served to increase these town attractions. At all events, the numbers of vagrant poor relieved in the metropolitan area show a regular and rapid increase.

The following statistics are taken from the reports of the Poor-

Law Board, and extend over the period which has elapsed since the passing of the Houseless Poor Act.

*Statement of the Number of Vagrants relieved in the Metropolitan Unions on the 1st of January and 1st of July in each year :—*

Year.	Vagrants relieved on 1st of July.	Vagrants relieved on 1st of Jan.
1864	583	..
1865	1,213	589
1866	1,086	1,503
1867	1,573	1,452
1868	2,085	1,673
1869	..	1,882

Here are the number of casuals accommodated in the wards of two metropolitan unions in each year during the same period. I have no reason to believe these unions to be peculiarly situated, either as being the highway to specially important districts, or as presenting unusual attractions :—

Years ending Michaelmas.	Number of vagrants relieved in Whitechapel.	Number of vagrants relieved in Mile-End Old Town.	Totals of Vagrants in both Unions.
1864	5,411	4,919	10,330
1865	6,890	8,830	15,720
1866	10,638	11,732	22,370
1867	13,808	19,875	33,683
1868	16,775	18,904	35,679
1869	20,343	18,019	38,362

These statistics speak for themselves, so that comment upon them is needless. They show the urgent necessity that there is for the adoption of more stringent measures. In the metropolis we ought, I think, to have a kind of Vagrant Hospital or Reformatory—a House of Industry, where all trades should be represented. Vagrants should here be taught, and made to work at trades, and any disposition to indolence or disorderly behaviour should be at once met by detention in accordance with the scheme I have sketched out. It should always be remembered that regular vagrancy is a habit, and like all bad habits it should be treated as a species of disease. The vagrant requires, on the one hand, to be reformed rather than to be punished, and, on the other, to be kept within bounds, and set to work at some industrial occupation, rather than to be allowed to wander at large, and only to be housed during the hours of night's unconsciousness. If ever an equalised poor-rate shall enable the poor-law authorities to use the various workhouses of the metropolis for purposes of classification, it is to be hoped that one of the present buildings may be devoted solely to the treatment and reclamation of vagrants.

E. W. HOLLOND.





## BELLS.

### I.

THE long, winding staircase seems to have no end. Two hundred steps are already below us. The higher we go the more broken and rugged are the stairs. Suddenly it grows very dark, and clutching the rope more firmly we struggle upwards. Light dawns again, through a narrow Gothic slit in the tower—let us pause and look out for a moment.

The glare is blinding, but from the deep, cool recess a wondrous spectacle unfolds itself. We are almost on a level with the roof of a noble cathedral. We have come close upon a fearful dragon. He seems to spring straight out of the wall. We have often seen his lean, gaunt form from below—he passed almost unnoticed with a hundred brother gurgoyles—but now we are so close to him our feelings are different; we seem like intruders in his lawful domains. His face is horribly grotesque and earnest. His proportions, which seemed so diminutive in the distance, are really colossal—but here everything is colossal. This huge scroll, this clump of stone cannonballs, are, in fact, the little vine tendrils and grapes that looked so frail and delicately carven from below. Amongst the petals of yonder mighty rose a couple of pigeons are busy building their nest; seeds of grasses and wild flowers have been blown up, and here and there a tiny garden has been laid out by the capricious winds on certain

wide stone hemlock leaves; the fringe of yonder cornice is a waste of lilies. As we try to realize detail after detail the heart is almost pained by the excessive beauty of all this petrified bloom, stretching away over flying buttresses, and breaking out upon column and architrave, and the eye at last turns away weary with wonder. A few more steps up the dark tower, and we are in a large dim space, illuminated only by the feeblest glimmer. Around us and overhead rise huge timbers, inclining towards each other at every possible angle, and hewn, centuries ago, from the neighbouring forests, which have long since disappeared. They support the roof of the building. Just glancing through a trap-door at our feet we seem to look some miles down into another world. A few foreshortened, but moving specks, we are told are people on the floor of the cathedral, and a bunch of tiny tubes, about the size of a pan-pipe, really belong to an organ of immense size and power.

At this moment a noise like a powerful engine in motion recalls our attention to the tower. The great clock is about to strike, and begins to prepare by winding itself up five minutes before the hour. Groping amongst the wilderness of cross beams and timbers, we reach another staircase, which leads to a vast square but lofty fabric, filled with the same mighty scaffolding. Are not these most dull and dreary solitudes—the dust of ages lies everywhere around us, and the place which now receives the print of our feet has, perhaps, not been touched for five hundred years? And yet these ancient towers and the inner heights and recesses of these old roofs and belfries soon acquire a strong hold over the few who care to explore them. Lonely and deserted as they may appear, there are hardly five minutes of the day or the night up there that do not see strange sights or hear strange sounds.

As the eye gets accustomed to the twilight, we may watch the large bats flit by. Every now and then a poor lost bird darts about, screaming wildly, like a soul in purgatory that cannot find its way out. Then we may come upon an ancient rat, who seems as much at home there as if he had taken a lease of the roof for ninety-nine years.

We have been assured by the carillonneur at Louvain that both rats and mice are not uncommon at such considerable elevations.

Overhead hang the huge bells, several of which are devoted to the clock—others are rung by hand from below, whilst somewhere near, besides the clock machinery, there will be a room fitted up, like a vast musical box, containing a barrel, which acts upon thirty or forty of the bells up in the tower, and plays tunes every hour of the day and night.

You cannot pass many minutes in such a place without the clicking of machinery, and the chiming of some bell—even the quarters are



divided by two or three notes, or half-quarter bells. Double the number are rung for the quarter, four times as many for the half-hour, whilst at the hour, a storm of music breaks from such towers as Mechlin and Antwerp, and continues for three or four minutes to float for miles over the surrounding country.

The bells, with their elaborate and complicated striking apparatus, are the life of these old towers—a life that goes on from century to century, undisturbed by many a convulsion in the streets below. These patriarchs, in their tower, hold constant converse with man, but they are not of him; they call him to his duties, they vibrate to his woes and joys, his perils and victories, but they are at once sympathetic and passionless; chiming at his will, but hanging far above him; ringing out the old generation, and ringing in the new, with a mechanical, almost oppressive, regularity, and an iron constancy which often makes them and their grey towers the most revered and ancient things in a large city.

The great clock strikes—it is the only music, except the thunder, that can fill the air. Indeed, there is something almost elemental in the sound of these colossal and many-centuried bells. As the wind howls at night through their belfries, the great beams seem to groan with delight, the heavy wheels, which sway the bells, begin to move and creak; and the enormous clappers swing slowly, as though longing to respond before the time.

At Tournay there is a famous old belfry. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to be built on a Roman base. It now possesses forty bells. It commands the town and the country round, and from its summit is obtained a near view of the largest and finest cathedral in Belgium, with its five magnificent towers. Four brothers guard the summit of the belfry at Tournay, and relieve each other day and night, at intervals of ten hours. All through the night a light is seen burning in the topmost gallery, and when a fire breaks out the tocsin, or big bell, is tolled up aloft by the watchman. He is never allowed to sleep—indeed, as he informed us, showing us his scanty accommodation, it would be difficult to sleep up there. On stormy nights, a whirlwind seems to select that watchman and his tower for its most violent attacks; the darkness is often so great that nothing of the town below can be seen. The tower rocks to and fro, and startled birds dash themselves upon the shaking light, like sea-birds upon a lighthouse lanthorn.

Such seasons are not without real danger—more than once the lightning has melted and twisted the iron hasps about the tower, and within the memory of man the masonry itself has been struck. During the long peals of thunder that come rolling with the black rain clouds over the level plains of Belgium the belfry begins to vibrate like a huge musical instrument, as it is; the bells peal out,

and seem to claim affinity with the deep bass of the thunder, whilst the shrill wind shrieks a demoniac treble to the wild and stormy music.

All through the still summer night the belfry lamp burns like a star. It is the only point of yellow light that can be seen up so high, and when the moon is bright it looks almost red in the silvery atmosphere. Then it is that the music of the bells floats farthest over the plains, and the postillion hears the sound as he hurries along the high road from Brussels or Lille, and, smacking his whip loudly, he shouts to his weary steed as he sees the light of the old tower of Tournay come in sight.

Bells are heard best when they are rung upon a slope or in a valley. The traveller may well wonder at the distinctness with which he can hear the monastery bells on the Lake of Lugano or the church bells over some of the long reaches of the Rhine. Next to valleys, plains carry the sound farthest. Fortunately, many of the finest bell-towers in existence are so situated. It is well known how freely the sound of the bells travels over Salisbury Plain. The same music steals far and wide over the Lombard Plain from Milan Cathedral; over the Campagna from St. Peter's at Rome; over the flats of Alsatia to the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest from the Strasbourg spire; and, lastly, over the plain of Belgium from the towers of Tournay, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, and Antwerp. The belfry at Bruges lies in a hollow, and can only be seen and heard along the line of its own valley.

To take one's stand at the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral at the ringing of the sunset bell, just at the close of some effulgent summer's day, is to witness one of the finest sights in the world. The moment is one of brief but ineffable splendour, when, between the mountains and the plain, just as the sun is setting, the mists rise suddenly in strange sweeps and spirals, and are smitten through with the golden fire which, melting down through a thousand tints, passes, with the rapidity of a dream, into the cold purples of the night.

Pass for a moment, in imagination, from such a scene to the summit of Antwerp Cathedral at sunrise. Delicately tall, and not dissimilar in character, the Antwerp spire exceeds in height its sister of Strasbourg, which is commonly supposed to be the highest in the world. The Antwerp spire is 403 feet high from the foot of the tower. Strasbourg measures 468 feet from the level of the sea: but less than 403 feet from the level of the plain.

By the clear morning light, the panorama from the steeple of Notre Dame at Antwerp can hardly be surpassed. One hundred and twenty-six steeples may be counted, far and near. Facing northward, the Scheldt winds away until it loses itself in a white



line, which is none other than the North Sea. By the aid of a telescope ships can be distinguished out on the horizon, and the captains declare they can see the lofty spire at one hundred and fifty miles distant. Middleburg at seventy-five, and Flessing at sixty-five miles, are also visible from the steeple. Looking towards Holland, we can distinguish Breda and Walladuc, each about fifty-four miles off.

Turning southward, we cannot help being struck by the fact that almost all the great Belgian towers are within sight of each other. The two lordly and massive towers of St. Gudule's Church at Brussels, the noble fragment at Mechlin, that has stood for centuries awaiting its companion, besides many others, with carillons of less importance, can be seen from Antwerp. So these mighty spires, grey and changeless in the high air, seem to hold converse together over the heads of puny mortals, and their language is rolled from tower to tower by the music of the bells.

"Non sunt loquellæ neque sermones audiantur voces eorum."

("There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them.")

Such is the inscription we copied from one bell in the tower at Anvers, signed "F. Hemony, Amstelodamia (Amsterdam), 1658.

## II.

Bells have been sadly neglected by antiquaries. There are probably few churches or cathedrals in England concerning whose bells anything definite is known, and the current rumours about their size, weight, and date are seldom accurate. In Belgium even, where far more attention is paid to the subject, it is difficult to find in the archives of the towns and public libraries any account of the bells. The great folios at Louvain, Antwerp, and Mechlin, containing what is generally supposed to be an exhaustive transcript of all the monumental and funereal inscriptions in Belgium, will often bestow but a couple of dates and one inscription upon a richly-decorated and inscribed carillon of thirty or forty bells. The reason of this is not far to seek. The fact is, it is no easy matter to get at the bells when they are once hung, and many an antiquarian, who will haunt tombs and pore over illegible brasses with commendable patience, will decline to risk his neck in the most interesting of belfries. The pursuit, too, is often a disappointing one. Perhaps it is possible to get half way round a bell, and then be prevented by a thick beam, or the bell's own wheel, from seeing the other half, which by a perverse chance generally contains the date and name of the founder. Perhaps the oldest bell is quite inaccessible, or, after half an hour's climbing amid the utmost dust and difficulty, we reach a perfectly blank or common-place bell. To any one who

intends to prosecute his studies in belfries, we should recommend the practice of patience, an acquaintance with the Gothic type, and a preliminary course of appropriate gymnastics. These last might consist in trying to get through apertures too small to admit the human body, hanging from the ceiling of a dark room by one hand whilst trying to read an illegible inscription by the light of a lucifer match held in the other, trying to stand on a large wheel whilst gently rotating, without losing your equilibrium, and employing the bell-ropes as a means of ascent and descent without ringing the bells.

The antiquary will note with satisfaction the incontestable antiquity of bells.

We read in Exodus xxviii. 34, a description of the high-priest's dress at the celebration of the high sacrifices. He was to wear "a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of his robe round about:" and to show that no mere ornament is intended, in the next verse (35) we read "It shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." That is to say, at the beginning and end of the sacrifice the little bell was to be rung in the ears of the congregation. This ancient practice has been adopted out of the old Jewish into the Roman Catholic ritual, where the priest still rings a bell at the celebration of the mass.

It is unnecessary here to trace the history of bells before the Christian era. It is certain that they were early used in the Christian Church for devotional purposes. The first large bells for this purpose were probably cast in Italy: they were soon afterwards introduced into this island.

Ingulphus, who died in the year 870, mentions a chime of six bells given by the Abbot Turketulus to the Abbey of Croyland, and he adds, with much satisfaction, as the sound of those famous old bells, came back upon him, with memories perchance of goodly refectations at the abbey, and noble fasts on fish, and long abstinence tempered with dried raisins from Italy and the British oyster,— "Non erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia." ("There wasn't such a peal of bells in all England.")

We believe there is no bell extant of so early a date as 800. Bad bells have a habit of cracking, and the best will be worn out by the clapper in time, and have to be recast. There are, however, some wondrous bells in different parts of the world, which deserve to be mentioned even in so informal a treatise as the present. Father Le Comte, the Jesuit missionary, speaks of seven enormous bells at Peking, each of which was said to weigh nine tons. They proved too heavy for the Chinese tower, and one day they rung it into ruins.



Indeed, a Chinese tower never looks as if it could bear a good storm of wind, much less the strain and heavy rhythmic vibration of a peal of bells.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell at Moscow—if it has not been broken up. It was cast in 1653, by order of the Empress Sophia, and has never been raised—not because it is too heavy, but because it is cracked. All was going on well at the foundry, when a fire broke out in Moscow—streams of water were dashed in upon the houses and factories, and a little stream found its way into the bell metal at the very moment when it was rushing in a state of fusion into the colossal bell-mould, and so, to the disappointment of the Russian people and all posterity, the big bell came out cracked. It is said to weigh no less than 198 tons. The second Moscow bell is probably the largest in the world in actual use, and is reported to weigh 128 tons. These enormous figures must be received with caution, as it is impossible to verify them.

There are not many English bells worth noticing. In 1845 a bell of twelve tons was hung in York Minster. The great Tom at Lincoln weighs five tons. His namesake at Oxford seven tons.

We have to allude by-and-by to the bells at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Westminster, but for the present we return to Belgium, the "classic land of bells," as it has been well called by the Chevalier Van Elewyck.

### III.

About 1620, whilst the Amâti in Italy were feeling their way to the manufacture of the finest violins, the family of the Van den Gheyns, in Belgium, were bringing to perfection the science of bell-founding. The last Van den Gheyn who made bells flourished only a few years later than Stradivarius, and died towards the beginning of this century. The incessant civil wars in which Belgium for centuries had been engaged—at one time the mere battle-field of rival cities, at another the sturdy defender of patriotic rights against France, Germany, and, lastly, against her old mistress, Spain—gave to the bells of Belgium a strange and deep significance.

The first necessity in a fortified town like Ghent or Bruges was a tower to see the enemy from, and a bell to ring together the citizens. Hence the tower and bells in some cathedrals are half civil property. The tower was usually built first, although the spire was seldom finished for centuries afterwards. A bell was put up as soon as possible, which belonged to the town, not to the cathedral chapter. Thus the Curfew, the Carolus, and the St. Mary bells in the Antwerp tower belong to the town, whilst the rest are the property of the chapter.

It is with no ordinary emotion that the lover of bells ascends these ancient towers, not knowing what he shall find there. He may be suddenly brought into contact with some relic of the past which will revive the historical life of a people or a period in a way in which hardly anything else could. He hears the very sound they heard. The inscriptions on the bell, in their solemn earnestness or their fresh foreboding, are often like drops of blood still warm from the veins of the past. None but those who have experienced it can understand the thrill of joy, as of treasure-trove, which strikes through the seeker upon catching sight of the peculiar elongated kind of bell which proclaims an antiquity of perhaps four hundred years. How eagerly he climbs up to it! how tenderly he removes the green bloom over the heavy rust which has settled in between the narrow Gothic letters! how he rubs away at their raised surfaces, in order to induce them to yield up their precious secret! How the first thing he always looks for is a bell without a D or 500 in it—*e.g.*, MCCCXX.—and how often he is disappointed by deciphering MCCCCXX., where MDXX. might have been written, and put an end at once to his hopes of a thirteenth or fourteenth-century bell. Then the first bell he will seek on reaching a famous tower will be the “bourdon,” or big bell, which has probably proved too large for the enemy to carry away, or which by some lucky chance has escaped the sacrilegious melting down, and been left to the town, perhaps at the intercession of its fairest women, or its most noble citizens. Ascending into the open belfry, his eye will rest with something like awe upon the very moderate-sized bell, hanging high up in the dusk by itself—the oldest in the tower, which, from its awkward position and small bulk, has escaped the spoliation and rapine of centuries.

We can hardly wonder at the reverence with which the inhabitants of Mechlin, Ghent, and Antwerp regard their ancient bells, and the intelligent enthusiasm with which they speak of them. Certain bells which we shall have to mention are renowned, not only throughout Belgium, but throughout the civilized world. Most people have heard of the Carolus Bell at Antwerp, and there is not a respectable citizen in any town of Belgium who would not be proud to tell you its date and history.

Will the reader now have patience to go back a century or two, and assist at the founding of some of these bells? It is no light matter, but a subject of thought and toil and wakeful nights, and often ruinous expense.

Let us enter the town of Mechlin in the year 1638. We may well linger by the clear and rapid river Senne. The old wooden bridge, which has since been replaced by a stone one, unites two banks full of the most picturesque elements. To this day the elaborately-carved



façades of the old houses close on the water are of an incomparable richness of design. The peculiar ascent of steps leading up to the angle of the roof, in a style of architecture which the Flemish borrowed from the Spaniards, is still everywhere to be met with. Several houses bear dates from 1605 and upwards, and are still in habitable repair. The river line is gracefully broken by trees and gardens which doubtless in the earlier times were still more numerous within the precincts of the rough city wall, and afforded fruits, vegetables, and scanty pasturage in time of siege. The noblest of square florid Gothic towers, the tower of the cathedral church dedicated to St. Rumboldt, and finished up to three hundred and forty-eight feet, guides us to what is now called the Grande Place, where stands still, just as it stood then, the "Halles," with a turret of 1340, and the Hôtel de Ville of the fifteenth century.

But our business is with an obscure hut-like building in the neighbourhood of the cathedral: it is the workshop and furnaces adjoining the abode of Peter Van den Gheyn, the most renowned bell-founder of the seventeenth century, born in 1605. In company with his associate, Deklerk, arrangements are being made for the founding of a big bell. Let us suppose it to be the celebrated "Salvator," for the cathedral tower hard by.

Before the cast was made there was no doubt great controversy between the mighty smiths, Deklerk and Van den Gheyn; plans had to be drawn out on parchment, measurements and calculations made, little proportions weighed by a fine instinct, and the defects and merits of ever so many bells canvassed. The ordinary measurements which now hold good for a large bell are, roughly, one-fifteenth of the diameter in thickness and twelve times the thickness in height.

We may now repair to the outhouses, divided into two principal compartments. The first is occupied by the furnaces, in whose centre is the vast cauldron for the fusion of the metal; and the second is a kind of shallow well, where the bell would have to be modelled in clay. Let us watch the men at their work. The object to be first attained is a hollow mould of the exact size and shape of the intended bell, into which the liquid metal will then be poured through a tube from the adjacent furnace, and this mould is constructed in the following simple but ingenious manner:—Suppose the bell is to be six feet high, a column of about five feet five in height is built something in the shape of a bell, round which clay has to be moulded until the shape produced is exactly the shape of the outside of a bell. Upon the smooth surface of this solid bell-shaped mass can now be laid figures, decorations, and inscriptions in wax. A large quantity of the most delicately prepared clay is then produced; the model is slightly washed with some kind of oil to prevent the fine

clay from sticking to it, and three or four coats of the fine clay in an almost liquid state are daubed carefully all over the model; next, a coating of common clay is added to strengthen the mould to the thickness of some inches; and thus the model stands with its great bell-shaped cover closely fitting over it.

A fire is now lighted underneath. The brickwork in the interior is heated through, then the clay, then the wax ornaments and oils, which steam out in vapour through two holes at the top, leaving their impressions on the inner side of the outer cast. When everything is baked thoroughly hard, the cover is raised bodily into the air by a rope, and held suspended some feet exactly above the model. In the interior of the cast thus raised will of course be found the exact impression in hollow of the outside of the bell. The model of clay and masonry is then broken up, and its place is taken by another perfectly smooth model, only smaller and exactly the size of the *inside* of the bell. On this the great cover descends, and is stopped in time to leave a hollow space between the new model and itself. This is effected simply by the bottom rim of the new model forming a base, at the proper distance upon which the rim of the clay cover may rest in its descent. The hollow space between the clay cover and the clay model is now the exact shape of the required bell, and only waits to be filled with metal.

So far all has been comparatively easy, but the critical moment has now arrived. The furnaces have long been smoking; the brickwork containing the cauldron is almost glowing with red heat; a vast draught-passage underneath the floor keeps the fire rapid; from time to time it leaps up with a hundred angry tongues, or, rising higher, sweeps in one sheet of flame over the furnace-embedded cauldron. Then the cunning artificer brings forth his heaps of choice metal—large cakes of red coruscated copper from Drontheim, called "*Rosette*," owing to a certain rare pink bloom that seems to lie all over it, like the purple on a plum; then a quantity of tin, so highly refined that it shines and glistens like pure silver: these are thrown into the cauldron, and melted down together. Kings and nobles have stood beside these famous cauldrons, and looked with reverence on the making of these old bells; nay, they have brought gold and silver, and pronouncing the holy name of some saint or apostle which the bell was hereafter to bear, they have flung in precious metals, rings, bracelets, and even bullion. But for a moment or two before the pipe which is to convey the metal to the mould is opened, the smith stands and stirs the molten mass to see if all is melted. Then he casts in certain proportions of zinc and other metals which belong to the secrets of the trade; he knows how much depends upon these little refinements, which he has acquired by experience, and which perhaps he could not impart even if he would—so true is it that in



every art that which constitutes success is a matter of instinct, and not of rule, or even science. He knows, too, that almost everything depends upon the moment chosen for flooding the mould. Standing in the intense heat, and calling loudly for a still more raging fire, he stirs the metal once more. At a given signal the pipe is opened, and with a long smothered rush the molten fluid fills the mould to the brim. Nothing now remains but to let the metal cool, and then to break up the clay and brickwork, and extract the bell, which is then finished, for better for worse.

A good bell, when struck, yields one note, so that any person with an ear for music can say what it is. This note is called the *consonant*, and when it is distinctly heard the bell is said to be "true." Any bell of moderate size (little bells are too small to be experimented upon) may be tested in the following manner. Tap the bell just on the curve of the top and it will yield a note one octave above the *consonant*. Tap the bell about one quarter's distance from the top, and it should yield a note which is the *quint*, or fifth of the octave. Tap it two quarters and a half lower, and it will yield a *tierce*, or third of the octave. Tap it strongly above the rim, where the clapper strikes, and the *quint*, the *tierce*, and the octave will now sound simultaneously, yielding the *consonant* or *keynote* of the bell.

If the *tierce* is too sharp, the bell's note (*i.e.*, the *consonant*) wavers between a tone and a half-tone above it; if the *tierce* is flat the note wavers between a tone and the half-tone below it; in either case the bell is said to be "false." A sharp *tierce* can be flattened by filing away the inside of the bell just where the *tierce* is struck; but if the bell, when cast, is found to have a flat *tierce*, there is no remedy. The *consonant* or *keynote* of a bell can be slightly sharpened by cutting away the inner rim of the bell, or flattened by filing it a little higher up inside, just above the rim.

The greatest makers do not appear to be exempt from failure. In proportion to the size is the difficulty of casting a true bell, and one that will not crack; and the admirers of the great Westminster bell, which is cracked, may console themselves with the reflection that many a bell, by the finest Belgium makers, has cracked before our Big Ben. The Salvator bell at Mechlin, renowned as was its maker, Peter Van den Gheyn, cracked in 1696—*i.e.*, only fifty-eight years after it was made. It was recast by De Haze of Antwerp, and lasted till a few years ago. On the summit of Mechlin tower we fell in with the man who helped to break up the old Salvator, and although he admitted that it has now issued from Severin van Aerschodt's establishment, cast for the third time, as fine as ever, he shook his head gravely when he spoke of the grand old bell which had hung and rung so well for two hundred years. When a bell has

been recast, the fact will usually be found recorded on it by some such inscription as that on the "St. Maria" bell at Cologne Cathedral:—"Fusa anno MCCCXVIII.—refusa per Iohannem Bourlet anno MDCLXXXIII." The name of Bourlet is still to be found in the neighbourhood of Cologne.

The names that most frequently occur in Belgium are those of the Van den Gheyns, Dumery, and Hemony. We have come across many others of whom we can learn nothing. "Claude & Joseph Plumere nous ont fait," and underneath, regardless of grammar, "me dissonam refundit, 1664." "Claes Noorden Johan Albert de Grave me fecerunt Amstelodamia, 1714."

The above were copied in the belfry of S. Peter's at Louvain. The name of Bartholomeus Goethale, 1680, is found in St. Stephen's belfry at Ghent, and that of one Andrew Steiliert, 1563, at Mechlin. Other obscure names occur here and there in the numberless belfries of this land of bells, but the carillon of Bruges (which, by the way, is a fac-simile of the Antwerp carillon, and consists of forty bells and one large Bourdon, or *Cloche de Triomphe*), bears the name of Dumery. Sixteen bells at Sottighen, several at Ghent, and many other places, bear the same name. Perhaps, however, the most prolific of all the founders was Petrus Hemony. He was a good musician, and only took to bell-founding late in life. His small bells are exceedingly fine, but his larger bells are seldom true. It is to be regretted that the same charge may be brought against several of Dumery's bells in the celebrated carillon at Bruges.

"Petrus Hemony me fecit," 1658 to '68, is the motto most familiar to the bell-seeker in Belgium. The magnificent Mechlin chimes, and most of the Antwerp bells, are by him.

Besides the forty bells which form the carillon at Antwerp, there are five ancient bells of special interest. These five are rung from the same loft at an elevation of 274 feet.

The oldest is called "Horrida;" it is the ancient tocsin, and dates from 1316. It is a queer, long-shaped bell, and, out of consideration for its age and infirmities, has of late been left unring.

Next comes the "Curfew," which hangs somewhat apart, and is rung every day at five, twelve, and eight o'clock.

The third is the "St. Maria" bell, which is said to weigh 4½ tons; it rang for the first time when Carl the Bold entered Antwerp in 1467, and is still in excellent condition.

The fourth is "St. Antoine."

And last, but greatest and best-beloved of all, is the "Carolus." It was given by Charles V. (Charles Quint), takes sixteen men to swing it, and is said to weigh 7½ tons. It is actually composed of copper, silver, and gold, and is estimated at £20,000. The clapper, from always striking in the same place, has much worn the two sides,



although now it is rung only about twice a year. The Antwerpians are fonder of this than of all the other bells; yet it must be confessed, notwithstanding the incomparable richness of its tone, it is not a *true* bell. We had considerable difficulty, during the greater part of a day spent in the Antwerp belfry, in gaining access to this monarch amongst bells, for it is guarded with some jealousy by the good Anversois.

After some trouble we got into the loft below it, where the rope hangs with its sixteen ends for the ringers; but we seemed as far as ever from the bell. It appears that the loft where the Carolus and its four companions hang is seldom visited, and then only by special order. At length we found a man who, for a consideration, procured the keys, and led the way to the closed door.

In another moment we stood beside the Carolus. We confess it was not without emotion that we walked all round it; then climbing up on the huge segment of the wheel that swings it, endeavoured in vain to read either the inscription or the date, so thickly lay the green rust of ages about the long thin letters. Creeping underneath its brazen dome, we found ourselves close to the enormous clapper, and were seized with an irrepressible desire to hear the sound of the mighty bell.

But, alas! where were the sixteen men? It might take that number to move the bell; but it immediately struck us that much less was required to swing the clapper as it hung. Seizing it with all our might, we found with joy that it began to move, and we swung it backwards and forwards until it began to near the sides. At last, with a bang like that of the most appalling but melodious thunder, the clapper struck one side and rushed back; once and twice and thrice we managed to repeat the blow. Deaf to the entreaties of our guide, who was outside the bell, and did not care to come in at the risk of being stunned by the vibration, not to say smashed by the clapper, we felt it was a chance that comes but once in a lifetime, and so we rang the Carolus until we were out of breath, and emerged at last, quite deaf, but triumphant.

#### IV.

The decorations worked in bas-relief around some of the old bells are extremely beautiful, whilst the inscriptions are often highly suggestive, and even touching. These decorations are usually confined to the top and bottom rims of the bell, and are in low relief, so as to impede the vibration as little as possible. At Mechlin, on a bell bearing date "1697, Antwerp," there is an amazingly vigorous hunt through a forest with dogs and all kinds of wild animals. It is carried right round the bell, and has all the grace and freedom of a spirited sketch. On one of Heimon's bells, dated 1674, and bearing

the inscription "*Laudate Domini omnes Gentes*," we noticed a long procession of cherub boys dancing and ringing flat hand-bells, such as are now rung before the Host in street processions.

On some of the older bells the Latin grammar has not always been properly attended to, and P. Van den Gheyn has a curious affectation of printing his inscriptions in type of all sizes, so that one word will often contain letters from three or four different alphabets. The old inscriptions are frequently illegible, from the extreme narrowness of the Gothic type and the absence of any space between the words. One of the Ghent bells bears an inscription which, in one form or other, is frequently found in the Low Countries:—

"Mynem naem is Roelant;  
Als ick clippe dan ist brandt,  
Als ick luyde dan is storm im Vlenderland."

(*Anglice*—"My name is Roelant;  
When I toll, then it is for a fire;  
When I chime, then there is stormy weather in Flanders.")

The famous Strasbourg tower, although, unlike the Belgian towers, it possesses no carillon and but nine bells in all, is remarkably rich in inscriptions, and has been richer. Its bells are interesting enough to warrant a short digression.

The first, or "Holy Ghost" bell, dated "1375, 3 nonas Augusti," weighs about eight tons, and bears the beautiful motto—

"O Rex Gloriæ Christæ veni cum Pace."

It is only rung when two fires are seen in the town at once.

The second bell, recast 1774, is named "the Recall," or the Storm-bell. In past times, when the plain of Alsatia was covered with forests and marsh land, this bell was intended to warn the traveller of the approaching storm-cloud as it was seen driving from the Vosges Mountains toward the plain. It was also rung at night to guide him to the gates of the city. It is fitted with two hammers, and is constantly used.

The third, the "Thor," or Gate-bell, is rung at the shutting and opening of the city gates. It was cast in 1618, and originally bore the following quaint inscription:—

"Dieses Thor Glocke das erst mal schallt  
Als man 1618 sahl  
Dass Mgte jahr regnet man  
Nach doctor Luthers Jubal jahr  
Das Bös hinaus das Gut hinein  
Zu läuten soll igr arbeit seyn."

Did Mr. Tennyson, we wonder, read this inscription before he took up the burden of the old bell's song, and wrote:—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."



In 1641 the Thor bell cracked, and was recast. It broke fifty years afterwards, and was recast again in 1651.

The "Mittags," or twelve-o'clock bell, is rung at mid-day and at midnight. The old bell was removed at the time of the French revolution, and bore the inscription—

"Vox ego sum vitæ  
Voco vos—orate—venite!"

The hanging of most of the Strasbourg bells almost outside the delicate network of the tower is highly to be commended. They can be well heard and seen. The same remark applies to Antwerp, and it is to be regretted that in such towers as Mechlin and St. Peter's at Louvain many of the bells are so smothered up as to sound almost muffled. Almost all the bells which are open to public inspection, and which can be reached, bear white chalk inscriptions to the effect that our illustrious countryman, Jones of London, has thought it worth while to visit the bells on such and such a day, that his Christian name is Tom or Harry, and his age is, &c., &c. However, on the stone walls inside the Strasbourg tower there are some more interesting records. We copied the following:—I. M. H. S., 1587; Klopstock, 1777; Goethe, 1780; Lavater, 1776; Montalembert, 1834; and Voltaire, the *Vo* was struck away from the wall by lightning in 1821, but has been carefully replaced in stucco.

In Mechlin tower we speculated much on the initials J. R., in the deep sill of the staircase-window; underneath is a slight design of a rose window, apparently sketched with the point of a compass.

Close inside the clock-tower of Antwerp Cathedral, and sheltered by the skeleton dial, although exposed to the weather, is scratched the name Darden, 1670. It is strange, but true, that what we condemn in tourists is regarded by us with interest when the tourist happens to be eminent, or even when he happens to have been dead for two hundred years or more.

#### V.

For the sake of contrast, it may now be worth while to look into one or two English belfries before we close this paper. We will select St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Clock Tower.

The bells of St. Paul's Cathedral are four in number; three belong to the clock, and hang in the south-west tower; one small one hangs alone in the north-west tower, and is rung for service. The largest bell weighs over five tons, and is commonly supposed to have been recast from the metal of "Great Tom" of Westminster. The truth seems to be as follows. "Great Tom" was no doubt at one time conveyed from Westminster to St. Paul's, but having cracked, it became necessary either to recast it or to procure a new one. The bell-metal was considered so bad, that by the advice of Richard Phelps,

the bell-founder, a new one was made for £627. He allowed 9½d. a pound for the old bell, but did not work up any of this metal for the present bell. This is quite certain, as we have the best authority for saying that the old bell was not removed until the new bell was delivered at the cathedral. In the *Builder*, of Dec. 14, 1867, it is confidently asserted by a correspondent, Mr. Walesby, that the present bell bears date 1709, and this date has been copied into all the hand-books. The inscription, however, is perfectly legible, and, as copied on a particularly bright morning by ourselves, runs thus:—

"Richard Phelps made me, 1716."

A common fleur-de-lis pattern runs round the top, varied only by the arms of the Dean and Chapter, whilst the bottom is decorated by a few straight lines.\* There is absolutely nothing to be said about the other bells, except that R. Phelps made them, and that they are all more or less out of tune in themselves and with each other—a fact which that truly musical people whose metropolis they adorn will probably be prepared to deny with a vehemence equally patriotic and superfluous.

On ascending the Abbey tower, with note-book and candle, after being told that the bells were all rather modern, we are agreeably surprised to find at least one or two interesting specimens. There are in all seven bells. Each is rung by a rope and wheel, and has a clapper inside; and in addition to this, each is acted upon by an external hammer, worked by the striking apparatus of the clock. They are, as a rule, in quite as good condition as the Belgian bells of an equal age. The largest bears this inscription:—

"Remember John Whitnell, Isabel his wife, and William Rus, who first gave this bell, 1430.

"New cast in July, 1599, and in April, 1738. Richard Phelps, T. Lester, fecit."

The oldest bell, somewhat smaller, dates from 1583. The inscription is not sufficiently legible to transcribe. The next oldest is the second largest bell, date 1598. It bears an inscription—"Timpanis patrem audate sonantibus." The maker's name, which is somewhat illegible, reads like "Aultem Gabruth," after which is written "Good man." A smaller bell bears the inscription:—

"Thomas Lester, London, made me,  
And with the rest I will agree,  
Seventeen hundred and forty-three."

Another small bell by T. Lester bears the same date, whilst the smallest of all, hung at an almost inaccessible height, is by Richard Lester, in 1738. One bell bears no date. A few letters, at long distances from each other, and hardly legible, run round it, but we could not guess their meaning.

\* This bell has a very fine tone, and is rung at the hour.



The Westminster bells fail to inspire us with much interest. They are products of manufacture, not works of art. Unlike almost all the Belgian bells, they are without symbols or ornamentation of any kind. There has been no labour of love thrown away upon them—not a spray or a branch relieves the monotony of the metal surface. Not even a cross, or a crown, or an ecclesiastical coat-of-arms, is bestowed upon any of them. The Latin, like a great deal of bell Latin, is very bad; the spelling is equally indifferent. The type is poor, and devoid of fancy, and the wax in which the letters were originally moulded has been so carelessly laid on, that the tops of T's are often twisted down upon the letter, and the dots of the full stops have got displaced. It is interesting to notice that all the dates, even the earliest, 1583, are in the Arabic, and not, as we should naturally expect, in the Roman numerals.

By an easy transition we may pass from the grey majestic towers of the old Abbey to the big square-sided pillar with the tall night-cap, commonly known as the Westminster Clock Tower.

This top-heavy edifice contains the latest specimens of English bell-founding in the nineteenth century, and we must do it the justice to say that it is better inside than out. On a close inspection the massiveness of the structure is imposing, and it is really surprising that such a huge amount of stone-work should be so wanting in external dignity. The walls are of an uniform thickness of between five and six feet, and are little likely ever to be shaken down, like the Pekin Tower, by the vibration of the bells. There is a wide passage all round the tower between the white enamelled glass clock-face and its illuminating apparatus. The proportions of the four discs are truly colossal, measuring each over 70 feet in circumference. Each is illuminated by a blazing wall of light behind it, composed of five horizontal gas tubes, with many jets, of an average length of 17 feet apiece. Thus the four discs that can be seen so well from all parts of London at night, owe their lighthouse radiance to a furnace composed of no less than 340 feet of gas pipes. Outside, the mighty minute-hand swings visibly round, travelling at the pace of a foot a minute. The machinery of the clock, to which a large room is devoted, being on a colossal scale, looks extremely simple. It bears the inscription—"This clock was made in the year of our Lord, 1854, by Frederick Dent," &c., from the designs of Edmund Becket Denison, Q.C. Telegraph wires from Greenwich are introduced into the interior of the works, in order to regulate the time. We may select a quarter to twelve o'clock to enter the immense belfry, containing the five bells. The iron framework in which they are swung is at once neat and massive, and contrasts with the rough and ponderous timbers of the older belfries very much as a modern iron-clad might contrast with an ancient man-of-war. We feel in the

presence of these modern structures that we have gained much and lost something. The mechanical element preponderates over the human, and in the presence of these cast-iron columns, symmetrical girders, and neat bolts, we experience a sense of power, but without the particular dignity which belongs to the heavy and cumbrous rafters of the more ancient towers.

Big Ben hangs in the middle, and the four quarter-bells at the four corners. The original big bell was cast by Warner, of Clerkenwell, who is also the founder of the four quarter-bells. This bell, having cracked, was replaced by Ben, from the foundry of George Mears. It bears the following inscription:—

“This bell, weighing 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qrs. 15 lbs., was cast by George Mears, at Whitechapel, for the clock of the Houses of Parliament, under the direction of Edmund Becket Denison, Q.C., in the 21st year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord MDCCCLVIII.”

The decorations round the top are of the hard Gothic type of the Houses of Parliament. On one side of the bell is the ordinary raised heraldic grating, and on the other are the arms of England. The letters are of the worst possible kind of that narrow Gothic type which makes the despair of the antiquarian. In a couple of hundred years, when the rust and mould, which have already begun to accumulate in our wretched English atmosphere, has clotted the letters together and confused the tops, we may safely predict that this inscription will be entirely illegible.

The largest of the four quarter-bells, cast in 1856 by Warner, weighs 3 tons 17 cwt. 2 qrs.; the second weighs 1 ton 13 cwt. 2 qrs.; the third, 1 ton 5 cwt. 1 qr.; the fourth, 1 ton 1 cwt.

After seeking for some quaint text, or solemn dedication, which should convey to posterity some idea of the founder's reverence for his work or taste for his art, we discovered the following noble and original inscription:—“John Warner and Sons, Crescent Foundry, 1857,” then follows her Britannic Majesty's arms, and, underneath, the striking word “Patent.” We could not help thinking of the Belgian bells, on which the founder—half poet, half artist—has printed the fair forms that seemed for ever rising in his free and fertile imagination. How often do we feel as we note the graceful tracery, and the infinitely varied groups, just sufficiently unstudied to be full of feeling, that the artist has been tracing memories of netted branches, beloved faces, or nature's own hieroglyphics written upon flowers and sea-shells! There is one bell in a dark corner of a Louvain belfry, nearly plain, only against the side of it a forest leaf has, as it were, been blown and changed to iron, with every web-like vein perfect—but, of course, a forest leaf is a poor thing compared to a “Patent.”

Neither in the Abbey, nor St. Paul's, nor the Clock Tower do we find the bells have any higher vocation than that of beating the tom-



tom. They do not call the citizens "to work and pray." They remind them of no One above the toiling and moiling crowd; of no changeless and eternal sympathy with man, his joys and his sorrows. They give no warning note of fire, of pestilence, of battle, or any other peril. There are no Peals of Triumph, no Storm-bells, no Salvators—merely Old Toms and Big Bens.

Big Ben is cracked; but not badly so. Indeed, considering he is  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, we can hardly be surprised that the crack does not go right through him. We believe that the designer of the bell insisted upon the metals being mixed on scientific principles, and in certain proportions; and it is rumoured that had the advice of the founder been followed, and the metals mixed as only a practical founder knows how, the bell would not have cracked. On this subject we cannot pretend to have even an opinion. If we are to trust our own ears, Big Ben is not a true bell. He suffers from a flat third. His unhappy brother Patent, who is, nevertheless, so far in his right mind as to be still uncracked (we allude to the next largest bell, which hangs at one of the corners), is no more true than his magnified relative. If we are not very much mistaken, he is afflicted with a sharp third. To crown all, we fear it must be confessed (but on this subject we would willingly bow to the decision of Professor Sterndale Bennett or Sir Michael Costa) that none of the bells are in tune with each other. The intended intervals are, indeed, suggested; but it can scarcely be maintained by any musician that the dissonant clangour, which is heard a quarter before each hour, is anything more than a vague approach to an harmonic sequence.

The excited citizens of Mechlin or Antwerp would have had them down after their first tuneless attempt to play the quarter; but the strength of Old England lies more in patents than tuning-forks—So "*vive le mauvais quart-d'heure.*"

We have before mentioned that one bell in the neighbouring tower of the Abbey, on which is inscribed "John Lester made me," &c., possesses a laudable desire "with the rest" to "agree." We may regret that its aspiration rose no higher; and, still more, that modest as it is, it was not destined to be realized. But if both the Clock Tower and the Abbey Tower are thus discordant in themselves, and with each other, it must be admitted that they agree excellently well in disagreeing.

We do not wish to be hard upon English bells, and we confess that we have seen more of foreign than of English ones; yet such specimens as we have seen have not encouraged us to seek further, and it is with a feeling of relief that we turn even from such celebrated belfries as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey to the old cathedrals of Belgium, with their musical chimes and their splendid carillons.



### THE PRECURSORS OF JOHN HUSS IN BOHEMIA.

UNTIL very lately the study of the history and literature of Bohemia was an all but forbidden subject to Bohemians. So strict was the surveillance exercised by the Austrian censors of the press over everything that might even by implication be construed as reflecting upon either the Hapsburg dynasty or the Church of Rome, that the history of the first modern work on the forerunners of John Huss, with which we are acquainted, is almost a romance in itself. On October 28, 1842, Dr. Francis Palacký read before the Royal Bohemian Scientific Society a paper in the Bohemian language on "The Precursors of Hussitism in Bohemia" ("Przedchudcové Husitsví v Czechách"), which was intended to be the commencement of a considerable work on the learned Bohemians and Moravians in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This would have formed a kind of appendix to the "Bohemia docta" of Balbinus. In the November of the next year the MS. was submitted to the censors of the press, who were so long unable to make up their minds to grant the requisite "Imprimatur," that the author thought it advisable to withdraw his work altogether, rather than run the risk of the "Damnatur" which appeared to be looming in the future. Copies, however, were privately circulated, one of which came into the hands of Dr. J. P. Jordan, a Bohemian residing at Leipsic. This he translated into German, and, with permission of its author, pub-



lished at Leipsic in 1846, under his own name, and with the title, "Die Vorläufer des Husitenthums in Böhmen." Not very long ago the remnant of this publication fell into the hands of Mr. F. Tempský, a well-known bookseller and publisher at Prague, who in January, 1869, reissued it with a fresh title-page, bearing the name of its real author. Many literary and historical discoveries have been made in Bohemia since the date of this work, of which we are happy to be in a position to take advantage, especially of the singular and important documents published by Dr. F. Palacký last year (1869), in a goodly volume of 768 pages, entitled, "Documenta Mag. Johannis Hus vitam, doctrinam, causam in Constantiensi concilio actam, et controversias de religione in Bohemia annis 1403—1418 motas illustrantia, quæ partim adhuc inedita, partim mendose vulgata, nunc ex ipsis fontibus hausta edidit Franciscus Palacký, Regni Bohemiæ Historiographus. Pragæ, 1869, sumptibus Fride-rici Tempský."\* Indeed, the literary and historical fruit now borne by a free press and constitutional liberty in Bohemia is something quite amazing.

It is a singular circumstance, that the first person who must be looked upon as one of the forerunners of John Huss was not a Bohemian at all, but an Austrian, naturalized in Bohemia. CONRAD of WALDHAUSEN, in Austria, an Augustinian monk, was ordained priest in the year 1349, and spent some part of the following year at Rome. He then employed himself in his native country, especially at Vienna, in teaching and in preaching to the populace. Having distinguished himself by his learning and eloquence, he was invited into Bohemia by the Emperor Charles IV., through the mediation of the Lords of Rosenberg, and presented with the rectory of Leitmeritz, on the Elbe. This was either in 1360 or 1362. He resided, however, quite as much at Prague as at Leitmeritz, and used to preach in the open space in front of the church of St. Gallus, there not being room enough for his audience inside the church. In 1364 he was made rector of the "Teyn" Church, in the Old Town of Prague, and died at his rectory in 1369, on December 8.

As soon as he commenced to preach at Prague, the churches of the begging friars began to lose their audiences, and in a short time were entirely emptied. Conrad spared neither the luxury of the laity nor the vices of the clergy, and inveighed with special vehemence against the degeneracy of the begging friars, thereby incurring their deadly enmity. He wrote and preached in Latin and German, and the moral reformation which he brought about among the German population at Prague (where the Old Town was mostly German, and the New Town Bohemian) caused a still greater

\* For a further account of this work, see our number for last July, p. 449.

preacher, MILICZ of KREMSIER, to arise among the Slavonians, who was harder pressed by calumny and misrepresentation than Conrad himself had been. Yet Conrad was compelled both to stand a trial before the Pope's Legate, and to write an "Apology," in defence of his teaching and preaching.

A contemporary writer, Benesz Krabice of Veitmil, speaks of his death in the following terms:—

"In the year 1369, on the feast of the Conception of the Virgin Mary, died the distinguished preacher Brother Conrad, '*canonicus regularis*,' rector of St. Mary *ante Latam Curiam* in the city of Prague, and was buried in the cemetery there. An Austrian by birth, a man of great learning and greater eloquence, he saw, when he came to Bohemia, all men given up to excessive luxury, and exceeding all limits in many respects; and, through his preaching, so reformed the morals of people in our country, that many put aside the vanities of this world and served God with zeal. Among the many good things that this man did was one especially great and memorable. The ladies of Prague, who had hitherto worn large and very magnificent mantles (*pepla*), as well as other clothes ornamented in the most magnificent manner, put aside all these things, and went daily in very humble clothing to hear the instructions of this distinguished preacher and teacher. He preached also dauntlessly against usurers and other unjust possessors of property, and especially against 'religious persons' of both sexes,\* who had been received into their Orders through simoniacal practices (*per simoniacam pravitatem*). As, in consequence thereof, many such persons, conscience-stricken by his pious sermons, obtained dispensations from the holy apostolic curia, and others refused to give up their children to the Orders with the stipulated sums of money, all the brethren of the begging Orders rose up against him, and loaded him with manifold abuse. But he, a man of perfect love, endured it all with equanimity for God's sake. *Requiescat in pace. Amen.*"

We come now to MILICZ of KREMSIER, in Moravia, about whose parentage all that is known is, that he was the son of plebeian parents in humble circumstances. It is not known for certain where he was educated, but he must have been so either in Italy, or, more probably, in his native country. It could not have been in Germany, or he would not have been obliged to learn German when grown up, in order to preach, as Conrad of Waldhausen had done, to the German part of the population of Prague. Nothing is known of his early life before the year 1350, and, though he is known to have then held some office or other, no further particulars are recorded.

According to the custom of those times he, in all probability, as a clergyman, held the post of secretary, first at the court of Margrave John of Moravia, and then at that of the Emperor Charles IV. Between 1360 and 1362 he was considered one of the chief officials in the Imperial Chancery. He was also a canon of the church of St. Vitus, in the palace at Prague—the present cathedral—and an archdeacon, but it is impossible to ascertain when he obtained

\* *i.e.* monks and nuns.



these dignities. Suddenly, in the autumn of 1363, he resigned all valuable preferments in order to follow the Lord Christ in poverty and humility.

Bishop Arnest, of Pardubitz, strove in vain to detain him. "What better thing," said he, "can you do than help a poor archbishop to feed the flock entrusted to him?" But Milicz thought otherwise, and replied that, as he did not wish to sit in the chief seats, his intention was to try whether he could not be useful to the people by preaching the Word of God. The first place to which he betook himself was Bishop-Teinitz, a small town in the circle of Klattau, where he exercised himself diligently in preaching to the people. But as soon as this mode of life began to be acceptable to him, and he found himself taking, as he thought, inordinate pleasure in the rector's beautiful garden, he saw in this simple enjoyment a temptation of the evil one, and returned within about half a year to Prague, where he preached, first at St. Nicholas's in the Kleinseite, and afterwards at St. Giles's in the Old Town.

At first he had few hearers, and even some of these mocked him, "*propter incongruentiam sermonis*"—that is, in all probability, on account of his Moravian pronunciation of the Bohemian language. Gradually, however, his audience increased in number, and his severe and cutting words against pride and avarice, as the root of all evil, were soon known throughout the whole of Prague. At length the desire of hearing him became so universal, that he was obliged to preach three, and even five, times a day in different places. He was not only admired by the common people, but the educated classes were also carried away by his eloquence; and the most learned Bohemian of the day, Magister Adalbert Rankonis *de Ericino*, acknowledged that Milicz had brought together in a single hour more than he could have collected in a month from the most learned authors for the composition of a sermon.

"And so concerned was he," says one of his biographers, "for the salvation of the people, that, though he had never made any progress in German in his youth, yet now in his age (*in senectute*) he began with great zeal to learn the German idiom from his pupil and others, and frequently wrote down in German the whole of the sermon that he was about to deliver, and thus at length began to preach in German."

Through his zeal against the moral corruption of the times, and his unceasing study of the Holy Scriptures, especially of the Apocalypse and the old prophets, the mind of Milicz became filled with extraordinary ideas respecting the latter days, the coming of Antichrist, and the destruction and end of the world. He placed the coming of Antichrist between the years 1365 and 1367; and this idea took such firm hold of his mind, that in his oratory he spared

neither the spiritual nor temporal heads of Christendom, and in 1366 told the Emperor Charles IV. publicly to his face, that he was himself the very Antichrist. The clamour of Milicz's enemies caused the Archbishop of Prague, John Oczko of Vlaszím, to have him arrested, but he was soon liberated again; and neither the archbishop nor the emperor appears to have been seriously angry with him. Becoming, however, doubtful as to the correctness of the results at which by his studies and calculations he had arrived, and finding himself in an uncomfortable position at Prague, he determined to visit Rome and obtain the counsel and instruction of the Pope, Urban V.

After the Papal Court had been sixty years at Avignon, Pope Urban V., at the earnest entreaty of the Emperor Charles IV., determined to return to Italy and Rome. Milicz was there before him; and, when the Pope delayed his coming longer than was expected, the spirit would not suffer him to rest in idleness.

"As I began," says he in his "*Libellus de Antichristo*," "to despair of the arrival of our lord the Pope, I made preparations for undertaking a journey to Avignon. Meanwhile the spirit moved in me, so that I could not refrain myself, and said in my heart: 'Go, publish openly by a placard on the door of St. Peter's Church, as thou wast used to do at Prague, when thou wouldest preach on any subject, that thou wilt preach that ANTICHRIST is come; and warn the clergy and people to pray for our lord the Pope, and our lord the Emperor, that they may so order the Church in things spiritual and temporal, that true believers may be able to serve their Creator in safety. And publish the discourse immediately in writing, that thy words may not be perverted or altered, that the subject may be made generally known, that the wicked may be put in fear, and that the good may become more zealous servants of God. But reserve the secret portions of the matter for thy lord the Pope.'"

As soon as the placard appeared on the doors of St. Peter's, the *Judex Hæreticorum* at Rome, a Dominican, caused Milicz to be arrested in the church itself, and kept him in strict imprisonment in the convent of the Minorites. He was then allowed to preach before an assembly of clergy and other learned men at St. Peter's, by whom his discourse was received with great approbation; he was, nevertheless, at its conclusion taken back again to his prison, where, however, he received less rigorous treatment.

But when Pope Urban V. came to Rome in October, 1368, Milicz was not only liberated at once, but Cardinal di Albano received him into his own house, and distinguished him by tokens of honour and friendship. Nay, his enemies, who had caused him so much discomfort, and who were deprived of their offices in the new state of things, came to him themselves, and begged for his intercession in their favour. However, the idea of the appearance of Antichrist seems to have lost its hold upon him in consequence of his con-



ferences with the chief dignitaries of the Church; at any rate, after his return to Prague, it ceased to be a prominent subject of his discourses.

In other respects he preached with still greater zeal in the churches at Prague, at the same time practising a still more ascetic mode of life, and renouncing everything in the shape of pleasure or enjoyment. After the death of Conrad of Waldhausen in 1369, he took his post in the Teyn Church, and preached there daily in German, while another clergyman delivered discourses composed by Milicz, in Bohemian, at St. Giles's. A visible proof of the effect of his preaching was the destruction of the notorious "Venice" (*Benátky*\*), in the present "Convikt-gasse" at Prague, the females living in which, to the number of one hundred, did public penance, and quitted for ever that stronghold of licentiousness. Milicz was not slow to see that it was his duty to care for the future maintenance and welfare of his penitents, and devoted himself to the task with all the fiery energy of his temperament. At the command of the Emperor Charles IV., this ancient domicile of sin was demolished, and a chapel erected on its site in honour of St. Mary Magdalene. Several neighbouring houses were purchased, and an ample site procured for a house for the penitents, and also for a residence for the young clergy, who became Milicz's pupils, and assisted him in this work. This house, which was thenceforth called "Jerusalem," became ere long a refuge for other fallen persons, so that this excellent man had, not unfrequently, from two hundred to three hundred persons to maintain. Although alms and presents from all quarters were sent to him for this purpose, and many pious ladies took the girls thus reformed into their service, yet Milicz often found himself in such pecuniary embarrassments, that he was compelled to incur debts, and in consequence to suffer many insults from ill-disposed people. Still, all that happened continued to raise the esteem in which he was held, and to increase his influence over the inhabitants of Prague.

The prominence of Milicz excited the envy and hatred of many of his brother clergy to such an extent that, finding they could effect nothing against him either through the Archbishop Oczko or through the emperor, they drew up an accusation, consisting of twelve articles, against him, which they sent to the court of Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, and entrusted their case to the advocacy of Magister

\* The words "Veneti" and "Venetia" are unquestionably of Slavonic origin, and connected with "Benátky," which is a plural word, signifying (1) lagoons, (2) a town built in a marsh or beside a lake. There is a town bearing the name "Benátky" in Bohemia. In Lithuanian "venda" signifies "water," which in Slavonic is "voda," merely differing in orthography and pronunciation. The old "Veneti" were the "men of the water districts."

John Kloukot. This person delivered the twelve articles to the Pope, and by his statements excited him to the most violent anger, not only against Milicz, but also against the archbishop, for having allowed such errors to spring up through his negligence. On the 10th of January, 1374, bulls were issued to the Emperor, the Archbishop of Prague, and the Bishops of Leitomysl, Breslau, Olmütz, and Cracow—a proof that the influence of Milicz had penetrated far beyond the precincts of Bohemia, and had extended itself into Moravia, Silesia, and Poland—in which Gregory complained that true Christianity was being injured in those regions by Milicz, and required that all that had been thus improperly commenced should be put a stop to, “if”—as the bull prudently added—“the fact be such as we have been informed.” The aged archbishop was so panic-stricken at this, that Milicz himself was obliged to comfort and encourage him. As the Inquisitor of Prague now rose up armed with Papal authority to commence proceedings against him, Milicz appealed to the Roman Curia, and went at once, in the Lent of 1374, to Avignon.

On his arrival at the Papal Court he was welcomed with the greatest friendship and distinction by his old ally, Cardinal di Albano, and no one ventured to interfere with him on account of the twelve articles. Nay, when the cardinal summoned Magister Kloukot into his presence, and asked him the reason why he was exhibiting articles of plaint against Milicz, he admitted that he knew no harm whatever of him himself, but had preferred his complaint at the request of some of the clergy of Prague. It is manifest, that Milicz was fully acquitted at Avignon, from the fact that on May 20 he was allowed to preach before the cardinal, who invited him to his table immediately after the conclusion of his sermon.

Soon afterwards Milicz was seized with an illness from which he never recovered. In certain expectation of death, two days before his decease, he dictated two letters, full of piety and magnanimity, one to the Lords of Rosenberg, and the other to Cardinal di Albano. He died at Avignon on the festival of St. Peter—*i.e.*, either on June 29, if the ordinary festival of St. Peter be the day, or on August 1, if it is the festival of St. Peter in Fetters.

In Prague the intelligence of his death caused deep emotion and great lamentation. The work begun by him in the “New Jerusalem” was not continued, and on December 17th, 1374, the house was granted by the emperor to the Cistercian Order under the express condition, that the Theological Faculty of the University of Prague should be allowed to pursue its studies there.

Milicz left several works both in Latin and Bohemian. The most remarkable of these appears to have been one in the Bohemian



language: "Of the great torments of the holy church and of every faithful soul, which they have to suffer from the dragon in the last days of Antichrist, and of the seven last and worst wounds, whereby he will terribly afflict\* all the elect of God, and how the elect of God ought to behave in this affliction." This book was admired and studied by both Catholics and Utraquists, yet was placed in the *Index librorum prohibitorum*, probably on account of certain passages in which the moral corruption of the clergy is inveighed against in by no means sparing language.

Third in chronological order, but first in point of importance among the forerunners of John Huss, stands Magister MATTHIAS of JANOW, although much less is known about the details of his life than about that of Milicz. His writings, too, remarkable and important as they are, fell shortly after his death into such oblivion (perhaps owing to his recantation), that in the beginning of the sixteenth century portions of them, that were accidentally discovered, were ascribed to Huss and published along with Huss's genuine works.

His father was Wenceslas of Janow, a poor Bohemian knight, who was still living in the early part of the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. Nothing is known about Matthias's early life, except that he spent some years in Prague, studying under the guidance of Milicz, with whose spirit and doctrine he thus became well acquainted; and that he then went to Paris, and spent six years at the university there, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. Hence he obtained the surname of *Magister Parisiensis*, by which he is much oftener referred to in old manuscripts than by his own name.

That in his younger years, quite counter to the example of Milicz, he strove hard for honour, fame, and wealth, is acknowledged by himself in the following words:—

"I confess that not long ago I was plagued and possessed by the spirit of Antichrist, full of concupiscence and pestilential pride, striving with great zeal after riches, after fame, and the honours of this world; and for that end I did much, devoted my powers and much expenditure thereto, and competed for four benefices; and now, at this present moment, one of my rivals is in possession of a benefice that rightfully belongs to me. And, wishing to be rich in this world, I fell deep into the snares of the devil."

Matthias petitioned Pope Urban VI. for a canonry at Prague, and in the winter of 1380-81 went to Rome himself to urge his suit; which indeed in those days, when the Pope had arrogated to himself the right of presentation to all dignities and benefices throughout Christendom, was the shortest and easiest method of effecting his purpose. Later, however, Matthias was one of the most zealous opponents of the Pope's "*Reservationes et Provisiones*." He returned to Prague armed with a Papal bull, which he laid before the

\* Lit. "crucify"—*krzicovati*.

Chapter of the Cathedral of Prague, and was on October 12, 1381, elected a canon of St. Vitus in the palace at Prague, *i.e.* of what is now known as the Cathedral in the Hradschin.

The Archbishop of Prague, John of Jenstein, assigned him the office of Confessor in the Church of St. Vitus, which he held till his death on St. Andrew's day in the year 1393. He was buried in the cathedral (*in ecclesia Pragensi*).

His principal work is in five books, entitled "*Regulæ*," or "*De regulis veteris et novi Testamenti*;" which Dr. Palacký, from its contents, would prefer to call "*The Books of true and false Christianity*." Four books of this are found in one manuscript, and the fifth in another, which is especially precious, as having belonged to the author himself. It is now in the library of the University of Prague.

Matthias protested most solemnly and formally against the idea of quitting or in any wise violating the unity of the Church.

"I do not intend," says he, "to say or write aught—yea, I intend not to say aught—that is contrary to the holy Catholic Church of Christ, or to the Christian faith, directly or indirectly, that is in any wise contrary to the good customs of the Church, or that can in any wise offend the pious ears of a faithful Christian man. But if—which I trust will not be the case—it does happen, that I say, write, or think anything contrary thereto through my ignorance or inadvertence, or any other carelessness or imperfection, which I know to be very great in me, I from the first revoke and retract it, begging it to be considered as unsaid. Therefore, and for greater security, I submit these, my words and writings, as also myself and all my other actions, to the correction of the holy Catholic Church, and to my orthodox fathers, being prepared and desirous in every respect to be corrected, and by my pious mother herself and my fathers to be guided and brought back and brought home (*duci et reduci ac deduci*) to the way of truth and grace made by Jesus Christ in the Church."

No doubt Magister Matthias did differ from the majority of contemporary theologians, and that especially as regards the question, whether pious laymen ought to partake frequently of the sacrament of the eucharist or not. To this question both Milicz and Matthias replied with the answer "yes," while their opponents met it with the answer "no." Matthias gives the following account of the matter:—

"It ought to be known, that at the present time the question respecting the daily or frequent participation of the body and blood of Jesus Christ on the part of those not of the sacerdotal order (*plebeii*) has become very important, especially among ordinary and simple people. Some preachers and teachers affirm it, and invite the people to daily or frequent corporal participation in the sacrament of the altar, under the condition of proper previous preparation and a worthy life; there are others who maintain the contrary and impose it with great vehemence, endeavouring to persuade the people that it is absolutely not good that the laity should be often fed with the body and blood of Christ."

But at a synod of the archbishopric of Prague, in 1388, the views of Magister Matthias were not only not accepted, but actually



repudiated and prohibited, as we learn from himself in a second edition of his first book.

"Now, however," says he, "the continual sacrifice (*juge sacrificium*), as Daniel calls it, appears to be done away with, since some men rise up in the Church, and now not only oppose it publicly and in the pulpit, dissuading the people of Christ Jesus from frequent communion by their discourses, though they cannot do so by the words of Scripture, but have also publicly by the voice of heralds (*voce præconiâ*) and solemnly declared their disapproval of the Christian people daily and frequently receiving the body and blood of Christ, laying it down of their own ordinary authority as a law of Christ, that no clergyman, not a priest, and no lay person, however worthy, shall be allowed to receive the sacrament of the altar oftener than monthly or once in four weeks. Moreover the sacrifice appears to be put a stop to at one blow, for, in accordance with resolutions of many learned men and priests, and with the consent of the archbishop and dignitaries (*prælati*), this prohibition has been solemnly and publicly proclaimed in the synod of the clergy and in the assembly of the people (*in congregatione plebium*)—to wit, that the inferior clergy and the laity in the Christian congregation are in no wise to be invited to daily or frequent participation in the sacrament. This, however, hath been done, and people have seen it with their own eyes in the year of the Lord 1388, in the month of October, on the day of the Evangelist Luke. Therefore, immediately thereupon, those preachers and priests who were in the habit of administering the sacrament of the body of Christ, daily or frequently, to holy and pious lay people of both sexes, had very much to endure in public and before the eyes of all, not only from ordinary people, but also on the part of the Church and the dignitaries, and that merely and solely because they invited and admonished holy-living people to frequent communion."

It is a pity that the acts of this synod of 1388 have never been found. They would in all probability have decided the question so frequently contested since 1433, whether or no Matthias of Janow was the first person in Bohemia who recommended communion in both kinds (*sub utraque specie*) for the laity. It was maintained that he was so before the council of Basel, in 1433, by Magister John of Rokycan, and his opponents did not traverse his assertion, but confined themselves to replying that, if he had begun to preach that innovation, or even to administer the communion in that manner himself, his doctrine, or rather practice, made no progress; for in the synod at Prague in 1389, he was obliged to desist and recant his opinions. Magister Matthias's own writings do not enable us to decide the question, as he never expressed himself distinctly as to the necessity of communicating in both kinds, and yet speaks in many passages as if that mode of communion was naturally to be understood and was actually in practice.

The recantation above alluded to has just been printed for the first time in Dr. Palacký's "*Documenta*," &c., p. 699. We translate it literally in full:—

"Know all faithful people, that I, M. Matthias, have preached some things not so rightly, cautiously, and prudently, as was due and convenient; wherethrough I either have been or might have been to some a cause or

occasion of error or scandal. Therefore, to remove those things, and that the truth may not be concealed, and that the faithful may know what they ought to believe or hold in these matters—

“(1). I say, firstly, that the images of Christ and the saints do not give cause or occasion for idolatry; neither on account of abuse on the part of any one soever ought they to be burned or destroyed.

“(2). Secondly, that according to the institution and custom of holy Mother Church images ought to be adored and venerated to the honour of those whom they represent, and I do myself adore and venerate them (*adoro et veneror*), and desire them to be venerated, and that it is fit and just according to me (*dicto meo*) to kneel down and to fasten up lighted candles before images; and that the miracles performed on those who are venerating images are piously to be believed performed by divine power (*virtute divinâ*); and if I have said the contrary of any of these things, I have not said it rightly, and being now better informed, I will not hold or say it any more.

“(3). Item, as regards the saints on their way and in their country\* (*de sanctis in viâ et in patriâ*), I hold this, and affirm that it ought to be held, that the saints in heaven (*in patriâ*), and their bodies and bones, and also other holy or sanctified things (*sancta vel sanctuaria*), as the garments and ornaments (*clenodia*) of Christ, of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, ought to be venerated here on earth; and that the saints themselves, in heaven, are and can be of more avail to us by their intercession than the saints living on earth (*in viâ*). And if any one, owing to my words, should believe the contrary of any of the things aforesaid, he would be in error, and so would any one who should lead or have led him into such an error.

“(4). Item, I affirm and believe, that a man by worthily receiving the body of Christ becomes a mystical member of Christ; and that it must not be said on that account, that the hand, foot, or eye, or any member whatsoever of a man, becomes the hand, foot, or eye, or other mystical member of Christ. And if I have said anything of a tenor contrary hereto, I do not hold it, and I affirm that it ought not to be held.

“(5). Item, I affirm that people, and especially lay people, ought not to be led or exhorted to a daily communion of the Lord's sacrament. Item, that not every incipient penitent ought presently to be led to approach the Holy Communion. Item, that not every one ought indifferently to be admitted to daily communion of the body of Christ. And if I have done or said the contrary of any of these things, I will not do or say it for the future, but rather avoid it.”

His sentence was: “Let him be suspended from preaching and hearing confessions, and administering the eucharist, except in his own parish church, for half a year.”

Another priest, named JACOB, was at the same time suspended for ten years, for having used extremely Protestant language as regards the Virgin Mary, and having even gone so far as to insult her by “showing a fig” (*ostendendo ficum*) to her image (*i.e.* putting his thumb between his fore and middle fingers), and saying that he should like to boil pease (*pisum decoquere*) with such an image and others like it.

It will be interesting to complete the subject by giving a few extracts, literally translated, from the very remarkable writings of

\* *i.e.* “on earth and in heaven.”



Matthias of Janow, especially from the work "De Regulis." In his preface to this he says:—

"I have written these books from love and devotion to the blessed and super-celestial sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, if haply I might be able to advance its honour and glory, and the love of the people of modern days (*modernorum*), and a faithful desire to venerate it more and enjoy it worthily, in such manner and to such end as it was itself prepared by Christ Jesus and distributed and given to the beloved Church of the saints of God. Neither would I under the bushel of my own laziness and carelessness conceal things which, as a diligent searcher of the Scriptures from my youth upwards, I have by, and with Christ Jesus, gathered from books and received from the illumination of that same most faithful crucified Jesus, who sweetly illuminateth every man that cometh into this world. Wherefore in these my writings I have throughout made most use of the Bible and its actual manuscripts, and but little of the sayings of the doctors; both because the Bible occurs to me promptly and abundantly for writing on every matter of consideration and every subject, and because out of it and through its most divine verities, which are clear and self-evident, all opinions are more solidly confirmed, are founded with greater acuteness, and are meditated on more usefully; and because it is that which I have loved from my youth up, and have named my beloved friend and spouse, yea, the mother of beauteous affection, and knowledge, and fear, and holy hope. And as soon as I found the blessed Augustine, in his book 'De doctrinâ Christianâ,' and Jerome, saying that the study of the texts of the most Holy Bible is in the beginning and in the end above all things necessary and useful to one desiring to attain to knowledge of theological truth, and is and ought to be the first and fundamental thing to every well-instructed Christian, ere long my mind became attached (*agglutinata*) to the Bible in perpetual love. And here I confess, that from my youth it has not departed from me, even unto age and unto old age, neither in my path nor in my home, nor when I was busy, nor when I was at leisure; and in every doubt of mind, in every question, I always found in and through the Bible satisfactory and lucid explanation, and consolation for my soul; and in all my trouble, persecution, and sadness, I always fled for refuge to the Bible, which, as I have said, is my dearest friend, and always walks with me. And it has always met me as an honoured mother, and as a wife married from a virgin has welcomed me, and according to the multitude of cares in my heart, its consolations have rejoiced my soul. O how sweetly, then, in proportion to my capacity and measure, did it feed me on every occasion with the bread of life and understanding! and dispersing the darkness in which I was fluctuating, how usefully did it give me to drink of the water of salutary wisdom! Wherefore, when I saw very many carrying always and everywhere with them the relics and bones of divers saints, I chose for myself the Bible, my chosen one, the companion of my travel, to carry always with me, and to be ever at my side in readiness for my defence and continual consolation even in adversity."

With regard to the schism between the Greek and Latin Churches, and that in the Roman Church between the two Antipopes and their followers, Matthias says:—

"Understand the proverb by those things that are seen at the present day; to wit, that the great city of the world of Christians is, in fact, rent into three parts—*i.e.* that of the Romans towards the south, of the Greeks towards the east, and that of the French (*Francigenarum*) towards the



west. Of whom the Romans say, 'Here is the Church and here is Christ;' the French say, 'Not so; we are the Church and here is Christ;' and the Greeks say pertinaciously, 'Ye lie, both of you; we are the Church and here is Christ.' Lo, to the letter is fulfilled the gospel above quoted, wherein it is said, 'In those days it shall be said unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or lo, there! Lo, the darkened condition of the sun and moon, so that even the city set upon a hill is concealed and clouded over, so that it cannot be seen!' So that out of an infinite multitude of Christians there cannot easily be found any that can be quite certain where the only true Church of God is, and who can venture to show, and consistently to point out to all inquirers, where, out of these three, the Church is, and where Christ is. This I do not say with regard to all, for there are some who do know where Christ and his body are, of whom it is written: 'Wheresoever the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' And I believe that Christ is in that portion which has joined the Romans (*cessit Romanis*); but what I say here, I speak comparatively, with regard to the whole multitude of those who were formerly called Christians; I speak also by way of comparison with the certainty of the primitive Church of the saints, in which it was notorious where the Church was, and where Christ was. But now nowhere is so great a certainty of the existence of Jesus Christ evident (*notoria*) in these portions, as for any one boldly to offer himself to die for him. Foxes, therefore, have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man—*i.e.* the true Christian, the son of our Lord Jesus Christ, hath not where to lay his head—*i.e.* where to flee safely for refuge, and where to be strengthened and to be protected from demons and from hypocrites, but is persecuted on all sides, and perplexed by sins in the present exceeding tribulation. For lo! all are, as it were, friends of Jesus Christ in word and tongue, but in deed and in life almost all are his enemies; all are corporeally members of his household, but almost all are strangers in work and will. If thou pourest out thy soul to any one in warm feeling and words, as if wishing to find the crucified Jesus, thou wilt depart from him embittered in mind, finding in thyself that thou hast there lost the grace of Jesus Christ, and thy toil and fine words as well. Thus neither wilt thou venture openly and solemnly to confess Christ crucified, because then thou wilt, without moderation (*sine modico*), be treated as a heretic, and wilt not depart unreviled or unspat upon; and then, by experience, thou wilt feel this exceeding great tribulation and most bitter bitterness of all faithful bodies, consciences, and souls in Jesus."

On the subject of the images of the saints and their veneration, Matthias uses language which he was compelled to withdraw in the recantation given above. His words, however, are too striking to be omitted. They run as follows:—

"Alas! at the present day certain colleges (*collegia*), and a multitude of those who call themselves masters of the Church and wise men, have established decrees in the Church of God, to the effect that statues of wood and stone, of silver and other like materials, ought to be adored and worshipped by Christians, whereas Holy Scripture saith openly and expressly, 'Thou shalt not adore them nor worship them'—a thing which can in no wise be maintained or defended by the assertion of Thomas of Aquinum, and other doctors; and the holy Church, although she hath allowed images and statues, and teaches that they ought to be honoured and venerated (*honorandas et venerandas*), yet hath never taught or laid it down that they are to be adored or worshipped (*adorandas vel colendas*), as is



manifest in the body\* in the faculty of the jurists. They have decreed, moreover, that they ought to be prayed to (*deprecandæ*), which is in the Bohemian tongue '*modliti se*,' and thus have taught the people with collegiate authority (*collegialiter*) that the people are to pray to images (*aby se obrazóm lidé modliti*†). They have decreed, moreover, and in synod‡ commanded it to be preached to the people, that the people ought piously to believe, that the virtue of God and his saints is in painted statues of stone or wood, and therefore that the miracles, which appear or are reported to be performed there, are wrought by God through and owing to these images; and therefore whoso believes this, or puts confidence in such a statue, and flees for refuge to the statue, doth in no wise ill—nay, neither ought simple people to be corrected or chidden for betaking themselves to statues in time of their need, or to relics of saints, or such other dead things, without merit and virtue. They have, moreover, enacted that sermons must not be preached against the abuse of statues or relics, saying that in such things it doth not come to pass that the Christian people erreth. But who will not understand how pernicious these things are to the uninstructed and carnal Christian people, if he considers that the modern lay people (*populus plebejus modernus*), not having the spirit of the Lord Jesus, can in no wise ascend mentally to spiritual things, but being merely and chiefly carried away by carnal judgment and imagination, only appreciates corporeal things, and gapes and fears before them, pouring itself out wholly to them?"

On the subject of Church reform, as regards superfluous rites and ceremonies, &c., the words of Matthias are so similar to those of the Preface to the Common Prayer-book of the Church of England, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote one passage at length.

"The Lord Jesus," he says, "did not give any written law to his followers, although He might have done this in his lifetime in many ways, but merely placed his own good spirit and the spirit of his Father in the hearts of believers for a living and perfect law and a generally sufficient rule of life, according to what has been proved above, and according to the Scriptures and prophets. Wherefore, also, his apostles, desiring not to burthen the people believing in Jesus with various doctrines, inventions, and precepts, wrote few things, commanded still fewer, and confirmed unshakably (*inconcusse*) by statutes fewest of all. It is manifest, in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, how the beloved fathers and apostles of Christ desired their fellow-Christians to be, to a great extent, free, and not tied to a multitude of precepts. Whence it appears that those later persons have acted, and still act, cruelly and coarsely (*infrunité*§), who have introduced and authoritatively confirmed their numerous inventions, various doctrines, and rigid commands in the family of God and the Lord Jesus, binding and burthening their subjects over much, so that there is such a multiplicity and so infinite a multitude of such doctrines and inventions and commandments of men, that, as was said a little before, they have filled many books, and those very large and costly ones, which no one hardly but a rich man could procure, nor even if he devoted himself to them throughout the whole of his life, could he sufficiently read and beneficially digest them; and yet they will have it that the Christian people are bound

\* Does not this mean "in corpore [juris]"?

† Note the introduction of a Bohemian sentence into a Latin work.

‡ In 1388.

§ The barbarous word *infrunitus* Forcelleni paraphrases by "impolitus."



to all those things that are therein contained, all which things, as has been said, they are unable to perform—nay, even to learn, or fully to remember. Wherefore I have concluded in my own mind, that for the purpose of renewing peace and union in the general body of Christians, it is expedient to root out all that plantation, and curtail (*abbreviare*) again the Word upon the earth, and bring back the Church of Christ Jesus to its wholesome and compendious beginnings, retaining proportionately few, and those apostolic commandments. For in the presence of my crucified Lord Jesus, I think that the law of the Holy Spirit and the Gospel, copied and circulated (*expressum et divulgatum*), and the ordinary fathers of the lay people—as the Pope, the bishops, and the parsons (*plebani*\*), and their assistants—are quite sufficient for lawfully guiding the whole community of people, and every individual man of the community; the aforementioned things are, I say, sufficient for resolving every question and determining every case in the court of conscience and in the court of justice, with the addition to the aforesaid of the scripture of the Old and New Testament."

Sufficient has now, we trust, been laid before our readers to convince them that a series of remarkable religious teachers, utterly unknown to the literary world in the British Isles, existed in Bohemia in the latter half of the fourteenth century, which culminated in that extraordinary man, the celebrated John Huss. All of these suffered more or less from opposition of a more or less vexatious character. Conrad of Waldhausen, being a German, had naturally a more limited sphere of action in a Slavonic country like Bohemia, and does not appear to have excited such violent enmity on the part of his opponents as the others. Milicz of Kremsier, whose life is better known than his writings, was persecuted into exile, in which he died. Matthias of Janow, after a vigorous struggle, was compelled to recant—as indeed he could scarcely have avoided doing, after formal condemnation by the authorities, without inconsistency with his own principle of holding and writing everything "so and in such guise and measure, as to submit all and singular and himself to the Holy Catholic Church, his dearest mother and the bride of Jesus Christ." But in John Huss a man of different calibre arose. He was not so much a doctrinal as a moral reformer, and to the mere "authority" of a Balthazar Cossa (Pope John XXIII.), and those who could find it in their consciences to elect such a person to the highest spiritual dignity in Christendom, he could not yield without entire loss of moral dignity and entire defacement of the image of God in his nature. He therefore sealed his testimony against the vices and enormities of the clergy of his day with his blood; and his work still lives on, out of his own country, in that excellent society of good and useful men, the Moravian Brethren, and is now, we trust, heaving and struggling in the throes of revival, in the long gagged and down-trodden Czeskish nation in Bohemia.

A. H. WRATISLAW.

\* A *plebanus* was the parson of a church in which baptism was administered.





## THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY'S NEW TESTAMENT

(AUTHORIZED VERSION REVISED.)

*The New Testament, after the Authorized Version. Newly Compared with the Original Greek, and Revised. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.*

MORE than half a century ago, Bishop Marsh, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, advocated a revision of the English Bible in the following words:—"It is probable that our Authorized Version is as faithful a representation of the original Scriptures as could have been formed at that period (the age of James I.). But when we consider the immense accession which has been since made, both to our critical and to our philological apparatus; when we consider that the whole mass of literature, commencing with the London Polyglot, and continued to Griesbach's Greek Testament, was collected subsequently to that period; when we consider that the most important sources of intelligence for the interpretation of the original Scriptures were likewise opened after that period, we cannot possibly pretend that our Authorized Version does not require amendment. On this subject we need only refer to the work of Archbishop Newcome, entitled 'An Historical View of the English Biblical Translations: the expediency of revising by authority our present English Translation; and the means of executing such a revision.'" And he adds in a note:—

"In recommending a revision of the Authorized Version I have the satisfaction to agree with Archbishop Secker, Archbishop Newcome, Bishop

Lowth, Dr. Waterband, Dr. Kennicott, Dr. White (Professor of Hebrew at Oxford), and many other eminent divines of the Established Church."<sup>6</sup>

Looking back upon the progress of Biblical study during the last fifty years, we can clearly see that if the revision had been undertaken when the above opinion was expressed by the learned Professor, it would have been premature, and would, probably, have fallen into discredit before it was completed. The apparatus of criticism and philology, which had already attained such ample dimensions, was yet to be greatly enlarged, and, in many important respects, amended. And though the difficulty of introducing a revised version into general use may be much increased by the lapse of time, the English Bible being now more widely circulated, both at home and in distant lands, than it was in the days of Bishop Marsh, it is well, on the whole, that the aspirations of the divines of his day, and of a still earlier age, were not fulfilled. But the reasons for delay, which then existed, have ever since been losing their force, and the motive for action has become stronger in proportion. Not only have additional MSS. been discovered, but the mass of evidence already existing has been more carefully examined; the principles of textual criticism have been discussed, and if not an absolute yet a general *consensus* of scholars has been arrived at with respect to them. Great additional light has also been thrown on the exegesis of Scripture.

It may, of course, be contended that the Version as we now have it is free from any essential error, that for all practical purposes it is sufficiently accurate, and that even if it is not to be regarded as immutable, we need be in no hurry to amend it—that we know not what further evidence, materially affecting the text, may even yet come to our knowledge, inasmuch as it is only a few years since a most important witness, the Codex Sinaiticus, was brought to light—that time should be given for critics to adjust their differences, and for commentators to clear up the remaining difficulties of interpretation, and that the present generation will not lose so much as their successors will gain, by our continued inaction.

But this and similar arguments, strongly as they commend themselves to our love of ease, may be pushed too far. By no exhaustive process can it ever be ascertained that not another important MS. remains to be discovered; a residuum of difficulties will always be left, to exercise the commentators; nor is it to be expected, the evidence being such as it is, that those who devote themselves to the emendation of the text will ever attain to perfect unanimity. Meanwhile, it cannot be satisfactory to the intelligent but unlearned reader to be told that the Greek text, of which our English New Testament is

\* Lectures on the Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible, pp. 295, 512. A good history of the attempts at biblical revision, and a survey of the principles which should be kept in view in such a work, are given by Professor Plumptre, in the "Dictionary of the Bible," under the title "Versions."



a translation, was founded on the collation of a few comparatively recent MSS; that since it was published a vast mass of evidence, of a much higher order, including MSS. of the fourth and fifth centuries, the Oriental versions, and fragments of the old Latin version, has been laboriously collated, and that thus the received text has been found to contain a number of errors, which, though neither separately nor collectively of vital consequence, "are of more importance than the existing errors of translation." (Such is the judgment of Mr. Westcott in his "History of the English Bible," p. 170). Surely we should be in a better position to satisfy the sincere, and to silence the cavils of captious questioners, if we were able to put into their hands a text such as that which has recently appeared in Germany, Tischendorf's edition of the New Testament in English, but resulting from the united counsels of the most competent English scholars. It would then appear that the researches of three centuries have tended to corroborate in all essential particulars the sacred text which has been so long received among us, and that not one of the corrections which have been introduced into it obliterates or even obscures any cardinal point of Christian doctrine.

With regard also to a revision of the translation itself, it seems unlikely that in the New Testament, at least, there is much to be gained by further delay. Not only is the Greek language well understood as it appears in its best classical models, but that peculiar form of it in which the Greek Testament is written, has been treated as a special subject of study, and illustrated by comparison with the Alexandrine Greek of the LXX. and Philo. Very few points of importance in connection with the interpretation of the Greek Testament remain open for discussion, and those few may be as far from being settled a hundred years hence as they are now; and it would be mere indolence to plead the existence of a small number of moot points as a conclusive argument for further and indefinite procrastination. A few particulars may here be mentioned in which the English New Testament especially requires correction.

1. In many places our Version has suffered in precision either from neglect or misapprehension of the Greek article. Misled, probably, by the unavoidable omission of the article in the Latin Vulgate, our translators wrote "a ship," "a bushel," "a mountain," "a teacher of Israel," "an upper room" (Acts i. 13), "a city which hath foundations," &c., where the definite article should have been used. On the other hand, the article has sometimes been unduly emphasised in our Version by the use of the demonstrative pronoun, *e.g.*, "these dumb idols" (1 Cor. xii. 2), "that man of sin" (2 Thess. ii. 3); or it has been introduced in the Version, though it does not appear in the original, *e.g.*, "Ye shall find *the* babe" (Luke ii. 12), "the mediator of *the* New Testament" (Heb. ix. 15), "I am not come to call the righteous" (Matt. ix. 13. *δικαίους*—an important instance). It is owing to no ignorance on

the part of St. Jerome that the Vulgate fails so completely as it does to render the article; for he himself notices the defect of the Latin language in this respect in his commentary on Gal. v., where he says, speaking of the difference between πνεῦμα and τὸ πνεῦμα, "quæ quidem minutiae magis in Græca quam in nostra lingua observatae, qui ἄρθρα penitus non habemus, videntur aliquid habere momenti." The English language can almost always follow the Greek, even in the most delicate uses of the article; and its failure to do this must be regarded as a considerable blemish, which it is desirable to remove.

A similar remark may be made as to the distinction, so important in the Greek language, between the aorist and the præterperfect. For this there exists no equivalent in the Latin; but it is represented in English by the two forms of the præterite, *gave, have given*. It has not unfrequently been overlooked, to the manifest injury of the sense, in the Authorized Version. But to this subject we shall have occasion to return.

2. Every one who has carefully studied the Greek Testament is aware how often the meaning of the English is rendered obscure, and even the whole point of an argument is lost, especially in the Epistles, through an inadequate rendering of the Greek connecting particles, or through inattention to the collocation of the words, or owing to want of precision, or want of uniformity in the translation of a cardinal word or phrase; in many such cases a very slight change in the translation would place in a clear light what now seems to the English reader a dark place of the Scripture.

3. With regard to *archaisms*, it may be laid down as a general rule that words and phrases should not be altered, merely because they are antiquated. The archaic diction of the English Bible is easily mastered, and gives little or no trouble to the unlearned reader; while it helps to remove the language of Scripture from the vernacular idiom, and to give it in the ears of the people a sacred character. Modes of expression which formerly were in daily use, now being driven from secular discourse, have found refuge in the Bible, and are become characteristics of the language of religion; and far be it from us to disturb them in their sanctuary. A notable instance is the use of *thou* and *thee*, in other countries the sign of familiarity, but with us almost entirely limited to devotional purposes.

But where a word, without becoming antiquated, has dropped the meaning which it bore three centuries ago, and is current now with a different sense attached to it, there is danger of a misapprehension arising in the reader's mind, even though the old usage of the word may not be unknown to him; and a change is in such cases desirable. As examples of this kind we may mention *prevent, conversation* (conduct, compare especially 1 Tim. iv. 12); *coasts* (borders);



*meat* (food); *charger* (dish); *a watch* (a guard, Matt. xxvii. 65); *rooms* (places, Matt. xviii. 6); *carriages* (baggage); *creature* (Rom. vi., &c., creation); *allow* (approve).

4. A good rule was laid down by St. Jerome, and has been generally observed in the versions of the Scriptures, that whereas in other writings it is enough to give in translation sense for sense, in the Scriptures, lest we miss the sense, we must keep the very words.\* It is impossible, however, to keep this rule universally; and if the original is to be fairly and fully rendered, resort must sometimes be had to a slight paraphrase. This has been done rarely, and in almost all cases judiciously, in the Authorized Version. But there are still some passages in which the sense is obscured by a rigid adherence to the Greek. For example, it may be sufficient to refer to 1 Cor. ix. 5, xi. 10.

5. The present chapter-headings require revision, as they sometimes put an interpretation, which is not thoroughly trustworthy, on the passage which follows. A notable instance of this occurs at Luke vii. 36, "He sheweth by occasion of Mary Magdalene how He is a friend to sinners, not to maintain them in sins, but to forgive them their sins, upon their faith and repentance." The tradition which identifies Mary Magdalene with the "woman that was a sinner" (Luke vii. 37) was never admitted in the Eastern Church, and seems to have been accepted in the Western Church in deference chiefly to the authority of Gregory the Great. Though retained by our Reformers in the Prayer-book of 1549, it was expunged at the Revision of 1552; and it has been rejected by modern commentators as uncertain and groundless. Though it lingers still in the popular teaching and the popular belief, it has no better sanction than the heading of this chapter. The chapter heading of the Geneva Bible (1560) did not contain it.

The above classification is given, not by any means as an exhaustive one, but as comprehending a large number of the corrections which are required in the English New Testament. The great majority, however, consist of cases which cannot be classed under any general heads; alterations, which though slight in themselves, would often tend very much to the elucidation of the sacred text. That Version, which is now so revered and beloved, which was spoken of by one who had cast it off together with the other appliances of his early faith, as "a part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness,"† and which is the best monument of the learning, the wisdom, and the good taste of the great epoch in which it was produced, might by a comparatively few gentle touches be brought up to the standard of modern criticism and scholarship. There seems no

\* See Preface to the Rheims Bible.

† The late F. W. Faber (Bowden's Memoir, p. 394).

reason to doubt that a well-selected Royal Commission would be able to grapple with the work of revision both as regards the text and the interpretation; and if their work were published, and left to find its way into general use, without any attempt to enforce it by legislative enactment, it would gradually commend itself to the thoughtful and studious reader, would be generally recognised as the correct and approved Version, and would at length be adopted in the public reading of the Church.

Meanwhile our thanks are due to the Dean of Canterbury for the work which has given occasion for this paper, containing a complete revision of the English New Testament, based on a revision of the original text. He very properly disclaims the notion that his or any other single-handed endeavour, can supersede the necessity for a joint and authorized work.

"It is impossible," he says in his preface, "that *one man's work* can ever fulfil the requisites for an accepted version of the Scriptures. If there was one lesson which the 'five clergymen' learnt from their sessions, it was that no new rendering was safe until it has gone through many brains, and been thoroughly sifted by different perceptions and tastes.

"His wish mainly is to keep open the great question of an authoritative revision; to show the absolute necessity of such a measure sooner or later; and to disabuse men's minds of the fallacies by which the Authorized Version is commonly defended."

After carefully perusing his work, and observing the minute and conscientious care which he has bestowed upon it, the general accuracy and aptness of his amended translations, and the moderation which he has shown in his correction of the original text, I venture to think that the Version as it now comes from his hands may be used with great advantage by the English reader, and that it will be found a valuable aid to the Royal Commission, which ere long, we may hope, will be appointed to follow where he has led the way.

The revised Version of St. John's Gospel and seven of the Epistles of St. Paul, which was published a few years since by the "Five Clergymen," has, except in a few instances, been adopted by the Dean; and he has completed the revision as nearly as possible on the lines which were laid down in that publication by himself and his colleagues.

The Dean's recension of the original text, and the principles upon which it is based, are well known to those who have used his edition of the Greek Testament. Without entering upon the discussion of so large and important a subject, it may be well to say that in general he has been guided by the testimony of the few and the more ancient authorities, where it differs from that of the more numerous and the more recent. The most material departures from the received text are as follows:—



1. The omission of the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 13.
2. Mark xvi. 9 to end is enclosed in brackets, as being of doubtful authenticity. Many lesser passages are treated in the same way.
3. Luke ii. 14: "Among men of good pleasure." εὐδοκίας for εὐδοκία.
4. Luke xi. 2, &c.: The Lord's Prayer, as given by St. Luke, is much abridged.
5. John v. 3, 5: "Waiting for the moving of the water," &c. This passage is omitted.
6. John vii. 53,—viii. 11: (The woman taken in adultery). This is printed in italics, besides being enclosed in brackets.
7. Acts viii. 37: "And Philip said, If thou believest," &c. Omitted.
8. Acts ix. 5: "It is hard for thee," &c. Omitted. Acts xx. 28: "The Church of God," is retained.
9. Eph. iii. 9: "Who created all things *by Jesus Christ.*" The words in italics are omitted.
10. 1 Tim. iii. 16: "Who was manifested." ὁ for θεός.
11. 1 John v. 7, 8: (The heavenly witnesses) omitted.

In the Catholic Epistles, and in the Apocalypse, the emendations are very numerous.

The reader is generally apprized by foot-notes of the various readings which are adopted, and also of those which, though not approved, have a certain amount of testimony in their favour. There is, however, a want of uniformity in this respect, especially in the earlier part of the volume; *e.g.*—attention is not drawn to the important changes in Luke xi. 2 (The Lord's Prayer).

With these few observations on the text, we may proceed to consider that which is the really new part of the present volume—the revised Version. To this I propose to give fuller consideration; and as the nature of it will best be illustrated by examples, I have selected some passages amended by the Dean, in which the value of his corrections will be easily seen without reference to the context. The renderings given from the Vulgate and Beza will show that though the leading of those two Latin versions was on the whole highly beneficial, the inaccuracies of the English are in many cases derived from one or the other of them. The earlier English versions are cited from Bagster's "English Hexapla;" viz., Wyclif, 1380; Tyndale, 1530; Cranmer, 1539 (more commonly called the "Great Bible"); the Geneva New Testament, 1557; the Rheims Version, 1582.

Matt. i. 11, "at the time of the removal to Babylon." There is no hint of "being carried away" (Auth.) in μετακινήσεως. Vulg., correctly, "in transmigratione." Auth. appears to be from Beza, "in transportatione."

ii. 6., "shall be the shepherd of my people." ποιμανεῖ. Auth., "shall rule." Vulg., "regat."

16, "all the male children." So Geneva. πάντας τοὺς παῖδας. "The

children" (Auth.) would probably have been τὰ παῖδια. Vulg., "omnes pueros."

"Borders." So Rheims, ὁρίους. Auth., "coasts." It was not till long after the date of the Authorized Version that the word "coast" became limited to the margin of the sea.

iii. 8, "fruits worthy of repentance." ἀξίους τῆς μετανοίας. Auth., "meet for repentance," following, but imperfectly, Beza, "convenientes." Wycl., "worthy fruits of penance."

iv. 5, "the cornice." τὸ πτερίγιον. All the English versions, "a pinnacle," following Vulg., "pinnaculum."

12, "was delivered up." παρεδόθη. Auth., "was cast into prison." Vulg., "traditus est." Beza, "traditum in custodiam."

v. 21, "it was said to them of old time." ἐρρέθη τοῖς ἀρχαίοις. Auth., "it was said by them," &c., following Beza, "dictum a veteribus." Wycl., "to eld men." Tynd., &c., "unto them."

vi. 11, "needful bread." ἐπιούσιον. Vulg., "supersubstantialem," understanding it of *spiritual* food only. The English versions from Tyndale follow Luther, "täglich."

25, "be not careful," as Tynd., &c. μεριμνᾶτε. Auth., "take no thought," probably meant the same. Compare 1 Sam. ix. 5, "lest my father . . . take thought for us."

viii. 32, "down the cliff." κατὰ τοῦ κρημνοῦ. Auth., "down a steep place." Vulg., "per præceps."

ix. 13, "to call righteous men." δίκαιους. Auth., "the righteous," implies that there is such a class, which the Greek does not.

17, "skins." ἀσκούς. Auth., "bottles."

x. 23, "ye shall not have finished." οὐ μὴ τελέσητε. Auth., "ye shall not have gone over" (an interpretation).

xi. 14, "Elijah which is to come." Ἠλίας ὁ μέλλον ἐρχεσθαι. Auth., "Elias which was for to come." I would, however, plead for the old English form "for to," if not here, yet in other places where the Dean has altered it.

xi. 19, "and yet wisdom was justified at the hands of her children." καὶ ἐδικαιώθη ἡ σοφία ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων αὐτῆς. Auth., "but wisdom is justified of her children." Attention to the past tense of the Greek is here necessary. All English versions seem to have been misled by Vulg., "iustificata est."

25, "I confess to thee." So Rheims. ἐξομολογοῦμαί σοι. Auth., "I thank thee." Luther, "Ich preise dich."

xii. 18, "he shall proclaim judgment." ἀπαγγελεῖ. Auth., "show."

xiii. 8, "yielded." ἐδίδον. Auth., "brought forth," a word used in our version to translate fifteen Greek verbs. Vulg., "dabat." Beza, "ediderunt."

13, "is being fulfilled." ἀναπληροῦται. Auth., "is fulfilled." The form "is being," though not elegant, may often be used with advantage to render the Greek present, which expresses an action still going on.

15, "should turn." ἐπιστρέψωσι. Auth., "should be converted." Vulg., "convertantur." Beza, "se convertat." At Luke xvii. 4, Auth. translates ἐπιστρέφη, "turn again." This, or "turn back," is the full meaning here; and at Luke xxii. 32, it would be well to read, "when thou turnest again," for "when thou art converted" (ἐπιστρέψας). The correction is important, as maintaining the freedom of the will. In Isa. vi. 10, "convert" is used as a neuter verb, "lest they see with their eyes . . . and convert, and be healed." So Coverdale (1535). *Convertor* in the Vulgate seems to be used, like *revertor*, in a neuter or middle sense.

19, "he that was sown," as Tynd., &c. ὁ σπαρίς. Auth., "he which



received seed," following Beza, "qui semen excepit." Vulg., "qui seminatus est."

21, "immediately." *εὐθύς*. "by-and-bye" (Auth.), now obsolete in that sense.

xiv. 26, "an apparition." *φάντασμα*. Auth., "a spirit."

35, "recognised him." *ἐπιγινόντες αὐτόν*. Auth., "took knowledge of him." Similarly at Acts iv. 13. A less modern phrase than "recognised" would be preferable; "knew who he was."

xv. 5, "that from which thou mightest have been profited by me is an offering to God; he shall be exempted from honouring his father or his mother." *Δῶρον ὃ ἐὰν ἐξ ἐμοῦ ὠφελήθῃς καὶ οὐ μὴ τιμήσῃ, κ. τ. λ.* A considerable improvement, if the text will allow it. The Vulg. here fails altogether. The parallel passage in Mark vii. 11, has also been entirely re-cast.

xvi. 23, "thou art my stumbling-block." *σκάνδαλόν μου*. Auth., "an offence to me," following Vulg., "scandalum mihi."

24, "If any man desire." *εἴ τις θέλει*. It is important to give the full force to *θέλει* in this and the next verses. Auth., "if any one will come."

xx. 11, "householder." *οἰκοδεσπότη*. The same word as at ver. 1. Auth., here "good man of the house." A similar variation occurs at John ii. 9. For the sake of faithfulness in translation the correction should be made here and in many similar places: it may be doubtful at chap. xvi. 25, 26, "life—soul."

xxi. 33, "left the country." *ἀπεδήμησεν*. Auth., "went into a far country."

xxiii. 6, "the uppermost places." (qu. "place.") *τὴν πρωτοκλισίαν*. Auth., "rooms."

24, "strain out the gnat." So the earlier English versions. *δουρίζοντες*. Auth., "strain at."

26, "the inside of the cup." So Tynd. *τὸ ἐντος τοῦ ποτηρίου*. Auth., "that which is within," after Cranmer.

xxv. 8, "our lamps are going out." So Tynd. Geneva, "go out." *σβέννυνται*. Auth., "are gone out."

46, "eternal punishment . . . eternal life." Auth. (following Tynd., &c.), "everlasting punishment . . . life eternal."

xxvi. 26, "took the bread." *τὸν ἄρτον*. All English versions, "took bread."

28, "my blood of the [new] covenant." (Marking *new* as doubtful.) *τῆς [καίνης] διαθήκης*. Auth., "of the New Testament."

35, "though I should have to die with thee." *κἂν δέ με ἀποθανεῖν*. All English versions, except Wycl., "though I should die." Wycl., "though it behove that I die." Vulg., "etiamsi oportuerit me mori."

53, "shall set for my defence." *παραστήσει μοι*. Auth., "shall give." More nearly, "shall place at my side." Vulg., "exhibebit."

xxviii. 14, "bear you harmless." After Tynd., &c., "save you harmless." *ὑμᾶς ἀμερίμους ποιήσομεν*. Auth., "secure you." Vulg., "vos securos faciemus." See, however, Lawrence ap. Westcott, p. 311.

Luke i. 3, "having carefully traced down all things." *παρηκολουθηκότι . . . ἀκριβῶς*. Auth., "having had perfect understanding." Vulg., "assecuto omnia diligenter." Tynd., "having searched out diligently." Qu., "having followed out carefully."

59, "were calling him." *ἐκάλουν*. Auth., "they called him." The Greek imperfect would be better here expressed by "they were for calling him."

ii. 1, "enrolled." As Rheims. *ἀπογράφεισθαι*. Auth., "taxed." Vulg., "ut describeretur universus orbis." Erasmus better, "ut censeretur."

iii. 23, "was about thirty years of age when he began [his course]."

ἦν ὡσεὶ ἐτῶν τριάκοντα ἀρχόμενος. Auth., follows Cranmer, "began to be." So Beza, "incipiebat esse."

vi. 38, "good measure . . . shall they give." δώσουσιν. Auth., "shall men give;" as if the reward were to be in this world.

viii. 31, "the abyss." τὴν ἄβυσσον. Auth., "the deep," which would now be commonly understood to mean the sea. ἄβυσσος is translated in Auth., at Rev. xx. 3, "the bottomless pit."

ix. 32, "but they kept awake and saw his glory." διαγρηγορήσαντες δὲ εἶδον. Auth., "and when they were awake." Vulg., "evigilantes."

xiv. 27, "his own cross." More expressive than Auth., "his cross." τὸν σταυρὸν αὐτοῦ.

xix. 13, "trade till I come." πραγματεύσασθε. Auth., "occupy." Vulg., "negotiamini." Wycl., "chaffare ye." "Trade ye," would be slightly better.

48, "all the people hung upon him listening." ἐξεκρέματο αὐτοῦ ἀκούων. Auth., "were very attentive to hear him." Such word-painting is characteristic of St. Luke.

xx. 21, "neither respectest thou persons." καὶ οὐ λαμβάνεις πρόσωπον. Auth., "neither acceptest thou the person of any." Vulg., "et non accipis personam."

37, "in the history of the bush." ἐπὶ τῆς βάλτου. Auth., "at the bush." A supplemental word or paraphrase seems necessary.

xxi. 19, "by your patience you shall save your souls." Auth., "in your patience possess ye your souls." The Dean here finds himself obliged to depart from the practice to which he generally adheres, of translating ἐν "in." Vulg., "in patientia vestra possidebitis."

21, "in the fields." ἐν ταῖς χωραῖς. Auth., "in the countries." A slighter alteration would be "in the country." Luther, "auf dem Lande." This sense of χώρα is found in χωρεπίσκοπος. Vulg., "in regionibus."

26, "expectation." προσδοκίας. Better than Auth., "looking after."

xxii. 68, "and if I ask you questions." εἰάν δὲ καὶ ἐρωτήσω. Auth., "and if I also ask you," not fully expressing ἐρωτήσω.

xxiii. 33, "the place which is called a skull." κράνιον. Auth., "Calvary," from Vulg., "calvaria."

42, "when thou comest in thy kingdom." ἐν τῇ βασιλείᾳ. Auth., "into," following Vulg., "in regnum tuum." At Matt. xvi. 28, Vulg. and Auth. are correct.

xxiv. 1, "when it was just beginning to dawn." ὄρθρον βαθέος. Auth., "very early in the morning." The Evangelist tells us of the glimmering light, and leaves us to infer the early hour.

12, "departed to his own house wondering." ἀπῆλθε πρὸς ἑαυτὸν θαυμάζων. Auth., "departed wondering in himself," after Vulg., "abiit secum mirans." See John xx. 10. ἀπῆλθον πρὸς ἑαυτούς.

18, "dost thou lodge alone?" μόνος παροικεῖς. Auth., "art thou only a stranger?" The full meaning seems to be, "art thou alone and a stranger?" Vulg., "tu solus peregrinus es?"

In his version of the Gospel of St. John, the Dean has for the most part followed the revision published twelve years ago by the "Five Clergymen," of whom he was one. We will only notice a much debated passage of that Gospel, in which he still differs from the majority of his colleagues. An ambiguity of sense occasionally presents itself in Greek, from the circumstance that the form of the second person, present tense, is the same in both the indicative and imperative moods. There are at least six instances of such an



ambiguity in the New Testament, the most notable of them being John v. 39, "Search the Scriptures, for in them," &c., ἐρευνᾶτε τὰς γραφὰς ὅτι ὑμεῖς δοκεῖτε, κ.τ.λ. On grounds derived from the context, three out of the five revisers of 1857 were in favour of the indicative sense of ἐρευνᾶτε; and they were supported in their judgment by the authority of Cyril of Alexandria. The Dean, however, held with the commonly received version.

Acts i. 3, "appearing to them during forty days, and speaking." δι' ἡμερῶν τεσσαράκοντα ὁπτανόμενος αὐτοῖς καὶ λέγων. Auth., "being seen of them forty days, and speaking," as if he were seen by them, not at intervals, but continuously. Rheims (which the Dean would have done better to follow exactly), "for forty days appearing to them, and speaking."

ii. 23, "by the hand (qu. hands?) of heathen men." διὰ χειρῶν ἀνόμων. Auth., "by wicked hands."

47, "them that were in the way of salvation." τοὺς σωζομένους. Auth., "such as should be saved." Vulg. and Beza, "qui salvi fierent." The slight reference which there may be to σώθητε, "save yourselves" (ver. 40), would be better preserved by "such as were being saved," and thus we should avoid rendering the verb by a paraphrase.

iv. 2, "preached by the example of Jesus." ἐν τῷ Ἰησοῦ. Auth., "through Jesus."

27, "thy holy servant Jesus." τὸν ἅγιον παῖδά σου Ἰησοῦν. Auth., "thy holy child." Vulg., "puerum." Beza, "filium." A certain and necessary correction.

36, "the son of exhortation." υἱὸς παρακλήσεως. Auth., "the son of consolation." Vulg., "filius consolationis."

v. 30, "ye hanged on a tree and slew." διεχειρίσασθε κρεμάσαντες. Auth., "ye slew and hanged on a tree;" better "ye slew by hanging him on a tree."

vii. 22, "Moses was instructed." ἐπαιδεύθη. Auth., "was learned" (i.e., instructed, but obsolete in that sense).

ix. 31, "built up." οἰκοδομονμένη. Auth., "edified." This word, when first introduced into English from the Vulgate, was not confined to its present spiritual sense.

x. 11, "let down by four ropes." τέσσαρσιν ἀρχαῖς. Auth., "by the four corners" (which would have required ταῖς τέσσ.). Vulg., "quatuor extremis."

40, "and granted that he should appear." (After Wycl. and Rheims.) ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν ἐμφανῇ γενέσθαι. Auth. (after Tynd.), "showed him openly."

xii. 4, "after the passover." μετὰ τὸ πάσχα. Auth., "after Easter."

10, "the first watch and the second." Ἀς Tynd. πρώτην φυλακὴν καὶ δευτέραν. Auth. (as Wycl.), "the first and second ward."

xvi. 16, "to the place of prayer." εἰς τὴν προσευχὴν. Auth., "to prayer." Vulg., "ad orationem."

xvii. 14, "towards the sea." ὡς ἐπὶ. Auth., "as it were to the sea." Vulg., "usque ad."

22, "very religious." δεισιδαιμονεστέρους. Auth., "too superstitious." Vulg., "superstitiosiores." This very necessary correction relieves the Apostle, the pattern of Christian courtesy and wisdom, from the imputation of having commenced an address to a highly civilized audience with an observation as unwise as it would have been uncourteous.

23, "objects of worship." σεβάσματα. Auth., "devotions."

30, "overlooked." ὑπεριδών. Auth., "winked at," a somewhat irreverent expression at the present day.

xix. 2, "when ye believed." πιστεύσαντες. Auth., "since ye believed." It is important here to preserve the force of the aorist, which would be still more exactly expressed by "when ye became believers."

35, "guardian of the temple." νεωκόρον. Auth., "a worshipper." Vulg., "cultricem."

xxi. 15, "made ready our baggage." ἀποσκευασάμενοι. Auth., "took up our carriages." Geneva, "we trussed up our fardels."

xxiv. 22, "I will adjudge." διαγνώσομαι. Auth., "I will know the uttermost," mistaking the force of διά.

25, "Felix was afraid." ἐμφοβος γενόμενος. Auth., "trembled," following Vulg., "tremefactus."

xxvi. 28, "lightly." ἐν ὀλίγῳ. Auth., "almost." Vulg., "in modico." But neither the reading nor the interpretation of this passage is free from doubt.

xxvii. 40, "and when they had cut away the anchors, they left them in the sea." τὰς ἀγκύρας περιελόντες εἶπον εἰς τὴν θάλασσαν. Auth., "when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves to the sea." Compare a more important passage, 1 Pet. ii. 23, where a similar correction is required.

Passing over the first seven of the Epistles of St. Paul, in which the Dean had before him, and generally adopted, the text of the "Five Clergymen," we come to—

1 Thess. ii. 4, "as we have been approved of God." καθὼς δεδοκιμάσμεθα. Auth., "allowed," a word now used in a lower sense. At the end of this verse, the repetition of δοκιμάζω suggests "proveth our hearts" for "trieth."

iv. 5, "carnal desire." ἐπιθυμίας. Auth., "concupiscence," scarcely an English word.

v. 22, "abstain from every form of evil." εἰδους. Auth., "appearance."

23, "May your spirit and soul and body be preserved whole without blame." ὁλόκληρον ὑμῶν τὸ πνεῦμα . . . ἀμέμπτως . . . τηρηθείη. Auth., "I pray God your whole spirit, &c., may be preserved without blame." The transposition of "whole" gives a fresh and important meaning to the passage.

2 Thess. iii. 5, "the patience of Christ." τὴν ὑπομονὴν τοῦ Χριστοῦ. Auth., "the patient waiting for Christ." Compare Rom. xv. 4, "the patience and the comfort of the holy Scriptures."

iii. 11, "working at no business, but being busy-bodies." The paranomasia is well preserved; but a slight tone of levity is introduced, which perhaps was not suggested by the Greek, μηδὲν ἐργαζομένους, ἀλλὰ περιεργαζομένους. Auth., "working not at all, but are busy-bodies."

1 Tim. i. 20, "that they may be taught by chastisement." παιδευθῶσι. Auth., "learn." Vulg., "discant." Compare Judges vii. 16, "with them (thorns and briers) he taught the men of Succoth." Heb. xii. 6.

iv. 1, "in after times." ἐν ὑστέροις καιροῖς. Auth., "in the latter times." Vulg., "in novissimis temporibus." Consistently with this correction, ὕστερον should have been translated "afterwards," not "last of all," in Matt. xxi. 37, "Last of all he sent," &c.

8, "profitable for a little." πρὸς ὀλίγον ἐστὶν ὠφέλιμος. Auth., "profiteth little."

v. 22, "lay hands hastily." ταχέως. Auth., "suddenly."

vi. 5, "supposing that godliness is a source of gain." πορισμὸν εἶναι τὴν εὐσέβειαν. Auth., "that gain is godliness," reversing the subject and predicate. Beza, correctly, "quæstui habent pietatem."



2 Tim. ii. 5, "And if a man also strive in the games." ἐὰν δὲ καὶ ἀθλήῃς. Auth., "strive for masteries."

24, "patient of wrong." ἀνεξίκακον. Auth., "patient." Vulg., "patientem."

iv. 5, "fulfil thy ministry." τὴν διακονίαν σου πληροφόρησον. Auth., "make full proof."

Titus i. 11, "seeing they subvert." οἷτινες . . . ἀνατρέπουσιν. A good instance of the causal use of ὅστις, to which the Dean has carefully attended.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews the work of translation is more than ordinarily difficult; and the Dean has not, on the whole, been so felicitous, nor has he so well preserved the archaic style of the English Version, as in other books. Examples of harsh, awkward, or un-idiomatic English occur at vi. 7, 16, 20; vii. 23; ix. 24. The *purpureus pannus* catches the eye at i. 6, 14; ii. 4, 9, 10, 16; iv. 12, 15. There are, however, many judicious corrections, *e.g.* :—

ii. 2, "became binding." ἐγένετο βέβαιος. Auth., "was steadfast."

v. 12, "solid food." στερεὰς τροφῆς. Auth., "strong meat."

vi. 1, "discourse concerning the beginning of Christ." τὸν τῆς ἀρχῆς τοῦ Χριστοῦ λόγον. Auth., "the principles of the doctrine of Christ." Vulg., "inchoationis Christi sermonem."

vii. 23, "and they truly are appointed priests in numbers." This, however, does not give clearly the meaning of the Greek, καὶ οἱ μὲν πλείονες εἰσι γεγονότες ἱερεῖς, "they truly who are made priests are many in number." Auth., "and they truly were many priests."

viii. 5, "serve the delineation." ὑποδείγματι . . . λατρεύουσι. Auth., "serve unto the example." Qu. "are serving the pattern."

ix. 7, "ignorances." ἀγνομάτων. Auth., "errors."

11, "not of this creation." κτίσεως. Auth., "building."

16, "there must also of necessity be implied." φέρεσθαι. Auth., "be."

xi. 1, "faith is the confidence of things hoped for." ἔστι δὲ πίστις ἐλπιζομένων ὑπόστασις. Auth., "the substance of things hoped for." Vulg., "substantia."

14, "they seek after a home." πατρίδα, more truly thus expressed than by Auth., "a country."

23, "the child was comely." ἀστεῖον τὸ παιδίον. Auth., "he was a proper child."

xii. 16, "meat." βρώσεως. Auth., "morsel of meat."

James iii. 5, "how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire." ἔλην. Auth., "matter" (as Tynd.), and so Jerome on Isa. lxvi. Vulg., "sylvam." See Trench on the Authorized Version, p. 111.

1 Pet. i. 15, "in all behaviour." ἐν πάσῃ ἀναστροφῇ. Auth., "in all manner of conversation." The English idiom requires "in all your behaviour."

ii. 2, "spiritual guileless milk." λογικὸν ἄδολον γάλα. Auth., "the sincere milk of the word." Vulg., "rationabile." Beza, "sincerum;" "rational" Alford at Rom. xii. 1, and so Hammond here.

4, "had in honour." ἔτιμον. Auth., "precious," which would be τίμιον.

24, "committed [them] to him that judgeth righteously." παρεδίδον. Auth., supplies "himself."

iii. 21, "the enquiry of a good conscience after God." ἐπερώτημα εἰς θεόν. Auth., "the answer . . . towards God."

2 Pet. ii. 12, "irrational animals." ἄλογα ζῶα. Auth., "natural brute beasts;" qu. "animals without reason."

iii. 5, "the earth formed out of water and by means of water." γῆ ἐξ ὕδατος καὶ δι' ὕδατος συνεστῶσα. Auth., "standing out of the water and in the water." Vulg., "de aqua et per aquam consistens."

10, "the heavenly bodies." στοιχεῖα. Auth., "the elements."

Jude 12, "rocks in your love feasts." σπιλάδες. Auth., "spots." Vulg., "maculæ," qu. "hidden rocks." (See Parkhurst Lexicon in voc.)

— "autumn trees." δένδρα φθινοπωρινά. Auth., "trees whose fruit withereth."

The above are a few of the very many passages in which the correcting hand of the Dean appears to have been guided by a sound judgment. We have now to notice some points in which he has laid himself open to criticism.

There are many changes which we may allow to be right in themselves, but which are not of sufficient importance to justify us in disturbing the Authorized Version. Thus it might have been better to read everywhere "the Holy Spirit" instead of "the Holy Ghost," as the Dean has done; but such uniformity would now be established only at the cost of associations which are of still greater value. Nor would it be possible now to follow the Dean in restoring Tyndale's word for ἀγάπη, "love," instead of "charity," which Wyclif and the Rheims Version adopted from the Vulgate, *caritas*. "Congregation" would scarcely be accepted at the present day instead of "church" as the translation of ἐκκλησία at Matt. xviii. 17; Acts vii. 38. It is hardly worth while to substitute "robbers" for "thieves" in Matt. xxvii. 38, or "clothes" for "raiment" in xxvii. 31, or "a reed" for "a pen" in 3 John 13. And though the scholar might gain, the general reader would lose by the change from "the tribute-money" to "the two drachmas," Matt. xvii. 24; from "deputy" to "pro-consul," Acts xiii. 7; from "elder" to "presbyter," 1 Tim. v. 7 ("elder" being retained in other passages); from "the like figure" to "antitype," 1 Pet. iii. 21; from "that fadeth not away" to "amaranthine," 1 Pet. v. 4; though it may be conceded that in some of these places a change, perhaps a slight paraphrase, is to be desired.

Still less should we be prepared to adopt expressions which, while they follow closely the original, do violence to the vernacular idiom, such as 2 Thess. i. 11, "may fulfil all the pleasure of goodness" for "may fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness;" 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have striven the good strife," which, indeed, scarcely represents the original better than our own present Version, since in neither case is the allusion to the games preserved, which is repeated here from verse 5 of the same chapter. A still stronger protest must be entered against the Dean's version of Heb. ix. 24, "For Christ



entered not into holy places made with hands, counterfeits of the true" (Auth., "figures of the true," ἀντίτυπα). The word "counterfeit," according to modern usage, implies imposture; and, therefore, though it may represent ἀντίτυπα etymologically, it by no means represents that word ethically. James v. 17, "Elijah prayed with prayer" for "prayed earnestly," although the Auth. at Luke xxii. 15, has "with desire I have desired." 1 Pet. iv. 15, "a prier into other men's matters" for "a busy-body about," &c. (ἀλλοτριωσισκοπος); 2 Pet. i. 19, "we have more secure the prophetic word" for "we have a more sure word of prophecy" (ἔχομεν βεβαιώτερον τὸν προφητικὸν λόγον); perhaps better thus, "we have the word of prophecy which is more sure;" 2 Pet. ii. 1, "heresies of destruction" for "damnable heresies," better "destructive heresies" (αἱρέσεις ἀπωλείας).

The Dean is a purist with regard to the usage of the Greek tenses and the article; and unquestionably our Version needs much correction in both respects. But the nice distinctions of which the Greek language was capable cannot in every case be reproduced in a translation; nor are they observed rigidly in Greek, at least in the Greek of the New Testament. The Dean, in his conscientious endeavour to follow them, has sometimes made a verbal change which gives no difference in sense, e.g., Matt. xii. 3, "did ye never read?" for "have ye not read?" (οὐκ ἀνέγνωτε); Heb. xii. 9, "We once had the fathers of our flesh," for "We have had fathers of our flesh (τοὺς μὲν τῆς σαρκὸς ἡμῶν πατέρας εἰχομεν); 1 Tim. v. 10, "if she at any time brought up children," for "if she have brought up" (εἰ ἐτεκνοτρόφησεν). Occasionally he overlooks the iterative force of the aorist (Jelf, Greek Gram., 402), as at James i. 11, "the sun arose," &c. (Auth. "the sun is no sooner risen," &c., ἀνέτειλε ὁ ἥλιος), and similarly 1 Pet. i. 24. Sometimes, however, he is himself baffled by the aorist, and is fain to treat it as a præterperfect or a present, e.g., Matt. xiv. 2, "he is risen" (αὐτὸς ἡγέρθη); Matt. xvii. 5, "in whom I am well pleased" (ἐν ᾧ εὐδόκησα); 1 Tim. i. 6, "some . . . have been turned aside" (τινὲς ἐξετράπησαν); and especially Philemon 21, "I have written unto thee" (ἔγραψα), Auth. "I wrote." Similarly Gal. vi. 11; 1 John v. 4. It is only to be wished that this necessity had been recognised more frequently.

A crucial passage with regard to the aorist is John xvii. The "Five Clergymen," in their third edition, receded a little from their first strict rendering of the tenses in that chapter; but the Dean has adhered to it. With regard to the præterperfect also and the præterimperfect, he has aimed at a scrupulous accuracy which, though generally advantageous to the sense, has sometimes been carried further than either the Greek usage would require or the English idiom would allow. Such translations as the following can scarcely be accepted: "Abraham being tried hath offered up Isaac" (Ἀβραὰμ

προσενήνοχεν τὸν Ἰσαὰκ πείραζόμενος), Heb. xi. 17; "By faith he (Moses) hath kept the passover" (πεποίηκε), Heb. xi. 28.

In like manner the article has sometimes been needlessly, or even injuriously expressed, as 1 Tim. iv. 13, "Give attention to the reading, to the exhortation, to the doctrine" (πρόσεχε τῇ ἀναγνώσει); Heb. xiii. 4, "Let your marriage be held in honour" (τίμιος ὁ γαμός). But in this case also the Dean has sometimes been driven to acknowledge that the Greek usage cannot always be followed in English; e.g., Luke xiii. 28, "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (ὁ κλαυθμός). On the other hand, it is to be wished that at Luke xviii. 13, he had given effect to the article in the text, instead of being content to indicate its force in a foot-note; "God be merciful to me the sinner" (ἰλάσθητί μοι τῷ ἁμαρτωλῷ).

In many passages of the Authorized Version the article is translated by "this" or "that;" a peculiarity which was adopted throughout in Tomson's New Testament of 1576; thus John xx. 3, "that other disciple" (ὁ ἄλλος μαθητής); Vulg., "ille alius discipulus." Acts xix. 23, "that way" (τῆς ὁδοῦ); so Tynd., but Vulg., "via Domini;" xxii. 14, "that just one" (τὸν δίκαιον); so Geneva and Beza, but Vulg., "ut videas justum." 1 Cor. xii. 2, "these dumb idols" (τὰ εἰδῶλα τὰ ἄφωνα), so Beza. 2 Thess. ii. 3, "that man of sin" (ὁ ἄνθρωπος τῆς ἁμαρτίας). The Dean has in general removed this trace of *Latinizing* from our Version; but in Titus ii. 12, 13, while removing it from one clause of the sentence, he has, apparently through inadvertence, retained it in another.

The present revision contains some expressions which strike one as being too modern, or at least not familiar enough to the common ear to be admitted into a text already sanctioned by the usage of three centuries. Such are "harassed," Matt. ix. 36 (ἐσकुλμένοι), when "troubled" would be better; xv. 5, "he shall be exempted from honouring" (οὐ μὴ τιμήσῃ), better "he shall by no means honour;" xvii. 25, "Jesus anticipated him" (προέφθασεν αὐτόν), Auth., "prevented him," after Vulg., "prævenit," better "began and spake to him." Acts viii. 10, "the so-called great power of God" (ἡ δύναμις τοῦ θεοῦ ἡ καλουμένη μεγάλη), better "the power of God which is called great;" xix. 38, "assizes" (ἀγόραι αἰγονται), better, "the court-days are being held;" 2 Cor. xi. 21, "by way of disparagement I assume that we are weak" (κατὰ ἀτιμίαν λέγω ὥς ὅτι ἡμεῖς ἡσθενήσαμεν), better, "I speak as if we had been weak," thus also preserving the force of the aorist.

A few criticisms on particular passages are submitted for the consideration of the Dean and his readers:—

Matt. i. 21, "for He shall save." αὐτὸς γὰρ σώσει. The Dean relies on a capital letter to give the force of αὐτός; better "it is he that shall save," as at 1 John ii. 2, αὐτὸς ἱλασμός ἐστι, "he is the propitiation," where



Tyndale, &c., have "he it is that," &c. The Latin is here best able to follow the Greek, "ipse enim saluum faciet" (Vulg.).

ii. 12, "they departed into their own country." The idea of retrograde motion, going back, withdrawing, retiring, seems to be inherent in ἀναχωρεῖν, and is expressed by Auth., and by the Dean in some places, but is overlooked here and at iv. 12. Vulg., correctly, "reversi sunt."

iii. 7, "who warned you." ὑπέδειξεν: rather "who shewed you the way." Vulg., "quis demonstravit vobis."

iv. 8, "that these stones be made bread." ἄρτοι; better "loaves of bread," as Alford at Matt. xv. 33. Vulg., "panes." Wycl., "looves."

v. 29, "if thy right eye offendeth thee." σκανδαλίζει, "maketh thee to offend."

vi. 27, "which of you . . . can add one cubit unto his lifetime?" ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλικίαν αὐτοῦ, and Luke ii. 52, "increased in wisdom as in age." This translation does not commend itself to me, though supported by Archbishop Trench (on the Authorized Version, p. 103). The Dean retains "stature" at Luke xix. 3, "he was little of stature," and at Eph. iv. 13. Why not here?

viii. 20, "the birds of the air have nests." κατασκηνώσεις. Vulg., "nidus," more properly "habitations" (St. Augustine, "tabernacula") as observed by Trench, p. 113.

x. 26, "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed." Vulg., "operatum . . . revelabitur." The Greek is κεκαλυμμένον . . . ἀποκαλυφθήσεται, "covered . . . uncovered."

xi. 17, "We mourned unto you and ye lamented not." ἐθρηνησαμεν ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐκ ἐκόψασθε; better "we lamented unto you, and ye did not beat your breast." Music or singing on the one side was to be replied to by a bodily movement, dancing or beating of the breast, the dumb show of joy or grief, on the other. Vulg., "lamentavimus et non plausistis." Compare Luke xxiii. 27, ἐκόπτοντο καὶ ἐθρήνον αὐτόν.

xxii. 24, "so as to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect." πλανῆσαι, εἰ δυνατόν, καὶ τοὺς ἐκλεκτοὺς. The words "if it were possible" imply that it is not possible to deceive the elect. This, whether a truth or not, is not expressed by the Greek; better "if possible." Vulg., "si fieri potest."

Luke xiii. 32, "the third day I shall be completed," a somewhat harsh amendment of Auth., "I shall be perfected," τελειοῦμαι.

xxii. 31, "Satan hath prevailed to have you all." ἐξηγήσατο ὑμᾶς. Surely the preposition does not necessarily imply that the demand was successful. Auth., "hath desired to have you."

Acts xiv. 13, "of like passions," and James v. 17. ὁμοιοπαθεῖς: rather "of like infirmities."

1 Cor. iii. 1, "men of flesh." σαρκίνοις. A harsh expression. Auth., "carnal."

x. 13, "will with the temptation make the way to escape." ἐκβασίς. *Escape* implies deliverance from the trial; the Greek word rather means a way out, or issue, at the end of it ("a happy issue," as we say in our prayer). Vulg., "proventum." Luther, "Ende."

xi. 31, "if we duly discerned ourselves." διεκρίνομεν. "If we duly judged ourselves," would be a more intelligible rendering, and an improvement on Auth., "judged."

Col. i. 15, "the first-born of all creation." πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως. Qu. "first-born before all creation."

1 Thess. iii. 11, "God himself and our Father." ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ ἡμῶν. There seems no reason why this phrase should not be rendered "our God and Father" in this place and at verse 11, and 2 Thess. ii. 16, as it is at James i. 27, Phil. iv. 20, Col. i. 2.

1 Tim. ii. 3, "our Saviour God." Auth., "God our Saviour." The Dean's transposition does not seem required by the order of the Greek, τοῦ σωτῆρος ἡμῶν θεοῦ.

ii. 12, "to rule over the man." Auth., "to usurp authority." αἰθετεῖν, an uncommon word should be translated by a phrase less common-place than "rule," such as "domineer," or "exercise authority."

vi. 10, "the root of all evils is the love of money;" rather "a root," ρίζα. (Trench, p. 89.)

Titus iii. 5, "through the font of regeneration." διὰ λουτροῦ παλιγγενεσίας. Auth., "washing;" "font" is an interpretation, and limits the meaning of λουτροῦ. Better "laver," as at Eph. v. 26. On the other hand, at Heb. vi. 2, "washings" is too wide in its meaning for βαπτισμῶν, and "baptisms" (Auth.) should be retained.

Heb. ii. 29, "were drowned." κατεπόθησαν, "were swallowed up." Vulg., "devorati sunt."

ix. 25, "entereth into the holy place with blood of others." ἐν αἵματι ἄλλοτριῳ; rather "in virtue of blood which is not his own." A similar meaning is given to ἐν by the Dean at chap. x. 10, "in pursuance of which will" (ἐν ᾧ θελήματι); and "blood of others" would be understood to mean "blood of other men," which, it need not be said, is not the sense of the Greek.

Since the foregoing pages were in type, I have been favoured with the perusal of a letter on the revision of the Authorized Version, addressed by the late Dean Gaisford, in January, 1855, to Sir Robert Inglis, at that time M.P. for the University of Oxford. The following extract from that letter will be read with interest, not only on account of its entire accordance with the views expressed in the early part of this paper, but also because, to use the words of him\* who has permitted its publication, "it is the opinion of one well known for his caution and reserve, of one whose orthodoxy was never suspected, and who was certainly no partisan or enthusiast; and it was among the latest written words of one whose long life had been devoted to labours qualifying him above any man of his generation for their utterance:"—

"It were much to be wished that a Royal Commission should issue empowering certain individuals to examine and report upon the state of the translation, and to give their opinion as to the propriety of making an attempt to improve it by introducing such corrections and alterations as would be necessary in order to make it represent the original more accurately than it does at present. My own private opinion is that its present state is indefensible: and when errors have been pointed out, as they have been in this case very frequently, to go on repeating them from time to time is hardly consistent with reason or creditable to the literary character of the nation.

"I have an impression that much might be done without interfering materially with the language of the present translation. The style in general might retain its actual character, though many individual expressions would have to be changed. Nor would it be desirable—if the re-

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\* His son, the Rev. George Gaisford.



vision should receive the stamp of authority—to introduce it hastily into general use. Time should be allowed for general examination: and when prejudices in favour of the present version, deserving as it is on many accounts of esteem and I may say veneration, have subsided, the improved one would gradually supersede it. . . . . I am in hopes that you will turn this matter in your mind, and, if you agree with me, will lend your assistance in promoting what I have in view."

To this important testimony may be added that of the present Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, Dr. Payne Smith, as delivered by him in the year 1859: \*—

"The perfecting of the English translation of the inspired Word is one of the noblest tasks which the mind of man can undertake; and though there be evils attendant upon interfering with our present noble Saxon Version, still none can be so great as its being regarded by a gradually increasing proportion of the community as deficient in correctness. . . . Possibly in the New Testament the labours of so many scholars and commentators may in a few years bring matters to such a pass as may justify the proper authorities in undertaking its revision: but in the Old Testament the case is very different, and a lengthened period of far more profound study of Hebrew literature than at present prevails, carried on by many different minds, is required before anything more could be done than to bring the translation in a few unimportant particulars nearer to the masoretic text."

The lapse of eleven years may not have done much to affect the judgment of the learned Professor as to the revision of the Old Testament: but as regards the New Testament, he would probably be ready now to take part with those who affirm, the time for action is arrived.

W. G. HUMPHRY.

\* Preface to Translation of St. Cyril's "Commentary on St. Luke," p. xvi.



## INDIAN THEISM, AND ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE name of the Brahmo Somaj, or *Church of the One God*, is not unknown to English readers. Miss Carpenter published many interesting details about it in her "Six Months in India;" while Miss Cobbe, in *Fraser's Magazine*,\* and other writers in various religious periodicals, have sketched the history and principles of this remarkable community with more or less fulness, and generally in a favourable spirit. There are, however, certain recent developments of the Brahmo Somaj which have not yet received adequate mention from the English press, but which are of the deepest interest to us, both as Christians and as students of humanity; and of these I now propose to give some brief account.

The history of this Theistic movement naturally falls into three periods—the first of these mainly consisting of the personal labours of its originator, the Rajah Rammohun Roy, for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and culminating in his establishment of the Brahmo Somaj in January, 1830, shortly before he left India for England, where he died in 1833. After this time, however, the Somaj languished for several years, but in 1842 it entered into a

\* Miss Cobbe's article, reprinted in her "Hours of Work and Play" (Triibner, 1867), presents a very interesting epitome of the history and teachings of the Brahmo Somaj up to 1866.



second period of life under Debendro Nath Tagore, who "converted this body of worshippers into an association of believers, by binding them to a few articles of belief, and to a covenant enjoining moral purity of life. He also started a religious journal, appointed teachers, and published several doctrinal and devotional treatises." Four Sanscrit scholars were sent to Benares to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Vedas, which had hitherto been regarded by the successors of Rammohun Roy (though not by the Rajah himself) as "the sole foundation of their belief." But when these scholars returned to report the result of their studies, and it became evident that the Vedas inculcated Pantheism, transmigration, and annihilation of the soul, Debendro Nath Tagore, to his eternal honour, threw aside the Vedas as a standard of faith, and "the Brahmo Somaj bade farewell to Vedantism." Falling back on "the Book of Nature and Intuition as the basis of their faith," a work was issued in 1850, entitled the "Brahma Dharma," which is still regarded as the authoritative exposition of Brahmoism. Its main points are:—the existence of One Supreme and Perfect God, "the One without a second," "a distinct personality," but never incarnated: the conscious immortality of the human soul: the efficacy of prayer for spiritual blessings, and of repentance as "the only way to atonement and salvation." No scriptures are held to be infallible, but the religious truths taught in all are equally accepted.

During the years 1847 to 1858, the Brahmo Somaj made considerable progress; hundreds of followers were enrolled, and branch Somajes were established in different parts of Bengal. But the external life of its members varied but little from that of their polytheistic countrymen, many Brahmos even conforming to all the degrading sacraments of idolatry. At last this anomalous state of things was broken up by a new influence:—

"In 1859 an enthusiastic and energetic youth of more than ordinary talents joined the Brahmo Somaj. He had previously established a society for the cultivation of religious feelings. At this society he used to deliver sermons *extempore* in English. This youth, by his devoted zeal and untiring energy, gained for a time a great ascendancy in the Brahmo Somaj. He was very eager to carry into practice the various reforms which the Brahmos had been discussing for some time before."

He induced Debendro Nath Tagore to perform the marriage ceremony of his daughter without any of the idolatrous rites usual on such occasions; he also introduced similar changes into the rites observed at child-birth and death, and countenanced the first intermarriage, *i.e.*, between persons of different castes. He then urged the adoption of another step for abolishing caste distinctions—*viz.*, "that those who would conduct divine service in the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj should throw off the sacred thread which distinguishes the Brahmin

from the Sudra."\* But here Debendro Nath Tagore stopped short; he could not resign the sacred thread. Thus began a divergence between the conservative and the progressive lines of influence, which caused the secession of many young Brahmos from the Calcutta Somaj, and resulted in their enrolment in November, 1866, by Keshub Chunder Sen (the youth above mentioned) into a separate society, entitled "The Brahmo Somaj of India," with a view to make it the centre of all the Somajes of the country. Under the inspiration of their new leader, a nobler tide of religious life has been unsealed, which has raised Brahmoism from a small Hindoo sect into a comprehensive religion, capable of influencing minds of various races and civilizations. It is this third period of the movement which above all deserves the study of Europeans.

Among the earliest tracts issued by Keshub Chunder Sen, there appeared an English series (1860—61), containing an exposition of the principles of Brahmoism in the form of dialogues between a Brahmo and an "inquirer," who successively discuss the topics of Prayer (always the starting-point of Keshub's propaganda), Religious Union, Intuition, Revelation, Atonement, and Salvation. (The fundamental belief of the existence of God is not debated, the "inquirer" having been recently converted to that already, by a process not described.) From these tracts, and from a spirited lecture delivered by Keshub in 1863 in reply to a Christian antagonist, a very clear view may be gained of the Brahmoism of this period, which may be epitomized as follows:—

1. The human mind has been so constituted by God that certain fundamental truths are *intuitively* perceived by it, *e.g.*, the existence and moral perfection of God, the sense of duty, and the immortality of the soul. But "this knowledge, again, lies potentially in the human mind, and needs awakening in order to be revealed and apprehended in actual consciousness."

2. Revelation, which "denotes religious knowledge communicated by God to man," "is subjective, not objective. . . . That which is a revelation to you, does not necessarily become a revelation to me, or to any other person." "Revelation is a state of the mind, a process of intelligence, a truth, an actual fact of consciousness."

3. In a secondary sense, however, revelation "means an outward objective collection of principles coincident with our natural and intuitive convictions, which renders more vivid our intuitive apperceptions, and aids us in the attainment of truth and salvation." In this sense it embraces a variety of sacred teaching. "Whatever tends to enkindle noble sentiments, remove impurities, awaken faith,

\* See "A Brief History of the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj," Calcutta, 1868, from which nearly all the above quotations are taken.



and bestir the will to practical virtue—whatever leads us to know and love the truth as it is in God, is fairly entitled to be called revelation; it is immaterial where it is found.”

4. Man stands in imperative need of salvation from sin, but not of salvation from punishment when he has sinned. However entirely God may, and ever does, accept our repentance, He must yet punish us for our sins in order to deliver us from them; and instead of weakly praying to escape His purifying discipline, we should dutifully accept it as the truest sign of His fatherly love. Thus the only atonement is repentance and amendment; the true salvation is deliverance from sin. “To every sinner, even the grossest, the promise of reconciliation hath been made. The arms of Everlasting Mercy are stretched for the reception of all; the fault is ours if we neglect to have recourse to Him.”\*

This faith leaves room for the reception of most of the general teaching of the New Testament, though it distinctly repudiates the theological basis of Christianity. In these respects it much resembles the spiritual Theism of England and America, as represented by Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, and Miss Cobbe. There is, however, this practical difference between the two cases, that the Theists of Christendom have always been more or less hampered with the necessity of defending themselves against the surrounding Christianity; a necessity from which the Brahmos are all but free. Their natural antagonist is Hindoo Idolatry, and the missionary Christianity, which has hitherto been its only educated assailant in India, has taken so little theological hold on the native mind, that dissent therefrom requires no justification from a Hindoo in addressing his countrymen. Thus the Brahmos have had an open field for religious development, and the results are unique in the annals of modern Theism.

Although emphatically repudiating an “infallible book-revelation,” Keshub Chunder has always shown a sympathetic appreciation of the religious life manifested in the Bible, and in May, 1866, he delivered a lecture in Calcutta, on “Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia,” in which he gave full and eloquent utterance to his reverence for the character and teachings of Christ, holding them up as a bond of union between Europeans and Asiatics, which should lead each party to subdue its own special faults, and recognise each other’s characteristic merits. This striking lecture produced an effect which the speaker’s simplicity had not reckoned upon. Many Christians, and not

\* A practical illustration of these views may be seen in the eighth tract of this series, which was reprinted in 1864 in a revised form as “The Theist’s Prayer Book,” with the motto, “Lord, teach us to pray.” It is a collection of twelve prayers, private and public, and manifests throughout a fervent and manly piety, keenly alive to the humiliations of sin, while thirsting after holiness and clinging to God with passionate devotion.

a few Brahmos, leaped to the conclusion that he was on the point of embracing Christianity, both parties overlooking his plain declaration, at the opening of the lecture, that "he could not forget that he was a Brahmo," and that his object was to show the "moral excellence" of Christ, apart from "theological wrangling." Nor was there any hint throughout, that the speaker's theological ground had at all changed, or that he had adopted any supernatural view of the life and person of Christ. All that part of the subject was left on one side, as simply not accepted, and not attacked. These things, however, passed unnoticed beside the speaker's vivid expressions of love and reverence towards Christ, as "the greatest and truest benefactor of mankind," who "preached absolute religion," and "sacrificed his life for the sake of truth, and the benefit of the world." When, therefore, about five months after this lecture, Keshub delivered another on "Great Men," in which he sketched his views of the prophetic function and its relation to life and religion as a whole—thus supplementing what his critics had failed to understand—a cry arose that he had "retracted." Orthodox observers, not accustomed to see Christian sentiments in combination with philosophic rationalism, hastily accused him of vacillation, and of weakly shrinking from the displeasure of his countrymen; and this false impression has been so widely spread, as to have seriously injured his moral reputation. As this lecture on "Great Men" contains the key to Keshub Chunder's system as a whole, its main points are worth epitomizing.

The subject is the threefold revelation of God to man, in Nature, History, and the Soul; the second manifestation being that chiefly dwelt upon. This manifestation the lecturer finds in Great Men, who "constitute what we mean by God in History." Practically, however, the speaker means by "great men," great prophets, who "are God's apostles and missionaries." A true prophet—

"Is a 'God-man.' He is an 'incarnation' of God. . . . True incarnation is not, as popular theology defines it, the absolute perfection of the divine nature embodied in mortal form; it is not the God of the universe putting on a human body,—the infinite becoming finite in space and time, in intelligence and power. It simply means God manifest in humanity;—not God made man, but God *in* man."

At the same time "we are to understand his [the great man's] superiority to be one of degree, not of kind," for "every man is, in some measure, an incarnation of the Divine Spirit." But gratefully as we should accept from each (prophet) what he has to deliver, our reverence should not be "exclusively confined to any one of them, and withheld from the rest," for they are all—

"Parts of the same divine economy, and subserve, more or less, in the hands of God, the same grand purposes of revelation and redemption. . . . And though Jesus Christ, the Prince of Prophets, effected greater wonders, and



did infinitely more good to the world than the others, and deserves, therefore, our profoundest reverence, we must not neglect that chain, or any single link in that chain of prophets that preceded him and prepared the world for him, nor must we refuse honour to those who, coming after him, have carried on the blessed work of regeneration for which he lived and died."

Let the East and the West appreciate and honour each other's great teachers, and "thus hostile churches, and the dismembered races of mankind shall be knit together in one family, in the bonds of faith in the common Father, and universal gratitude and esteem towards their elder brothers, the Prophets."

There are many vulnerable points in this theory, but it is both noble and pious, and entirely consistent with the views put forth in the previous lecture. And finally, I may quote the following declaration on the subject from a letter of Keshub Chunder's to myself:—

"I wholly deny the charge of retraction. I have never retracted a single statement or word in my lecture on Jesus Christ, and am prepared to abide by all that is said therein."

But while misunderstood by Christians on one side, a totally different misapprehension awaited Keshub in the other quarter of his world. To a rigid Monotheism, even his modified "levelling-up" version of the idea of incarnation, proved offensive; while his strong belief in the *reality* of personal communion with God, whether through the answered prayers of men, or the individual promptings of the Divine Spirit, seemed to carry out in detail the same tendency. It was well known that he often prayed for his friends, and it was palpable to all, that he exerted himself to the utmost to win converts to God and to righteousness, a work in which his eloquence and zeal were crowned with much success. Wherever he went on his missionary tours, he was listened to by thousands. "'No one ever spoke to us in this way,' said the inhabitants of a Mofussil\* town where he addressed them in language which they could understand, respecting their duties one to another."† In short, he was evidently exercising somewhat of a prophetic influence, and was greatly honoured and loved by his disciples. No such career was ever lived without exciting jealousies and misapprehensions, and the form they took in this case was the accusation that Keshub Chunder was attempting to extend the line of sacred teachers in his own person, as a real divine incarnation to be worshipped and propitiated. Such pretensions have often been made in the East, and are not unknown even at the present day; but they are especially inconsistent with the character of Keshub, who never even puts his name to his published

\* Provincial.

† Miss Carpenter's "Six Months in India," i. 198. See also Keshub's "Voice from the Himalayas," a missionary "leaflet" of fervent entreaty, permeated with Christian ideas.

writings, and who, in narrating the history of his Church, absolutely suppresses all record of his own individuality, while giving full honour to others. Moreover, his sense of personal frailty has always been peculiarly strong, and frequently expressed. But theological enmities are proverbially blind. Among the Brahmos there was a certain Judoo Nath Chuckerbutty, who had strongly objected to the lectures on "Jesus Christ" and "Great Men," accusing Christ of "selfishness and arrogance,"\* and saying that "man can never help us in attaining salvation." Altogether he seems to have belonged to a thoroughly hard type of what we should call Deism. Such was the man who, at the end of 1868, raised the cry of "Keshub worship."

"He published a series of letters, in various vernacular and English newspapers, openly accusing the Baboo [Keshub] of aspiring to be an incarnation of God commissioned to save sinners, and of teaching and encouraging his disciples to worship and honour him as such. He also adduced certain facts to prove his statements, and did not scruple to drag confidential letters and solemn prayers into the regions of public and profane criticism. He also wrote epistles to numerous friends in the Mofussil in order to enlist their sympathy; and he made common cause with the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj and others who were opposed to the leader of the Progressive Brahmos. Of railleries, invectives, blasphemies, there has been no want; and sceptics and scoffers, Hindus and Christians, have joined the holy band of Brahmo crusaders, in their attacks upon the great impostor who is ruining the country by opening the flood-gates of a new species of superstition."—*Indian Mirror*, July 16, 1869.

To all this torrent of reviling and calumny, Keshub Chunder made no public reply,† but pouring out his heart in prayer, with anguish and tears, before God and his brethren, he affirmed his total innocence of the blasphemous sin laid to his charge; and he was always ready to explain any special facts or opinions bearing on the matter, to honest inquirers and friends. A long letter to one of these, in which he answered *seriatim* a list of the strange charges against him, was published in the *Indian Mirror* of July 30, 1869, and presents a complete reply to his accusers. Other defences appeared from his friends, and by degrees the calumnious reports have crumbled away, except in the minds of a few who are his determined opponents.

Reverting now to Keshub Chunder's fundamental conception of God's threefold manifestation, we must observe, that highly as he estimates the prophetic revelations of "God in History," he ranks as higher still the revelation of "God in the Soul," "where spirit

\* Upon this the *Indian Mirror* (the chief Brahmo newspaper) remarks, "It rends our heart to think that any one professing the Brahmo name should pronounce such an impious malediction on the blessed Jesus."

† "Were it a question of doctrine," he wrote to me, "I would give an explanation of my real views. But what words of mine will serve to vindicate my character?"



communes with spirit, face to face, without any mediation whatsoever." It is the primary importance attached to this revelation that constitutes the leading characteristic of the Brahmo faith, and the great power of Keshub's teaching springs from the vividness with which he realizes and expresses this direct vision of God. One short extract we must give, in illustration of this. After saying that those "who really desire to be good" renounce expediency, and strive to bring their lives under the discipline of conscience, he continues,—

"They go through a systematic process of training and self-control, guarding against every possible evil, curbing down every little sin as it rises, breaking every vicious habit by constant and unwearied conflict, and employing all available means for the government and purification of the heart. They who simply seek deliverance from sin must go through this process of incessant struggle and self-control. But the soul needs more, it wants some positive vantage-ground of holiness where it may abide in peace, safe against temptation. It seeks to be not only not worldly, not immoral, but positively holy. It wants godly life, and this can never be had by the most rigid tension of mental discipline, or the highest effort of human will. Divine life can only be secured by divine grace—it comes pouring into the soul from Him who is its source. This is inspiration; it is the direct action of the Holy Spirit. It is God's free gift, not men's acquisition. It comes not through our calculation or reasoning, not through our industry or struggle, but through prayerful reliance upon God's mercy. It cannot be purchased by our wisdom or our good works. The Merciful God vouchsafes inspiration unto the heart which panteth after it. Behold the marvellous effects of divine inspiration! It does not, like human agencies of reform, merely lead the intellect to truth, the heart to love, or the will to practical righteousness; but it thrills and enlivens the whole spiritual being of man with a sort of holy excitement and frenzy, and carries him by the hair into the very presence of God, and there breathes into him new life. . . . Such enthusiastic souls, men born again through fire-baptism, live in the Kingdom of God, and enjoy, here and hereafter, the supreme felicity of living and loving communion with Him in the inner temple of their heart."—*Great Men*, pp. 25-27.

Two other expositions of the same doctrine should be mentioned: (1) A singular tract, entitled "True Faith," which resembles the mediæval mystics in its "beatific vision" of God, and in the sharp contrast drawn between the life of faith and the life of the world—a contrast not always drawn quite justly to the latter. (2) A soberer production, "Regenerating Faith," is perhaps the best of all Keshub's published addresses, and is a thoughtful and almost Christian exposition of the doctrine of justification by faith. This sermon was delivered on the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Brahmo Somaj, January 24, 1868; on which day the first stone was laid of the new *Mandir*, or church, for the "progressive Brahmos," who, since their secession from the parent Somaj, had been without any public place of worship in Calcutta. On August 22nd, 1869, the new building

was opened, and the whole day was devoted to religious exercises, of which a very interesting report was given in the *Indian Mirror*. Among the services was one for the initiation of fresh members, a new feature in the Somaj, intended to confirm the adherence of its votaries by a public pledge. Twenty-one youths (including three university graduates) "stood in a semicircle round the altar, with bent heads and humble posture," to make their profession of faith; after which Keshub Chunder delivered a "practical and enthusiastic" charge to them, "upon the duties of true Brahmic life, its trials and sorrows and glories. The young men were touched in the heart, and one offered a prayer, at the meekness and sincerity of which the whole audience was moved to tears, and expressed other strong marks of emotion." Another new feature in this Mandir is that, instead of committing the hymns, as in the parent Somaj, to one or two professional singers, who perform the same office for the heathen temples, the choir is composed exclusively of Brahmos, and the congregation join in the choruses with great enthusiasm. The church is crowded every Sunday with hearers, old and new. "Many a poor and sin-stricken soul," writes one, "has found a resting-place beneath its sacred roof." "Almost all," writes another, "are devout followers of the True Religion." Religious instruction is given to inquirers by Keshub at the Mission Office every Saturday, and an initiation service is held on the last Sunday of every Bengali month.\* And on a recent occasion he actually addressed them "on their duties as members of the Catholic Church!"† Such a phrase, though doubtless construed in the widest sense, plainly marks his conception of the Brahmo Somaj as a branch of that "Communion of Saints" which includes the Churches of Christendom.

The total number of the Brahmos was recently estimated by the *Indian Mirror* at "about five or six thousand." A large proportion of these consist of the young men who are educated at the English colleges.‡ All who receive liberal English education renounce idolatry; some embrace orthodox Christianity, while others become sceptics;§

\* The Brahmos reckon their proceedings according to the era of Sakabda, which dates from King Salivahana, A.D. 78.

† *Indian Mirror*, Nov. 12, 1869.

‡ The *Indian Mirror* of July 30, 1869, gives the following theological statistics of the examinations for the academical year of 1867-8 in the Calcutta University, which comprises the Colleges of Bengal, the N.W. Provinces, and the Punjaub. The successful candidates were as follows:—

	Entrance Examination.	Little-go.	B.A. examina- tion.
Hindoo . . . . .	538	111	67
Mahometans . . . . .	16	2	2
Christians . . . . .	35	8	2
Brahmos . . . . .	69	43	21

§ "Positivism counts its followers by hundreds." ("Great Men," p. 2.) Some of the most strenuous of Keshub's efforts have been directed against the scepticism which often succeeds to idolatry, and the laxity of morals which is too apt to follow the loss of faith.



but, apparently, the greater number become Theists. Not all of those, however, are to be reckoned as true Brahmos; some object to adopt the name, and others, who nominally enter the Somaj, are too timid to commit themselves heartily to all which true Theism implies. They shrink from the anger or tears of their heathen relations, and from the hundred annoyances and privations which are the inevitable portion of a young and protesting church. Not by such men can the world be redeemed; yet, in judging them, we should remember that those trials are very real, and to a gentle, yielding race like the Bengalees, demand unusual courage to surmount. For instance, while a congregation of Brahmos at Harinabhi were recently assembled at worship, a number of idolaters gathered outside,

“And after indulging for some time in sneers and sarcasms of a blasphemous character, rushed into the house, interrupted the service by creating an awful disturbance, put out the light, assaulted some members of the congregation, insulted others, and violently dragged away two of them. We are glad to learn not a single blow or abusive epithet was returned.”\*

Such an occurrence, I am told by a Brahmo gentleman here, is by no means uncommon in the rural districts, though of course not in the great towns; there, the weapon used is excommunication from family and friends. Another privation arises out of the anomalous state of the Indian marriage laws. By omitting idolatrous rites from the wedding ceremony, the Brahmos forfeit the legality of their unions, and their children lose all the rights of inheritance. About a year ago, they petitioned the Government for an Act that should legalize their marriages, and Mr. H. Sumner Maine, the eminent jurist, consequently introduced into the Governor-General's Council a comprehensive Native Marriage Bill, “giving to all the same option which Christians only enjoy, of marrying before a civil registrar, and afterwards according to such religious rites as they prefer.” This measure did not pass, however, and is still under consideration. Unfortunately it is violently opposed by the “orthodox Hindoos,” and even by the Parsees of Bombay, for reasons which are stated in full, by representatives of those bodies, in the *Hindoo Patriot* of December 6, 1869, and which amount to this: that if the children of heretical marriages are allowed to be legitimate, they will inherit the property and position of their orthodox ancestors, and thus the strictly religious coherence of the Hindoo and Parsee communities will be disintegrated. The editor of the *Hindoo Patriot* even asks why a heretic should succeed “to any property at all, when he outrages the religious feelings of him whose inheritor he claims to be?” This sort of dilemma must always recur where

\* *Indian Mirror*, Oct. 29, 1869.

society is in transition from a state in which civil rights and social position are entirely dependent on an organized religion, to a state in which they acquire separate existence. Theoretically, the duty of the State is clear—viz., to ensure civil rights to all law-abiding persons, and to leave the religious conflict to the higher influences which alone can overrule it; but the critical difficulty often is, that the bigoted will not allow that there are such things as civil rights apart from a special religion. Great care is therefore needed in drawing the line rightly, so as to give no *just* cause of offence. The peculiar nature of the Hindoo laws of property and inheritance renders the present case a difficult one, but we trust that the Government will not rest until, either by Mr. Maine's or by some other Act (or Acts), it removes the brand of illegitimacy from the offspring of Brahmo marriages, and places them under the full protection of the law.

The relation of the Brahmo Somaj to the English missionaries is somewhat peculiar. Between two parties who, with so much in common, yet differ so materially, misapprehensions, of course, not unfrequently arise; but, in spite of these, there is a substantial amount of mutual good-will, which appears to be increasing. Keshub's disposition towards the missionaries has always been cordial, and a recognised missionary authority has frankly admitted that "the kind and courteous tone of his discussions with them have been deserving of all praise."\* The *Indian Mirror*, too, constantly treats of missionary efforts of various kinds in a spirit which is not only friendly, but even desirous of reciprocal sympathy, and hopeful "that whatever differences may exist between them [the missionaries] and the Brahmos, the two parties will heartily combine as brethren to exterminate idolatry and promote true morality in India."† One curious point is worth noticing. The missionaries often deny that their schools supply converts to the Brahmo Somaj; but in this they seem to be mistaken. "Many of our ministers and leading men," says the *Mirror*, "are recruited from missionary schools, which, by affording religious education, prove more favourable to the growth and spread of Brahmoism than Government schools with Comte and Secularism."

With respect to the condition of women, the Brahmos have made a beginning of improvement by encouraging female education, discouraging child-marriages, and seeking to associate the sexes in a

\* *British Quarterly Review*, No. XCVIII., p. 537. See, in illustration, Keshub's lecture, "The Brahmo Somaj Vindicated" (Calcutta, 1863), which, though diffuse in parts, is worth reading for its effective defence of Brahmo doctrine, and its most Christian spirit towards missionary opponents.

† *Indian Mirror*, Sept. 10, 1869.



common faith and worship.\* This is much; but very much more remains to be done before Hindoo women can take their rightful place as the companions of their husbands and the educators of their children. We trust, however, that the foundations are being laid which shall ensure to the rising female generation a far happier life than their mothers', and that the instances in which Brahmica ladies enjoy and do credit to the freedom of the West, may so multiply, as to cease ere long to be singular. Already we hear "that there are many who contribute excellent articles, and sometimes charming verses, to the vernacular papers," and that Brahmica ladies give regular teaching to adult classes of their own sex. The light has evidently begun to stream into the zenana; may it increase more and more unto the perfect day!

In summing up the main features of this Theistic movement, we may observe, first of all, that it is an essentially *affirmative* one; not a mere speculative society, but a genuine Church. With an Unitarian theology, it combines an "Evangelical" piety, which delights to dwell on sacred themes with a frequency and tenacity truly Oriental. Services four hours long, and religious exercises lasting almost through a whole day, are not unfrequent, and the chanting of hymns seems to raise the worshippers into a sort of ecstasy. So marked is the tendency to overflowing religious emotion that Keshub Chunder has lately given them a wise caution on the subject, pointing out the need of self-control, and the danger of cultivating emotion as a stimulant, and so sinking "into mere 'spiritual voluptuaries.'"<sup>†</sup> There are, however, other weak points in the Brahmo type of faith, which appear in Keshub's own writings. From various passages therein, it is evident that, as with most Pauline minds, his conversion was attended with those sharp moral and spiritual conflicts which divide the new life from the old by a great chasm. Feeling, as such minds must, that in the life of conscious faith lies their only safety and peace, it is not surprising that he should scarcely perceive that an equally vivid realization of God's presence is not possible to all temperaments. But we must regret that he should repeat the error of Luther and of the Puritans generally, in assuming, as he certainly seems to do, that where "good works" are not consciously based on the sense of God as their only true source, there must necessarily be a spirit of self-trust and a "pride of duty." "A man," he writes, "may be a good father, husband, brother, citizen; he may be a reformer and patriot, &c., but his 'much serving' will not avail to secure salvation in the

\* In the new Calcutta Mandir there is a screened ladies' gallery, and ladies are "admitted into the Brahmic fellowship," with special initiation service and "charge" from Keshub Chunder.

<sup>†</sup> *Indian Mirror*, Sept. 17, 1869—"Religious Emotions."

absence of faith,"\* We can understand this in a narrowly-literal Christian; but it is extremely curious to find the same one-sided view in a teacher who abjures textual "book-revelation," and who, by "salvation," must simply mean acceptance with God. Why should he suppose that acceptance to be confined to the "twice-born" children of faith? Probably from not sufficiently discriminating between the essential element of the heart's *allegiance to God* as the Perfect Goodness, and the secondary element of an abidingly conscious *communion with Him*. Now, while the Brahmos are in their early spring-time of divine joy and love, such communion is abundant; but if that abundance be reckoned on as a necessary consequent of piety, the absence of which implies some hidden sin, the results must follow which have so clouded over all the great Puritan movements; first, a straining after sensations unattainable by the will, and then, failing these, a reaction of depression and scepticism. This is especially probable where the first era of a religion has been attended by a strong sense of sin, as is the case among the Brahmos to a remarkable degree.† Coming out of the unspeakable abominations of Hindoo Idolatry, their memories must be too often stained with degrading recollections which the fullest sense of Divine forgiveness can never quite obliterate during this life, and the nobler the nature, the more sensitively will this be felt. But the younger generation of Brahmos now growing up will, we may hope, be spared the darker of these experiences, and hence a less intensely penitential tone will probably be natural to them. It is therefore very important that they should not be educated to regard such keenness of feeling as absolutely essential to a filial and humble piety.

Another questionable feature in Keshub's teaching is the Oriental form in which he preaches the doctrine of regeneration. He has seized a vital truth in the idea that not until the spiritual instincts exercise a free *spontaneous* life in man, can he be truly regenerate—that "only passion can vanquish passion," and that the "passionate attachment" for holiness and for God should bear absolute sway over the heart. But in assuming that it can only do this by superseding all other passions, and that a man "must destroy his carnal nature—he must be dead to the senses, to self, and to the world,"‡ before he can "enter into the kingdom of heaven,"—he falls into the well-

\* Quoted from an article, evidently by Keshub, in the *Indian Mirror* of Oct. 29, 1869, on "Martha and Mary," in which the anti-Martha bias is carried much too far.

† This is strikingly illustrated in a little tract entitled "Deism and Theism, or Rationalism and Faith;" by a Brahmo missionary, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar,—a tract containing the most touching outpourings of a lowly and adoring heart.

‡ "Regenerating Faith," p. 21. See also "Great Men," p. 26, and "True Faith," *passim*.



known error of many an Augustinian mind before him—an error the more dangerous that it is only made by noble natures. Happily there is yet time in which he may learn from the history of similar movements, how disastrous it is to the permanent health of religion to neglect any essential part of the human nature over which it has to rule.

Next, as to the theological position of Brahmoism, which is one hitherto unique. Rammohun Roy's noble labours were by no means the first efforts made in India to free religion from the debasements of idolatry. The teachings of Kabir, of Dadu, of Nanak Shah, and others bear witness to the struggles of the Indian mind within the last four hundred years after a pure Theism, and a loosening of caste fetters. But not until the British rule had placed the intellect of India *en rapport* with the mind of the West, did such efforts gain the reinforcement of extra-Hindoo influences. Now, eagerly drinking in "what Greece, Rome, Palestine e'er said," and protected from serious persecution by the Gallio sitting in their gates, the educated Hindoo Theists are in a new position. Beginning with a natural prepossession in favour of their ancestral Scriptures, but bravely abandoning their authority when it proved to be in error,—seeking amid a chaos of conflicting creeds to glean the spiritual truth enshrined in each, the Brahmo Somaj early adopted a position of strict impartiality to all religions alike, and that position it still, theologically speaking, retains. But this openness to *all* light has only served to show more clearly from what quarter the greatest light shines forth. There is a very marked preference in Brahmo writings for the spiritual teaching of the Christian Scriptures,\* and a tacit adoption of the Christian type of faith, which form a more touching tribute to the power of the Gospel than the most absolute acceptance of Western creeds. Nay, for our Lord Himself a strong personal affection is often expressed. The present state of feeling on this subject is thus epitomized in an article (avowedly by Keshub) on "The Spirit of Christ," in the *Indian Mirror*, April 30th, 1869:—

"There is an infinite diversity of opinion among Brahmos respecting Jesus of Nazareth, ranging from intense hatred on the one hand, to profound reverence and personal attachment on the other. Many there are, especially among the old Brahmos, who look upon him with almost the same spirit of sectarian antipathy and abhorrence as Hindus, and even go the length of calling him an impostor. Such ideas are happily dying out. The vast

\* "Formerly Hindoos alone were admitted into the sacred fellowship of the Somaj, Christ was hated, and everything pertaining to Mlecha [alien] religions proscribed. Now Hindoos, Mahometans, and Englishmen rejoice in a common fellowship, and in the worship of their common Father; Christ is honoured, the Bible preferred to all other books, and all nationalities are blended into true Theistic unity."—From an editorial article on "The Progress of our Church," *Indian Mirror*, July 9, 1869.

majority of our brethren of the progressive school cherish respect and gratitude towards Christ, and some even accept him as a guide and master. We have no desire to enter into a theological controversy on this subject, but we think it necessary to say a few words to point out our peculiar spiritual relation unto Christ, that he may be unto us not a source of wranglings and disputes, but of life, strength, and righteousness. We Theists must take it to be foreign to our purpose to canvass the thousand theories which have been propounded about him and his creed; but surely it is our interest and duty to receive from him that practical moral influence which he is appointed in God's economy to exercise on our souls, to love him and revere him, and follow his teachings and example."

The writer then attempts to discriminate between "the purely human Christ" and "the divine elements of his character," setting aside the former as local and temporary, and regarding the latter as alone of permanent importance; "not the son of man, but the son of God in Christ is needful for our salvation." After carrying this idea to an almost Gnostic extreme, he proceeds:—

"He does not come to us as God the Father, Ruler, and Saviour, in human form; he is not an advocate or intercessor striving to appease an angry deity; he does not present himself to us as an external fact to be believed on historical testimony; nor is he a mere good man who lived a pious life and died a noble death. Christ stands before us always as an incarnation of faith and loyalty to God—an example of self-sacrificing devotion to truth; he is to be accepted in spirit and converted into an internal fact of our life; he is to live in us perpetually as the spirit of godliness. We do not care to 'believe' in the outward and dead Nazarene, or make a declaration of such belief in orthodox style. But we do care to assimilate the spirit of Christ to our souls. We must eat the flesh and drink the blood of the spiritual Christ, and thus incorporate the principles of faith and sacrifice, love and godliness, which he embodied into our spiritual constitution. Thus the spirit of Christ shall constantly abide in us as the living Christ; thus, instead of adoring him or praying to him, we shall ever strive to enter into deeper communion with his spirit, and to advance nearer and nearer to the Infinite Father with the spirit of that holy Brother's faith and love growing within us."

The inconsistencies of this Christian non-Christianism are too apparent to need pointing out; but what is their root? A coward would not thus exert himself to plead for Christ. *What is it* that prevents men who have gone so far on the Christian path from becoming Christians altogether? This: that all their prepossessions are directly opposed to the belief in incarnation. Hindoo mythology has utterly disgusted them with the very idea of it, and they fear (as they say) "to exchange one superstition for another." They thirst after the "One without a second," the uncreated Father of spirits, and long to sweep away all that may seem to obscure His perfect light. Now this is surely a right instinct, and the indispensable foundation of all religion that deserves the name. It should also be remembered that in God's "education of the world," every



lesson has to be mastered separately. It took the Hebrews some centuries to learn their pure Theism, and only when that was for ever rooted in the heart of the race was the Eternal Son revealed. It is possible that some such process may be in store for India, where the Gospel has hitherto taken so little hold of native minds as to suggest the idea that some "hidden link" needs to be supplied between it and them. If so, such a preparation is certainly beginning, however unconsciously, under the Brahmo Somaj. Whatever their imperfections, they are doing a work for God which greatly needs doing, and which He will surely "lead into all truth," in His own time, and in His own way.

Let us not, then, refuse our Christian sympathies to these Hindoo Unitarians, as fellow-worshippers of our common Father, fellow-learners of the teaching of His Son, fellow-seekers of the Kingdom of Heaven. Keshub Chunder Sen is now on the point of visiting England, for the double purpose of gaining a fuller knowledge of English civilization, and of enlisting English sympathy for his Church.\* A cordial welcome should await one who has laboured so devotedly for his race, and is so capable of profiting by the higher phases of English life and thought. May we only be found as faithful to our light as this "non-Christian," but most Christ-loving disciple, on whom the hundreds of souls whom he has rescued from heathen bondage will surely bring down our Lord's blessing, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET.

\* About a dozen of Keshub's tracts, including most of his best, may be had of Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.



## ON THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.

"THERE are now," says the *Union*, "in France, 6 cardinals, 15 archbishops, 69 bishops, 155 vicars-general, 660 canons, 3,396 curés, 29,630 officiating priests, 10,000 supernumerary ditto, 30,000 seminarists, and 50,000 persons belonging to different religious orders."

It is scarcely possible to read the above paragraph without desiring to get some glimpse into the ordinary social life of this multitude of men, all set apart, in one way or other, to do some special work for the Church of Rome.

Few of us, indeed, in our autumn holidays can have met these dark-robed silent priests, in railway carriages, or watched them walking, with their peculiar gliding step, and trained and practised bearing, down the streets of some little country town, without feeling somewhat curious to find out what manner of men they were in their private life at home; to ascertain whether their relations with their parishioners, and schools, and fellow-workers, were in reality more or less satisfactory than those with which we are ourselves familiar in the ordinary arrangements of an English parish.

It is very easy to imagine that the French Roman Catholic parish priest must have an immense advantage in many respects over our own. On the one hand, so much is said of the admirable organization



of the Romish Church, of the way in which its power, intensified by its perfect concentration, is diffused into the smallest branches, and makes itself felt with all its energy at the greatest possible distance from the head; on the other, from the example under our eyes in a neighbouring island, it would seem that the power of the Roman Catholic parish priest in his own sphere is almost despotic—that his relation to his flock is, as nearly as possible, that of a simple autocracy over a willing serfdom. Putting these two things together, and adding the docile nature of the French peasantry, their habitual submission to anything that has an air of authority, their simple reverence and unhesitating belief, it is not hard to come to an off-hand conclusion that the work of a French parish priest must be free from much of the worry, and hindrance, and vexation that impede the usefulness of an English clergyman; that his position, at all events in a country parish, is as comfortable as is possible for one who lies under the great curse of an enforced celibacy. It is quite true that with such thoughts as these comes the remembrance of certain volumes called "*Le Maudit*," which give a very different picture of the life of a French priest, if, while throwing his whole heart into his work, he is disposed to recognise the duty of employing his intellectual faculties, or to step in any way beyond the limits of a stern conventionality. But then the statements made in a novel have not usually much abiding influence. Everybody is prepared to find them highly coloured, strained, and distorted from the truth; while, after all, when one is about it, a strong case may be as easily made out for one side as for the other. The writer of "*Le Maudit*" could have had no conceivable difficulty in depicting his hero as a headstrong, unbelieving, reckless young fellow, who managed by his wilfulness to upset the whole machinery of the parish, who was dealt with wisely and tenderly by his superiors, and at last broke away in spite of their considerate forbearance, and perished by his own fault. In fact, the English reader is so overdone with sensational novels, and has in consequence imbibed such a distrust of all highly-wrought and excited statements, that it is very difficult to make an impression upon him by anything which takes the shape of a work of fiction.

It is not easy to get materials for forming a safe judgment on these matters. The life of French priests in country parishes is, for the most part, as quiet and reserved as it is possible to conceive. All discipline is kept strictly in the hands of their own superiors. There are no appeals to public sympathy, or columns of fine writing and excited correspondence in the local press, in the case of a dispute between a recalcitrant *curé* and a martinet bishop. Neither are silver-teapoting and addresses from school-teachers common events

in the life of a French clergyman. All incipient scandal, and even all danger of over-popularity, are nipped in the very bud by the summary removal of the priest to some distant charge. Here and there, as in the story entitled "A Noble Page in the Life of a French Archbishop," in the *People's Magazine* for August, 1869, it is possible to get a glimpse of their social relations, which, in this case, are represented by an energetic and loving pastor presiding over a simple and grateful flock. But such records are few and scarce. In all political and social matters they act with a perfect unity, which betokens admirable discipline, and a system worked with the utmost precision in its details. And the very proof of its perfection is that these details are kept so utterly in the dark. The creaking of the machinery is a rare and unaccustomed sound. And their extraordinary discipline gives every facility for disposing of inconvenient questions or of intractable clergymen without the slightest necessity for calling in the public either as arbiters or witnesses. No body of men appreciates the wisdom of the proverb which recommends the purification of foul linen to be done at home more thoroughly than the Romish hierarchy.

But there is another way of discovering the habits and fashions, the strength and weakness, of the individuals of whom any community is composed, and that is by an examination of the rules and laws of the community itself. The laws of any nation convey a pretty accurate idea of the habitual tendencies and actual character of the people at the period when their code was compiled—just as a geologist judges of the enemies which were wont to beset any species of pre-Adamite animals by the nature of the defensive armour with which their fossil relics are invested. Even the advice which any one, experienced in the ways of life of any body of men, thinks necessary to give them, is a pretty good indication of the habits and customs at which his words are aimed. And these comparatively accidental signs often give a much closer insight into matters than could be gained by more elaborate descriptions. Archbishop Trench very sensibly remarks, that it would be impossible for any narrative to impress upon the reader's mind a sense of the utter degradation of the natives of Van Dieman's Land more forcibly than the simple fact that they have four words to represent the taking away of human life, and not one to express love. And, to take a more pertinent instance, it would be difficult to get a clearer notion of what manner of men the English clergy, as a body, were in Bishop Burnet's time, than may be derived from a thoughtful examination of his "Pastoral Care."

Now there is a book somewhat akin to the "Pastoral Care,"



entitled "Zeal in the Work of the Ministry," addressed to the French clergy by the Abbé Dubois, and which, in the copy before us, dated 1859, had reached its fifth edition. Of the book itself, it is enough to say that it abounds in wise, loving, and earnest counsels; that there is running through it a current of shrewd, sturdy common-sense, underlying a style by no means free from an exaggerated sentimentality; and that there is much advice in it which every one entrusted in any communion with the care of souls would do well to ponder carefully. For instance, it would be difficult to find more sound suggestions for profitable catechizing than are contained in the following passage:—

"Be as clear as possible in your explanations, and never pass over a single word of the Catechism without endeavouring to make it perfectly understood. Forget, if you can, that you yourselves know the things to be explained, and look for their meaning with your children as if you yourself were ignorant of them. Ask yourself often, as you read the clearest parts of the Catechism, whether a limited intelligence might not still find something obscure or ambiguous. . . . In order to ascertain that it is so, do not content yourself with questioning those who are well instructed, but address yourself rather to those whose intelligence is but little developed. Vary the language in which you clothe your questions. The sense will be the same, but the words being different, you will see if the sense is thoroughly understood. Here is a very important direction, which we should like to print in large letters on each page of the Catechism, in order that the priest who explains it might have it continually before his eyes:—*Speak little, and make the children speak much.*"

Of course we have nothing here to do with the polemical aspect of the book, or with the way in which it takes for granted the points in dispute between the Church of Rome and ourselves. Our only business with it here is to glean from it such casual hints and unintentional indications as it may afford of the social characteristics and professional position of our clerical neighbours on the other side the Channel, so that we may form some idea whether, in Church matters, as is said to be the case in some others, things are better managed there than among ourselves.

And, first, there is some very suggestive counsel given to the clergy about their personal bearing and demeanour. It has been said before, that the gait and bearing of the French clergy is apt to strike an English observer as having something peculiar, and, if it may be so called, professional, about it; something which leaves the impression of its being rather the result of study and training, than real and natural. At all events, it is very different from what we are accustomed to see at home—as unlike the quick movement and keen thoughtful glance of the hard-working town-incumbent, as the firm tread and easy swing of the country parson of the Kingsley type. And

there is a certain uniformity about it all, precluding all manifestation of personal character or individual temperament, and suggesting, unpleasantly to the English mind, that one does not see the real man; that the truth of the man's nature is hidden away, and wrapped up in a conventional garb; that the outward fashion of the man is moulded into shape, not by what he really is himself, but by some idea, impressed upon him from without, without reference to its truthfulness in relation to himself, of what a Roman Catholic priest ought—if he cannot be—at all events, to look like.

And this idea is perfectly corroborated by the directions in this book. We are told there—

“A priest, then, should never look about him with an inquisitive and wandering air, nor fix his eyes upon the persons whom he meets, especially upon those of the opposite sex. Must he then, keep his eyes upon the ground, so as to appear almost closed? No; that would be affected. The wisest rule that has been proposed in this respect is to direct the eyes downwards to a point four or five paces in advance. Should the priest think proper to raise them, he must try to give them that expression of sweetness, candour, and modesty, so pleasing to everyone, because it reflects the serenity of a well-regulated mind.”

The particular point on which the eyes are to be fixed appears to be a matter demanding much thought and attention on the part of the French clergy. In another place, the priest is warned not to keep his eyes “so fixed upon the ground as to condemn himself never to see farther than the point of his shoe.” A matter then of some few paces between the point of his shoe and the horizon appears to be the fixed limit within which the visual organs of the priest are to be allowed their only exercise. There is a certain facility of obedience in the very simplicity of the rule. The point is so rigidly defined that there is no possibility either of evasion or of mistake. Either to look at the point of the shoe, or to look more than five paces beyond it, is alike reprehensible and faulty.

Now it is very easy to laugh at all this. One can fancy the stern contempt, and almost loathing ridicule, with which some writers would treat such directions as these. Doubtless, there is very much to be said against them. On the one hand, there is an appearance of unreality and pretence about them, a suggestion of putting on habitually and deliberately an appearance of piety and humility and thoughtfulness which do not all correspond with the real nature of the man. On the other, it may seem to imply an ignoring of the love and beauty and order and goodness which are everywhere apparent in God's creation; a forgetfulness of the fact that, after all, God in Christ, and not the devil, is really, in spite of all the evil in it, Lord and King and Ruler and Governor of this world and all that is therein. Yet, from another point of view, it does seem hard



to denounce any Christian man for any practice, however puerile or grotesque or unreal it may appear, which he honestly affirms that he really has found helpful in his hard warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And still more hard to sneer at a body of men for a painful restraint which they have imposed upon themselves in the idea that they may thus do better work in winning souls for Christ.

Still, even after making ample allowance for those peculiarities of—shall we say Latin or Celtic—Celtic temperament, which it seems impossible for the Anglo-Saxon mind to comprehend, there is much in these minute regulations which appears calculated to defeat its own purpose. In one way, it is like greenhouse treatment for plants which have to spend their lives in the open air, tending to soften and refine, when the object is to harden and to strengthen. Roman Catholic parish priests, like our own clergymen, have to face a certain description of dangers to which they are peculiarly exposed from their professional dealings with other men and women. They cannot always have their eyes fixed upon the ground. They are compelled to have intercourse, closer and more private than is necessary for our own clergymen, with a class of excitable young women who have been trained from their earliest years to admiration, to reverence, to enthusiasm, taught to regard their confessor, perhaps young and handsome, with an ardent affection, partaking of the nature of that with which they look up to the Creator, of whom the priest is, to them, the representative.

Human nature is a terrible thing when it suddenly asserts the evil that is in it. It would be a peculiarly sore trial to one accustomed to fix his eyes upon the ground, to shut out—not to overcome—the dangers that might come from looking on his fellows, if he were suddenly to raise his eyes and to behold—temptation.

But to take another aspect of the case. The Abbé Dubois would doubtless justify his advice on two grounds. First, as the restraint must operate in keeping perpetually before the mind the peculiar responsibilities, the careful reticence, the lofty standard of personal holiness implied in the assumption of the priestly office. Secondly, by the principle on which we make little children bend their knees, and fold their hands, and close their eyes, when they say their prayers; because the very outward gesture, and fixed posture, are a help to acquiring the real qualities which they symbolize; because the best way to learn to be really reverent, and humble, and self-restrained, is carefully and painfully to assume habitually the outward attitude of reverence, and humility, and self-restraint.

Doubtless there is much truth in this. It is wonderful how soon a careful training of the body, will mould the moral faculties into a corresponding attitude. Only then, there is the corresponding danger

of falling into unreality and pretence, of being content with the symbol instead of pressing forward to the reality, of being satisfied to live in outward habits which are not the expressions of an inward temperament—like those ignoble species of crabs and sea-slugs, which are content to take up their dwellings in deserted shells, of which neither the texture, nor the shape, nor the brilliant colouring, in any sense belong to them, as having grown upon them from their own secretions.

And this danger is certainly brought into striking prominence, by the tone of the abbé's counsels.

It is not what they ought to be, but what others ought to think of them, of which he seems to take the greatest heed. A priest on a journey, is to "attract the attention" of his fellow travellers "by his pious exterior, by the modest reserve of his eyes, by the gentleness of his voice, and the suavity of his manners." Of the good priest we are told:—

"The first thing which strikes us is a frank and open countenance"—the very last thing, by the way, which it is common to meet with in foreign ecclesiastics—"which gives at the first glance an air of amiability which at once attracts; the look is sweet, benevolent, and modest; the mouth wears a gracious smile, which tells of kindness. . . . Discussions are very rare, and when they cannot be avoided, no vehemence is ever observable, but, on the contrary, a sweetly-modulated gravity. Bursts of laughter are proscribed, and should they escape involuntarily, he quickly returns to an amiable smile, which is the *ne plus ultra* of the expression of the joy which modesty allows to ecclesiastics." And the reward of all this is to be that people when they see him will say, "There is an amiable priest. There is a holy and worthy priest."

It is hardly possible to conceive a greater amount of petty social suffering, than the observance of these rules would imply. One can hardly imagine what it would be, to be always thinking what other people are thinking about one's face, to be always puzzling ourselves whether it is reflecting "the serenity of a well regulated mind;" to be wondering whether one is attracting anybody by an air of amiability; to be perpetually suspicious of the rebellious corners of one's mouth, lest they are not "wearing a gracious smile which tells of kindness;" to be terribly afraid lest our eyes should be deficient in "that expression of sweetness, candour, and modesty, so pleasing to everybody;" to be sorely exercised when a good thing is said in one's hearing, lest our risible faculties should involuntarily transgress the limits of that "amiable smile, which is the *ne plus ultra* of the expression of the joy which modesty allows to ecclesiastics."

It would seem that the inevitable result upon ordinary temperaments would be that painful self-consciousness, which often passes into one of the many forms of that placid self-complacency, which is



of all things the most irritating, and least attractive, to the beholder, and for which "priggishness" is the only adequate word in the English language adequately expressing the idea. And it seems difficult to believe that such self-consciousness, such habitual taking thought for the effect that outward appearance is producing upon others, must not eventually grow into some shape of that unreality and shallowness, than which nothing is more deteriorating to the character.

One reason for these minute rules is perhaps apparent in the book itself. From various unintentional indications, scattered throughout its pages, it is evident that the French clergy are, for the most part, taken from lower social *strata* than is, at present, usual among ourselves; that they have not, for the most part, the advantage of that almost mechanical self-restraint, and unconscious habit of keeping the natural impulses in hand, which are the noblest parts of that breeding and culture which belong to the earliest education of what we call a gentleman, and in which lies the truth of that French proverb "*Noblesse oblige.*" It would scarcely, under the present state of things, be thought necessary, by the most careful compiler of a clerical manual, to caution his readers against "loose expressions, marked freedoms, and gestures severely condemned by priestly modesty; as, for instance, seizing the hand, tapping the shoulder, pushing as a wrestler, and all this with jesting behaviour, coarse words, and bursts of laughter:" a picture of the greeting of two clergymen, reminding us forcibly of a couple of English cabmen wiling away the leisure hour by innocuous sparring, and playfully knocking off each other's hats. Nor again, in our day at least, would such a writer think that he was warning against an habitual fault, when he spoke of "talking and bursts of laughter in the sacristy, want of recollection and gravity at the altar, scandalous haste in administering the sacraments, and the disgusting dirt which strikes the eyes of every one who enters the church."

Nor, amid all the social perils of travelling, would an English clergyman be at all likely to fall into the mistake, against which we find his French brethren are cautioned earnestly and at some length, of modelling his behaviour upon that of a commercial traveller, or taking the free-and-easy manners—or want of manners—of such a roistering bagman as the abbé describes, as the correct thing, the type and pattern, to be imitated as closely and exactly as circumstances may allow.

And whatever hints it might be thought advisable to give for the improvement of the *cuisine* in an English parsonage, it would never enter into the head of any mentor to conceive that "disgusting want of cleanliness," apparent in the kitchen, might be due to the fact that

the officiating priestess of those regions was the "mother, sister, or aged aunt" of the incumbent.

And this, if borne in mind, will give a clue helping us to a better understanding of the relations between the priest and his flock which are presented to us in the abbé's pages. For the rest, some of the perils and troubles which harass and beset the French curé seem not unlike those which form part of the experience of an English incumbent. The perilous allurements of high farming appeared to be as dangerously suggested by beet-root and vineyards as by swedes and hop-grounds. Shares in every imaginable company offer as delusive a prospect of golden showers and unearned harvests to the poverty of the Gallic curé, as is presented in the innumerable circulars which fill the waste-paper baskets of wise, and empty the coffers of foolish men, in English parsonages. Strangely enough "nepotism, advancement of one's family, and the sacrifices necessitated by such advancement," seem to inure the conscience of the celibate clergy to as loose ideas in money matters, to suggest the "*rem quocunque modo rem*," as surely as the prospects of the sturdy half-educated lads and the pretty portionless lasses that surround his hearth may be supposed to stimulate the organs of acquisitiveness in their brethren across the Channel. In fact, carelessness about money matters, buying costly books, excessive decoration of house and garden, lavish hospitality, love of expensive society, all the causes that among ourselves bear their fruits in neglect of duty, and often in shameful embarrassments, appear to be faithfully reproduced in France. From one source of temptation, however, incident to the bringing up and social habits of English clergymen, the French appear to be entirely exempt. There is no indication in these pages that the idea of a curé addicted to field-sports, even to the Waltonian pastime of angling, ever crossed the mind of the writer.

And so again, passing from the personality of the curé to his more direct relations to the outer world, we find that the same troubles which annoy and embarrass our parish priests, are almost invariably reproduced in France, and often in an exaggerated form. And first, as to the curate. Every English incumbent who has ever had occasion to avail himself of assistance in his work has found out by experience how difficult it is to adjust quite satisfactorily the mutual relations of curate and incumbent in matters both social and parochial. Now in France the relations between the curé, answering to our incumbent, and the curate, are inevitably complicated by two circumstances. In the first place, the curate is nominated, not by the curé himself, but by the bishop of the diocese; in the second, the curé is obliged to receive him as an inmate of his house: the



effect of the first arrangement being that the curé naturally suspects his brother clergyman of being sent as a check and spy upon him; of the second, innumerable causes of dissatisfaction and dissension springing up in matters of daily intercourse. Of course the stricter dogmatic rule of Rome, reducing all her teaching to a dead level, does away with all those difficulties which arise from various shades of theological belief, and varying practices in ecclesiastical matters. The middle-aged incumbent is not puzzled and perplexed among the minute distinctions of High, Low, and Broad Church, or driven to his wits' end by the, to him, unaccountable vagaries of young men fresh from the university. The wheels of the car of the Church run smoothly over ways as carefully levelled as a railway track. Still the place of these difficulties appears to be amply supplied by other causes of dissension. Varying plans of parochial work, preference of different societies, differing measures of energy in particular labours—above all, different standards of personal holiness, different ideas of what social pleasures and amusements are allowable to a priest, seem to produce, in persons brought into such close contact, a crop of difficulties which may well prevent the English incumbent, despondently appealing to the columns of the *Guardian* or the *Record* for a curate like-minded with himself, from hurrying to the more rigid doctrinal standards, and the more severely defined discipline, which are the boast of Rome. Even though the authority of the curé appears to be absolute in many respects, though he can altogether prevent the curate from preaching, and even from celebrating Mass in the parish church; though he can take whatever portion of the fees he chooses for himself, yet one point, the sorest of all, still remains. Penitents may resort for confession to whichever of their spiritual pastors they prefer; and it is easy to see in the abbé's warnings, the bitter jealousy, the fierce wrath, that is stirred up, when the tribunal of the curate is more numerously attended than that of the curé.

With regard, also, to their social intercourse, it is easy to see among how many sunken rocks and violent under-currents their daily course is steered. Even if, according to the writer of the "Owlet of Owlstone Edge," the parson's wife is sometimes more unmanageable than the parson himself, things do not seem as a matter of course more pleasant when a housekeeper is at the head of the *ménage*. It must be very trying to the curate to see the sleeping-room that ought to be his appropriated to some distant relative of the curé, especially when, as we learn from the abbé is sometimes the case, "the relative is of no very distinguished rank, and has never been accustomed to much delicacy in his lodging." And one can fancy that the condition of a delicately-reared or sickly curate, condemned to the "coarse

food" and "disgusting want of cleanliness," of which the abbé speaks as not uncommon in certain parsonages, would be in no way bettered by the circumstance that the head of the kitchen department is likely to be "the mother, or sister, or aunt," of his superior.

Doubtless in many parishes the utmost harmony prevails between its spiritual pastors; but it is impossible to read the abbé's pages without being impressed with the idea that the arrangements of the Romish Church in this respect appear expressly designed to foster jealousies and heartburnings. It seems as if the relations between curé and curate could only be endurable on the supposition that two persons brought into the closest possible contact by no will or choice of their own, can be able so to adjust their own ways and habits of thought and life, so to fuse together the peculiarities of their personal temperaments, that they shall never either clash with, or offend, each other. At all events, such coupling together of different temperaments, almost at random, must afford admirable opportunities for the exercise of the graces of mutual forbearance and resignation.

It is not the province of this essay to enter into any of the details of the parish work committed to the charge of these men, except so far as they may help to illustrate the personal characteristics and social condition of the clergy, or set before us remarkable features in which the outward aspect of their work differs from our own. In many respects the pictures given of their parish work are just like those which are fairly representative of the ordinary routine of the life of an English incumbent. Perhaps more time is allotted to private study and devotion, and less to active work in the parish, than would be given by one of our own clergymen in mapping out his daily avocations. One peculiar feature of the work, as differing from our own, is the prominence which is given to the duty of confession. It seems as if this were the very heart and life of the Romish system of salvation. The abbé talks of bringing intractable parishioners to confession, somewhat as an enthusiastic sportsman might speak of the capture of a rare wild animal, or the taming of a savage horse. His words read as if the great object of the priest is, not to bring the sinner to confession that he may repent, but to repentance that he may confess.

Some of the means recommended for this purpose appear to our English ideas to savour unpleasantly of the principle that the end justifies the means. Of course no one can doubt that it is lawful—nay, the bounden duty of every earnest priest, who does feel thoroughly that all other things sink into utter insignificance as compared with the salvation of souls—to seize every opportunity of forcing solemn thoughts on the indifferent or hardened, to search



out every avenue by which a sense of the terrors of sin, and the blessedness of the love of God, may force an entrance into hearts obstinate in unbelief or sin. Yet it does seem questionable counsel, even on the ground of policy, to recommend a wife to refuse to go on a party of pleasure with her husband till he has been to confession. Yet this is the abbé's advice; and, to avoid all suspicion of misrepresentation, we give it in his own words:—

“One good recommendation to give a wife is, that when her husband shall ask her some favour which he very much desires—begging her, for example, to accompany him on a journey or to some innocent party of pleasure, or to grant some other favour—she should tell him, with all sweetness and affection, that she will do so willingly, provided he will promise to attend to religion.”

It is not pleasant to think of the state of mind of a French husband who finds that he cannot have the society of his wife to the theatre, or a pleasure-party in the country, without first passing a *mauvais quart-d'heure* with his confessor, for this is what is implied in the “promise to attend to religion.” Certainly, whatever he might think of his wife, it would not be likely to augment his respect and affection for the clergy. Some might possibly discover that the society of madame was not utterly indispensable for the possible enjoyment of the “innocent party of pleasure.” Others, more domestic and more daring, might try the effects of a new bonnet. It would be an interesting speculation to decide which would carry the day, the milliner or the confessor. Probably a clever French woman would, at all events, secure the bonnet first, and trust to the irresistibility of its seductions for the accomplishment of her original purpose. But such a state of things can scarcely be likely to conduce to domestic felicity, or to dispose the male mind very favourably towards its spiritual pastors.

There are also other recommendations suggestive of practices which election commissioners have got a habit of calling by an awkward name. As this:—

“There is another excellent way of working efficaciously for the conversion of sinners of this class. It consists of rendering them some service to which they attach great importance. A rather large alms, if it is a poor person that we wish to convert, or a loan to one who is in a temporary embarrassment, or some service which procures an agreeable surprise, never fails to excite at the bottom of the heart of the receiver a strong sentiment of gratitude; and when the heart is filled with gratitude, it is easily open to conviction.”

Or, as it is put more tersely and plainly, but not so prettily, in another place:—

“The better to induce them (the poor) to attend the public services, he must not fail to tell them that the rich will be edified by their diligent

attendance, and will be much more likely to help them, knowing their alms are bestowed on the deserving poor."

And yet it does not seem that there is any unreality contemplated in the mind of the writer, although, in spite of all his ardent phrases, it is difficult not to suspect that he is too easily satisfied with the outward sign and symbol of confession. But sudden conversions are insisted on as habitual phenomena, and attributed to such violent and almost miraculous impulses as would satisfy the wildest revivalist. Here is an instance which, in its utter disproportion between the cause and the effect, the utter inadequacy to outward seeming of the instruments employed (though we may suppose the hymn had some pathos or tunefulness which has utterly evaporated in the translation), might be repeated with great satisfaction at the most excited and illiterate of Methodist meetings:—

"I remember one of these instances of mercy which affected me exceedingly some twenty years ago. In consideration of my good intention, I pray you to pardon me for speaking of myself. An aged sinner, a man of talent, came to pay me a visit, and as he had learned that I had composed some hymns, he expressed a wish to see them. I thought the opportunity favourable for attempting his conversion. I chose, therefore, a hymn on the return of the sinner to God, and I sang it to the poor prodigal who was with me. The first verse was heard with much attention, the second with still more interest, and the following with a continually increasing emotion. Observing what was passing, I felt an ardour, which I tried my best to throw into my voice. At last arrived the verse which achieved the victory; it finished with these two lines:—

'Fall at his feet, poor child,  
Thou shalt recover thine innocence.'

If he did not fall at the feet of God, at least he fell into the arms of His minister, who was full of comfort for him. The conversion was complete."

An effect of minstrelsy scarcely chronicled since Aldhelm sang his ballads on the bridge of Malmesbury. Seriously, it would be utterly unworthy of a Christian man to deny for a moment the possibility of the grace of God being conveyed through the most unlikely, and apparently insignificant, channels; it only provokes the remembrance of the true old proverb that "extremes meet."

The hindrances and difficulties of a French clergyman's parochial work, seem to be much the same as those which exist among ourselves. First in order, let us take the parish church. Those who have seen anything of foreign churches, at least out of the great cities, must have been struck with the air of dirt, and neglect, and general squalor about them,\* so strangely contrasting with the care

\* And this not in France only. The church belonging to the magnificent Benedictine monastery at Engelburg is almost insufferable from its noisome smell. In the cathedral at Lucerne there were, last summer, names scribbled in pencil on the pillars dated for years back, which no one had ever taken the trouble to wash off.



and cleanliness which are conspicuous, for the most part, even in our tiniest village churches. But they will hardly be prepared for the state of things described in the following passage, a description which it would have been scarcely justifiable to apply to an English church during the worst period of negligence and decay:—

“But the walls themselves, are they as they should be? If, when newly built, they were left white by the hands of the plasterer, the damp has since stained them green, the dust has blackened them, so that no one now can tell which of these three colours predominates. And those old benches, which hardly stand upon their worm-eaten legs, and on which your parishioners sit down so cautiously—those benches unequal in height, in length, and breadth, which cause those who do not laugh to sigh—do they not also call for successors? . . . Might we not also, dear brother, draw your attention to the flooring of your church? If we made an exact calculation, should we not find as many tiles missing as remaining? It would be almost better if there were none, as we find in many poor churches—which, however, has the great inconvenience of leaving the floor rough, uneven, and sometimes furrowed by deep gaps. . . . But what can we say of the sacred ornaments of some churches? What can we say of ornaments worn out, dirty, torn, and patched, which ought a hundred times to be discarded? We have often thought, painful as it is to say so, that such and such a cope, or chasuble even, was much dirtier than the priestly vestment used at the daily celebration of the Holy Mysteries. When these vestments are dirty, they are washed or cleaned; when torn, they are mended; when worn out, replaced; but in some churches, in the sight and knowledge of their negligent pastors, what a degree of dirt and deterioration must be reached before the sacred ornaments are restored or replaced.

“What might we say, also, of those corporals of coarse linen, dirty, full of holes, darned all over, and so little worthy of touching every day the Holy Body of the Divine Saviour? and this chalice, in the bowl of which we look in vain for the traces of the gilding so universally and rigorously prescribed? And this ciborium, so mean, so common, and sometimes so small that it might be taken for a watch-box? And this monstrance, mounted on the foot of an old candlestick, once—very long ago—plated?”

However prepared the reader may be for such complaints of dirt and negligence, it will probably come upon him by surprise to find that the worst evils of the pew system appear to be stereotyped in the Church of Rome.

“Another means of promoting the attendance of the poor at divine worship is to assign them a particular place in the church, reserved for them alone. By their account, if they do not come to our services, it is because they do not know where to sit, not having the means of paying for chairs, and every seat being already occupied by those who do pay. To remove this objection, the curé should come to the understanding with the Vestry, and use all his influence, that a certain number of short benches, proportioned to the number of poor in the parish, should be reserved exclusively for them. It is true that this involves a pecuniary sacrifice (for we need hardly say these seats must be free); but this sacrifice is absolutely necessary. The church is for all the faithful, rich and poor, and these last would be virtually excluded, if condemned to pay for their seats. There is in many churches an intolerable abuse in this respect. Under the pre-

text that the expenses of the service are enormous, the poor are fleeced unmercifully; whereas it would be much better not to display a pomp, running sometimes almost into profanity, which is exceedingly costly, and which prevents the poor from enjoying the spiritual advantages to which they have a right."

To take another feature of parochial work. Every one knows that it is not every English parish in which the clergyman and schoolmaster work harmoniously together, that one of the many perplexities of parish work is to get a thoroughly satisfactory tone into the school, moral and religious, as well as intellectual. But with us, in the long run, matters usually adjust themselves tolerably well. The character of the clergyman, if he sets in earnest about this part of his work, does usually reproduce itself in his school, and his influence pervades it from top to bottom. At all events, in most cases, a master or mistress who is quarrelsome or disagreeable, much more immoral or unbelieving, is usually, before very long, compelled to vacate the position.

But the whole aspect of affairs is altered in France by the complications introduced by State interference. The school and the parish, instead of being separate movements of the same machine, regulated by the same motive power, and doing the same work, are distinct and self-contained powers, sometimes working in harmony, but, as it seems, much more often at open variance. To judge from the abbé's pages the latter state would seem almost the normal one in France. At least, he ardently contemplates, as a case of frequent occurrence, that the schoolmaster may be, what he is pleased to call, "a ravening wolf," nor only given to what our American cousins call "difficulties" with the curé, but openly hostile to all religion. In the advice which he gives under such circumstances, it is remarkable how little real power the incumbent has in the matter, how little the organization of Rome can make itself felt, in a Roman Catholic country, in this the most important function of education. The advice seems to be based on the supposition that the higher authorities will very probably be as hostile to religion as the schoolmaster himself:—

"Our first advice in this case is, not to give any public signal of the struggle. Your outward relations should continue to be kind and courteous. But it were well to ascertain whether the superior authorities on whom the schoolmaster immediately depends are favourable to religion, and whether, were you to inform them of doings of this nature, they would use their power to urge the dismissal, or at least the removal, of immoral schoolmasters. Now, more than ever, the 'recteurs' are invested with full powers over the teachers; we may therefore address them with some hope of success. Sometimes, even, it may be sufficient to apply to their subordinate officers, who, according to the existing organization of this administration, are distributed in the chief town of each *arrondissement*. These sub-



ordinates would refer to the recteurs, and the whole affair would be settled without the curé appearing in the matter, which it is always desirable to avoid."

Even of this process the abbé says, "Unhappily it is no easy matter." In these directions there is something very distasteful to English ideas. They prescribe a mingling of outward courtesy and hidden enmity, of caressing your enemy with one hand, and stabbing him in the back with the other, which suggests unpleasantly a union of the sliminess with the poison of the serpent. The matter is not much improved by the advice given in a supposed case when the clergyman and the schoolmaster are in alliance:—

"A sort of alliance might be established with much advantage. The schoolmaster knows nearly always, and better than anyone, the reproaches urged in the parish against the administration of the curé. . . . On his part, the curé is well aware of all that is said against the schoolmaster. . . . Nothing will be more profitable to the pastor and schoolmaster than a mutual agreement to inform each other frankly and kindly of the little complaints current in the parish in reference to either. To sustain each other constantly and openly in all circumstances, and in secret to exchange affectionate warnings; here is an excellent alliance, one of those contracts called by the Romans *do ut des* (give and take), which cannot fail to secure the peace and advantage of the contracting parties, and, at the same time, contribute to the general welfare of the flock."

It is impossible not to respect the evident simplicity and earnestness with which this advice is given. Yet, human nature being what it is, even in curés and schoolmasters, it is impossible to avoid seeing that such a contract would lead to a series of underhand stabs and ill-natured gossipings, which would promote anything but good feeling between the pastor and his flock; while the peace of "the contracting parties" themselves would in all probability be speedily marred by those jealousies and misunderstandings which are the inevitable condition of questionable alliances. It is easy to conceive the curé affectionately warning the schoolmaster that, in the general opinion of the parish, his teaching was lamentably ineffective; and the satisfaction with which the schoolmaster in his turn would be compelled, very much against his will, but through a strong sense of duty, to inform the curé, frankly and kindly, that the congregation were complaining bitterly of the inordinate length and the exceeding dulness of his sermons. One wonders if, among his secular reading, the abbé had ever lighted on the history of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Santillane. The best thing one can wish for an alliance which carries such an air of sneakiness on its face is its speedy dissolution.

With one more revelation of a French pastor's troubles, we will close the abbé's book. It might be imagined that there could be no crook in the lot of a curé compared to that which sometimes falls

to his English brethren from a dissenting, pig-headed, or generally impracticable squire or churchwarden. But nothing in the way of English squiredom appears to be so utterly cantankerous as what the abbé calls an "intractable" *maire*. It is not quite evident what are the relations between the two, or what are the points on which they are expected almost inevitably to come into collision. But it is quite clear that the spiritual and civil domains are closely conterminous, and that there is plenty of disputed territory to give occasion for continual trespasses, which are always resented with the utmost bitterness, and, when both parties are disposed for a row, afford occasion for interminable strife. The following gives a vigorous, though not a very edifying, picture of such a state of things:—

"Moreover, while we already carry within ourselves the germs of a thousand vexations and inquietudes, the mayor is not idle. Exasperated to see himself thwarted by a *curé*, whose unguarded speeches, cutting remarks, and encroachments, in the mayor's judgment illegal, are all reported to him, he does not fail to use his influence to diminish that of his enemy; and, as he is often without religion and without conscience, he does not scruple to add slander and calumny to sarcasm. When made acquainted with this injustice, the *curé* grows indignant, he loses patience, he no longer weighs his words, he does not calculate the consequence of his actions; then follow a crowd of ill-grounded pretensions and acts of imprudence, false steps, intrigues, and cavils; all so many elements in the division already decided, and quickly becoming yet more deplorable. . . . Here, then, the parish is divided; a part of the flock is in arms against the pastor, and, we say it in pain, here is the pastor also in arms against part of his flock: for in these circumstances the *curé* unites the mayor and his partisans in the same anathema."\*

One can scarcely imagine a more unpleasant business than to "tackle" an average French *maire*, though perhaps the abbé is rather cool in the assumption that because he chooses to squabble with his *curé*, he will very likely be "without religion and without conscience." But the abbé never understates his case, or shrinks from using the very strongest and plainest language. Of this we will give one more instance. It is a common reproach used by Roman Catholics against the Church of England, that with all her advantages, her wealth, her position, her recognition by the State, she has left such a mass of immorality and vice untouched and unleavened in her large towns. Even Archdeacon Manning cannot find it in his heart to conclude a, for the most part, temperate and carefully conciliatory sermon without a hit at the 2,500,000 souls, whom he assumes to be, more or less, uncared for in London alone. If ever a Church had a position which affords an unlimited opportunity of exerting influence for good, it has been that of the Church

\* There is little social intercourse in the rural districts of France between clergy and gentry.



of Rome towards the lower orders in France. Placed among a simple and affectionate people, with a ministry taken, as has been shown, from their own ranks, thoroughly acquainted with their ways of thought and life, with the prestige and associations of long antiquity clinging to her, and almost without a rival claimant for their affections or their duty, it is hard to conceive a more favourable opportunity for getting a firm and lasting hold on the affections of a people. Yet hear what the abbé says of the result:—

“The inhabitants of the country are, in many dioceses, in the most deplorable state, they are ignorant of religion, and are never seen at church. In the dioceses where this ignorance does not exist, we observe the practice of religion joined to brutal passions. Unbelief, in many parts of the country, begins to insinuate itself among the masses; the sacraments are neglected by the men, public worship is little attended, and by the side of a small number of believers, who are the consolation of their pastor, there is a multitude of sinners, more or less hardened, who grieve and discourage him. As for the mechanics, especially in towns, the case is even more painful. There is among them, particularly in certain trades, a contempt for religion and its ministers, which amounts even to hatred, coupled with brutal and gross vices, from which it is impossible to separate them.”

Let it not be thought that we are any parties to such a shameful thing as exultation on the part of rival Churches over their mutual shortcomings, over the sin and misery which their faithlessness has left unhealed and uncomfited. Nor have we any ill-natured desire to triumph over what seem defects and blemishes in the working of the Romish system as exhibited in the abbé's pages. We gladly recognise in them many tokens of deep and unfeigned piety and devotion. Many English clergymen may find food for deep thought in their recognition of the personal responsibility laid upon a pastor for every individual member of his flock, the deep anxiety they show that every single sinner should be won for Christ. And the standard they assume is little less than Apostolic saintliness. Few would take it as a matter of course that a priest should sell his garments rather than leave a poor man unrelieved. Yet the abbé seems to consider that such an action is not unusual among those whom he is addressing. All that has been aimed at here, is to get some clear idea of the position of the French clergy, as it differs in some particulars from our own. It is no ill result if the examination leaves us more satisfied with our own system in spite of all its imperfections.

It may have a use too, by suggesting thoughts of the position of the Church of England, if, as seems possible, she is to stand face to face with a State system of education, and to accept a clergy lower in social position and external advantages than that which has so long ministered in her churches.

PHIPPS ONSLOW.



### MR. SKEATS'S VINDICATION EXAMINED.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for January, Mr. Skeats has replied to an article of mine, entitled "A Nonconformist View of the Church of England," which appeared in the previous number. In that article I criticized his "History of the Free Churches," on the double ground of mis-statement of fact and violence of language. Mr. Skeats pleads guilty to various charges of the former kind, but will not allow that he has anything to apologise for in his language. "What has been quoted I adhere to: in writing these very sentences I exercised, as I considered, much self-restraint." At the same time he protests, "as a literary man," against being judged by such extracts: "Mr. Mayor should have quoted the other side." We must suppose, therefore, that Mr. Skeats deliberately justifies, and adheres to, such a sentence as the following, to which I had called attention:—"A *large* proportion of the clergy lived in *open* violation of the *whole* of the moral law." (The italics are of course mine.) But in the second place, though he justifies his own use of such words, he thinks it unjustifiable that they should be quoted against him, unless they are balanced by quotations of an opposite nature. I must confess this seems to me much as if, after calling a man a fool and a knave in one page, you were to deny that he had any right to take offence, for you had paid him a compliment—perhaps allowed that he dressed well—in the next. What kind of sentence would Mr. Skeats have had me pick out to balance the one I have given above? I quoted the passages referred to, because they seemed to me to transgress the limits which are expected to be observed by educated writers; if they do so, it is no answer to show that there are other passages in which those limits have not been transgressed.

Charges of inaccuracy Mr. Skeats meets generally by saying (and in this I fully agree with him) that it is impossible to escape errors in a large historical work, and that it is unfair to condemn such a work, as a whole, on account of a few minor blots. But Mr. Skeats will not himself deny that errors may be so numerous, or of such a nature, as to destroy all confidence in the writer: and the question between us is, to which class do the errors which I have noticed belong?

With regard to particular charges of inaccuracy, where they are met by a bare denial, or where the question at issue is one which, to be fully argued out, would require more time and space than I have at command, I must leave my readers to form their own judgment for themselves. Such are the charges referring to the following questions:—Were the ejected clergy tenderly treated? Is Mr. Skeats's book properly named; or is it an appeal to Nonconformists to unite against the Church? Were the Puritans melancholy and sour-visaged,



or were they "a little too fond" of dancing and billiards? One observation, however, I must make upon Mr. Skeats's remarks in reference to this last question. In his history he had *asserted* that Milton wrote only for Puritans, and *implied* that his writings might therefore be taken as an evidence of the tastes of the Puritans. In answer to this I said that people might, "if they liked," believe that Milton's "dim religious light" expressed a Puritan feeling, but that it was "simply false" to state that "*Comus*" (one of the works particularized) "was written *for* Puritans." Such a blunder, one would have thought, would have made the author of it shy of the page in which it was exposed, but Mr. Skeats boldly lays hold of my word "liking," and says, "the business of the critic is to expose the writer when he is wrong, and not to receive or reject evidence according to his liking." It is hard to see how "the critic" could have "exposed the writer" more completely than by showing that, on his own mere liking, in flat opposition to the plainest evidence, he had claimed "*Comus*" as the property of the Puritans.

I go on to the remaining points, reserving to the last the two passages in which Mr. Skeats retorts upon me the charge of inaccuracy. In reference to his placing Cartwright and Whitgift at Oxford, he thinks he makes sufficient atonement for his mistake by an airy apology to the two universities: and if these were men who had simply received their education at Cambridge, no more could have been expected from one who had no special interest in either university. But Cambridge was not only the university of Cartwright and Whitgift; it was also the scene of their great controversy. To forget that they belonged to Cambridge is much as if one writing the history of the Church of England in the present century were to transfer Newman to Cambridge or Simeon to Oxford.

The next point is the numerical progress of dissent. I had mentioned that the accounts given under this head were inconsistent, and had even pointed out contradictions occurring in the course of a single page. Mr. Skeats answers this by saying, (1) that some of his statements are taken from official documents; (2) that he is not responsible for erroneous statements if they are given as quotations; (3) that, since the book was brought out, he has appended a note to one of these erroneous statements, mentioning that he believes it to be erroneous. All this seems to me to show a very extraordinary view of a historian's duty. Supposing every separate statement were taken from the best authorities, yet if they are inconsistent with one another, what can be more condemnatory of a historian than that he should throw them all down before his readers without any hint to show that he was himself conscious of the inconsistency, and therefore, of course, without any attempt to clear up the difficulty and arrive at the real truth? But Mr. Skeats does not think it necessary to seek out the best authorities; all that he requires is the protection of inverted commas in order to screen himself from attack. His view of "the business of a writer" is that he should "simply report what he finds." I need not say that I take a very different view of "the business of a writer" who professes to be a historian. He has not only to "report what he finds," but to sift, weigh, and arrange what he finds. If he quotes an author, he is giving his sanction to what he quotes, unless he expressly guards himself by putting the responsibility upon the author.

"The Church of England is a new Church." I had said that the Reformers claimed to represent the old Church of England; that their claim was at the time allowed by all Protestants; and that, in these words, Mr. Skeats was adopting the language of the Romanists. He replies that it is Bishop Short's language which he adopts. But this does not meet my objection. Bishop Short is an individual living now; I referred to the contemporary opinion of different religious bodies. And Bishop Short does not call the Church of England a new Church. His words are, "the existence of the Church of England as a distinct body, and of her final separation from Rome, may be dated from the divorce." Granted that it may be so—the Church of England, having been previously connected with Rome, became a distinct body then—the very words quoted imply that it was not the commencement of her *existence*, but of her *separate existence*. Should we call the Gallican Church new, if the proclamation of the Pope's infallibility should provoke it to break off its connection with the See of Rome? Mr. Skeats further asks, whether I hold that the



Romanists who refused to join the Reformed Church belonged to a new or an old Church. I will give my answer in the words of Coleridge:—

"The course of the Christian Church may be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud and gravel and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other the water flows purely in a deeper and narrower course on one side of the rock, and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broader current, and then cries out, 'We are the river.'"

So much for the general relation between the reformed and the unreformed Churches; but as to the particular question, whether the Romanists in England at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth represented the old national Church or not, I reply most undoubtedly they did not. They had far less claim to do so than the Non-jurors had in *their* time. They were a small sect of foreign origin, and were only frightened into separation by the Bull of Excommunication, in the year 1570. "Before that time," says Fuller, "Papists usually without regret repaired to the public places of Divine service, and were present at our prayers, sermons, and sacraments."

Mr. Skeats is very summary with Hallam, whom I had quoted in reference to Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying." "This is one of the instances," he says, "in which Hallam was mistaken." He then quotes a somewhat ambiguous passage to prove that the treatise in question is not properly described as a "plea for toleration." The reader, unless he is more than usually familiar with Taylor's works, will be surprised to learn that this passage, on which Mr. Skeats grounds his contradiction, is not to be found in the "Liberty of Prophesying" at all. It is taken from a sermon preached on the text, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine;" the main purport of which is to prove that the way to peace in religion is not by persecution, not *alone* by toleration, but by holy living. Of course a casual mention of this sort has no weight against a treatise expressly written on the subject; even if it had, if Taylor had in so many words recanted what he has said in the "Liberty of Prophesying," that would not have touched the question whether this was, or was not, "the first plea for toleration." To show that the book itself does fully deserve Hallam's praise, and justify its own descriptive title, "On the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions," I will quote one or two passages from the preface, in which Taylor sums up his reasons for writing:—

"Let all errors be as much and as zealously suppressed as may be, but let it be done by such as are proper instruments of this suppression, by preaching and disputation, by charity and sweetness," &c.

"I have also as much reason to reprove those oblique arts which are not direct persecutions of men's persons . . . and these are suppressing all the monuments of their adversaries, forcing them to recant, and burning their books."

"The experience which Christendom hath had in this last age is argument enough, that toleration of different opinions is so far from disturbing the public peace or destroying the interest of princes and commonwealths, that it does advantage to the public, it secures peace, because there is not so much as the pretence of religion left to such persons to contend for it, being already indulged to them."

Mr. Skeats complains that I have unjustly charged him with saying that in the year 1688 "the universities were closed to a section of the English people, for the first time in English history." The date was taken from the heading of the page in which the sentence occurs; but it appears that I might have inferred, from the preceding sentence, that the date intended here was 1662. As 1662 is no more the date of the first closing of the universities, than 1688, I cannot think I have done Mr. Skeats any great injustice in overlooking the sentence to which he refers. The gist of my accusation was that he was ignorant of the existence of subscription under James I.; and to prove that this was not a mere slip I quoted another passage, in which it was said that, "up to the reign of Charles I. degrees were conferred without distinction of opinion." For this latter passage, however, he pleads the privilege of inverted commas, and declines to be responsible.

The next passage we have to consider is one in which I am charged with having committed "the blunder of confounding the anti-slave-trade with the



anti-slavery agitation." The occasion of this charge is an expression of surprise on my part at Mr. Skeats's mention of Joseph Sturge, John Burnet, and Daniel O'Connell as the leaders of the anti-slavery party, rather than Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Fowell Buxton. Mr. Skeats, therefore, must mean to imply that the second trio were engaged in the former agitation exclusively, and not in the latter; that after the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807, when Fowell Buxton was still a youth, they took no further interest in the welfare of slaves, and were in fact indifferent as to the abolition of slavery itself. Mr. Skeats could not of course assert this of Buxton, the actual leader in the second great movement against slavery. *Him*, therefore, he leaves in the convenient disguise of an "&c.," and devotes his attention to the other two. "Wilberforce took little part in the later struggle." The lives of Wilberforce and of Buxton tell a different tale. In the former we read:—"The last three years of his parliamentary career were spent in giving to the struggle against slavery that first impulse which before he left the scene had secured emancipation throughout all the British colonies." Again in 1830:—"The darkened prospects of the negro cause called him from his retirement; he consented, with weakened voice and enfeebled frame, to take the chair at a great meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society." His words on hearing that the Bill for abolition had passed the second reading are well known:—"Thank God that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." So also from Buxton's Life it is evident that Wilberforce was really the soul of the agitation, and that Buxton himself felt that he was merely the lieutenant of Wilberforce. There is now only Clarkson remaining to prove me guilty of confounding the two anti-slavery agitations. Of him, however, Mr. Skeats has no doubt:—"Clarkson was dead long before this." "If Mr. Mayor had referred to my history under the year 1788, he would have found Clarkson's name in the proper place." In considering this passage I must ask my readers to remember that Mr. Skeats is here on his defence on a charge of inaccuracy; he goes out of his way to retort the charge on his critic; and yet he has not taken the trouble to avoid a mistake in the simple matter of a date, which he might have learnt from any common history of the time. If he goes wrong here, where he had every motive to make sure of his ground, what chance is there of his proving a safe guide elsewhere? Even if we could excuse him for not knowing that Clarkson died in 1846 at the age of eighty-six, "having lived for the cause to the very last, and drawn in others to live for it," says Miss Martineau, yet one writing on the subject of the anti-slavery agitation might have been expected to remember Buxton's letter of congratulation to him after the Bill had passed. Since it proves that Clarkson's influence was felt in the later struggle as well as in the earlier, I shall quote a few words from this letter, and also from Clarkson's reply. After saying how greatly Clarkson had contributed to their success, Buxton continues—"I always think your pamphlet, which first gave us the true tone, was of most essential importance to our cause;" and Clarkson's answer begins—"I am immeasurably, more than I can express, thankful."

Even yet I have not done with this most fertile paragraph. Mr. Skeats speaks of the "anti-slavery agitation *circa* 1837;" but that agitation died with slavery itself in 1833. The agitation in 1837 was against *apprenticeship*; and one who is so keenly alive to the danger of confounding slave-trade and slavery might, one would think, have been on his guard against confounding slavery and apprenticeship.

I think I have now noticed every point in the "Vindication" which could be thought to call for a reply. I have only to add in conclusion that, though I have felt it my duty to speak out plainly my opinion of Mr. Skeats's book, yet my quarrel is not really with him, but with the reviewers whose notices form such an imposing array in his advertisement. As long as parties exist, there will be party historians; and I do not know that Mr. Skeats has exceeded the latitude which we naturally allow to those whom we recognise as party writers. But his reviewers have claimed for him the rank of a philosophical, *i.e.*, of a non-sectarian historian. It is as such I have tested him; and as such I venture to think my readers will agree that I have shown him to be wanting.

J. B. MAYOR.



## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

### I.—THEOLOGICAL.

*The First Epistle of John, expounded in a Series of Lectures.* By R. S. CANDLISH, D.D. Two Volumes. Second Edition. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

WE are not surprised that a second edition of this valuable series of lectures has been called for within three years after its first publication. This edition is an improvement on its predecessor by the addition of some valuable foot-notes, a partial re-arrangement of the discourses under the several divisions of the work, and a considerable enlargement of the table of contents. A cursory perusal of this work shows it to be the production of a powerful masculine intellect. Every discourse evinces intellectual opulence; it is marked by a subtlety of thought, exegetical tact, combined with a clear and forcible exposition. The metaphysical bias of the author's mind, his predilection for formal doctrinal statement, which occasionally tends to the consistency of logical hardness, is less prominent here than in some of his former works, and is softened and subdued by a freer outcome of the heart, by the manifestation of a varied and profound Christian experience and fervid eloquence.

We have no intention of attempting, within our limited space, a laboured criticism of these lectures—an undertaking which would require long and careful study; we can only indicate briefly the general plan and structure of the work, and point out some of its deficiencies, which we should be glad if the author would endeavour to supply in a future edition. Dr. Candlish disclaims the intention of presenting to the learned a commentary founded on an elaborate critical and grammatical analysis of the text of the Epistle. He has given, however, enough of the ripe fruits of extensive learning, profound study, and scholarly criticism, to raise his work above the category of *popular* expositions. But we regret the almost entire absence of *historical* criticism and exegesis—an element which, though not always adapted to pulpit discourses, might have found a fitting place in an appendix, or in an introductory chapter, and which would have greatly enhanced the value of the work to many readers. The basis of this exposition is theological. A familiar acquaintance with the evangelical system of theology, Dr. Candlish thinks, is the prime necessary qualification for the successful exegetical interpretation of this Epistle of John. Unless too



much emphasis be laid on the word *system*, the same qualification, we contend, is necessary to the commentator of any other portion of the New Testament. But the philological erudition, analytic acuteness, and critical ingenuity, which sometimes make an imposing show, will alone avail little here. The profound ethical teaching of John, the suggestive idealism and lofty spirituality which characterize the whole of this Epistle, demand spiritual insight on the part of the interpreter, intensity of feeling, a fruitful conceptivity, and broad human sympathies. The theme of the Epistle is evidently the *mystical union* of the believer to Christ; and the Apostle's aim, as Dr. Candlish very ably explains, is to set forth the conditions and elements of the fellowship with the Father and the Son resulting from that union, more especially as they are to be apprehended subjectively, in the consciousness of the believer. Dr. Candlish arranges his Exposition of the Epistle under four heads, tracing the doctrine of the divine fellowship as successively developed under the words—Light, Righteousness, and Love. The primary element of the believer's fellowship with the Father and with the Son is Light; God realized as "the Light," suggesting knowledge, purity of heart, guilelessness of spirit. Righteousness, the intermediate—*subjective* righteousness, as truthfulness of character, exercised *objectively*, in reference to God as the Light and in reference to men as brethren—further illustrated in the "believing in the Son" and the "love one another." The third, the ultimate and crowning element, the consummation of the Fellowship, is Love. These three conditions are stated and illustrated in the Epistle both positively and negatively. Under the fourth division of his lectures, Dr. Candlish treats of the relation of the Christian fellowship to the conflict between God and the world; how the believer is to overcome the world by faith. Notwithstanding the difficulty of reducing the contents of this Epistle to an exact logical order, as our author remarks in his preface, we think he has been remarkably successful in tracing out the Apostle's main lines of thought and their various points of connection. Düsterdiek's division of the Epistle into three parts and a conclusion, is analogous, though not exactly correspondent, to that of Dr. Candlish. They both differ from Neander, who, in his singularly suggestive monograph on this Epistle, fastens on Chapter ii. 1 as that which contains the ground-thought of the whole Epistle.

We have alluded to the deficiencies of Dr. Candlish's work—we miss all reference to the peculiar position of the Apostle, to his personal character and temperament, to the bearing of specific opinions and forms of thought, either incipient or already prevalent in his day, on the form and character of his writings. As to the time when the Epistle was written, Dr. Candlish decides in favour of placing it antecedently to the writing of the Gospel by the same Apostle. But we should have liked if he had favoured us with the reasons which led him to this conclusion; all the more, as arguments of considerable weight may be adduced in support of the opposite opinion; viz., that this Epistle was written subsequently to the Gospel. Ebrard thinks that both were written simultaneously; the Epistle forming a companion document to the Gospel, in the form of a preface or dedication—a supposition extremely improbable. Hardly less so is that of Hug, who regards it as an introduction to the Gospel. Dean Alford's objection to such conjectures is conclusive, that the Gospel is complete in itself, requiring neither introduction nor supplement. Again, Dr. Candlish affords little help for deciding whether, and how far, prevalent philosophic speculations may have determined the doctrinal form and character of the Epistle. Does the reiterated emphatic assertion of Jesus Christ "come in the flesh," indicate a protest against Gnostic vagaries? Has it any specific reference to the idealistic theosophy, the offspring of Greek thought and Oriental phantasy, which explained the incarnation of the Word as the assumption of the mere semblance of a human body? We venture to suggest that the emphasis which John lays on the confession of Christ come in the flesh, is capable of explanation without inferring a direct allusion to the aberrations of Gnostic theosophy. The "coming in the flesh," as Dr. Candlish casually hints, is not a mere historical fact with John, a phenomenon attested and evidenced by the senses, but a realization in the consciousness of the believer of God coming nigh and alongside of humanity. But the unbelief that "Jesus is the Christ," God come alongside humanity, is inherent in every human heart, often powerfully operative in the heart of the believer, tempting



to a denial of the Great Fact of human history. The Apostle's attention may be absorbed more by this inward opposition to the Christian truth, than by the hostility of any specific theories. The intuitional character of his own mind inclines him to contemplate and dwell on the conflict of the inner life. Once more, we regret that Dr. Candlish has not endeavoured to show us how far the idiosyncrasy of the Son of Thunder, the intense vehemence and child-like simplicity of his character, are impressed on his writings, and help to interpret them. We point out these defects in Dr. Candlish's work, not with the intention of detracting from its merits, or attenuating the praise due to the author for what he has given us, but that he may yet be induced to lay us under further obligations.

R. T.

*The Function of the Four Gospels viewed in Connexion with Recent Criticism; a Lecture delivered in the Theological College of the Presbyterian Church in England.* By the Rev. PETER LORIMER, D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Exegetical Theology. Published by Request. London: Nisbet & Co.

THIS is a very simple and satisfactory *resumé* of the common sense replies to such writers as Baur, Strauss, and Renan, in those parts at least of their anti-Christian arguments, in which they have not already answered themselves. Dr. Lorimer dwells very properly on the necessary inference from the citations in the "Refutation of Heresies" of Hippolytus, Bishop of Ostia, as establishing that Basilides, who lived before the close of the apostolic age, and claimed to have received from St. Matthias secret discourses of our Lord's, knew, and recognised as Holy Scripture, the Gospels of Luke and John, and the Epistles to Romans, Corinthians, and Ephesians. He appeals to these books in proof of his system, as he does to those of the Old Testament. We may note that this point was first pressed by Professor de Groot of Groningen; and that this Professor directs attention to the importance of the testimonies derivable from the early heretics, as a vein of evidence for our Gospels which has not been sufficiently worked. In the face of the facts recently disclosed as to the existence and recognition of St. John's Gospel in the very earliest times, we may well afford to laugh at the futile attempts which are still being from time to time made to assign to it a later date and origin, and to represent it as at variance in its spirit with the three synoptical Gospels. The more fairly and diligently the Three are studied, the more it will be seen that the Fourth is not at variance with them, but is their compliment and interpreter.

H. A.

*A Home for the Homeless; or, Union with God.* By HORACE FIELD, B.A., Author of "Heroism," &c. London: Longmans & Co.

IT is certainly not because we have failed to read and to be deeply interested in this volume, that a notice of it has been so long delayed. The fact is, that the strands which have gone to form the strong cord of the writer's faith are so varied and of so many shades and hues, that to trace them all out, and resolve them into their simple forms, would make far too great demands upon us; whilst yet to do anything like justice to the work some effort in this direction is essential. Evidently enough the book has been written out of the life, each idea uttered lying close to the soul; so that, while it has little or no literary pretension, the very want of this, as revealing so remarkably direct a contact with spiritual realities, makes criticism all the more difficult. Judging from his books, Mr. Field has described a peculiar, if not altogether a singular, religious experience. An intense yearning spirituality of character, which after honest and humble trial has found itself strange and unsatisfied among the ordinary forms of religious belief, yet carrying over with it into the arms of a qualified Swedenborgianism many of the results of a deep appropriation of their fundamental ideas; a peculiarly exact demonstrative intellect, combined with a rarely sweet meditateness and still reciprocity; and, what is strangest of all, a ready practical directness together with a pervading vein of poetry which rises now and again into true lyrical intensity;—these are Mr. Field's outstanding characteristics. Indeed, so dominating is the poetic impulse, suffused always with the religious light, that the demonstrative attitude is felt to be so far alien to the real mood of the author. Instead of justifying his faith by reasoning, he ought to sing it, and give us hymns alone. As to Mr. Field's religious scheme: the rare earnestness, the tender simplicity, and the restful gladness with which he announces it, prove how triumphant his belief has been in his own heart and soul; how, being filled with God's presence, he



exults alike in the cares and hopes, the sorrows and joys, the evil and the good, that each day may bring, calm in the assurance that all are of God. But we fear Mr. Field's doctrines, brought to bear upon the mass, would issue in an optimistic and utterly mechanical creed. With him sin is a necessity, and the medium which at once separates man from God and unites man to Him. Man is not free; he is a mere instrument; and when sinning he is as directly acted on by God as when doing good. Some of the most commanding facts of man's consciousness, in the light of Mr. Field's theory, are reduced to mere illusions; and man, and man's whole history, become a kind of dream—a mere succession of appearances, behind which is one reality, God, into which all that is real in phenomena is finally absorbed. This idea, on its philosophical side, has some affinity with the doctrine of Fichte and Schelling; on its religious and practical side, it is a kind of purer or Christianized Brahminism, in which *maya* or illusion rules, save in so far as material things or earthly relations help to the attainment of that deliverance from sense which is the only way to re-absorption into divinity. The flesh is not sinful, only because it has no reality, in the ordinary meaning of the word; and the haunting sense of sin, which so persecutes humanity, is merely a means by which men are projected sufficiently far from God as to see Him rightly, and to enjoy the beneficent warmth of his real nature. Sin, in one word, is not essentially evil, and is not repugnant to God's nature. Mr. Field works out his scheme with great power, with much ingenuity, sometimes showing remarkable aptness in illustrating his most paradoxical positions by reference to the strange contradictions of human experience; and he surprises us occasionally by the way in which he proves that he is still walking close to the common articles of Christian belief. But what we most value in this, as in his former work, is the unwavering honesty, the devout simplicity, the rejoicing strength, and the rapt, yet self-restraining faith, which, leading him to most generous hopes for the race, yet directs to noble efforts and even to a half-stoical indifference to ordinary ideas of comfort and well-being.

H. A. P.

*Hollowness, Narrowness, and Fear: Warnings from the Jewish Church.* By J. HANNAH, D.C.L. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.

It would scarcely be just to Dr. Hannah to speak much of the sense of inadequacy of power which is left on the reader by the treatment of the subjects discussed, or rather touched on, in these lectures. The little volume consists of three short sermons delivered in the chapel of Cuddesden Theological College in Ember week of last September. They were apparently not originally intended for publication, and are now "published by request." Their brevity, and the exigencies of the place and audience, may sufficiently account for the want of a more thorough entering into the difficulties and dangers of the Church suggested to one's thoughts by the words, "hollowness, narrowness, and fear." We need hardly say to those who know the Bampton Lectures for 1863, or the papers of Dr. Hannah that have appeared in the pages of this Review, that the lessons inculcated are full of a wise and courageous liberality of thought and feeling. In the words of the title Dr. Hannah has certainly designated three from among the most pressing and serious dangers which beset the Church at the present time. Unreality—a *false* too audible in the tone of the Church's life; exclusiveness of spirit in thought and conduct; and that over-fearfulness that seems to be letting go its faith in the continual abiding presence of Christ among his people.

The first lecture, in treating of "hollowness," dwells on the unreality at once manifested and fostered by the disposition, so common, to use words without meaning. In addition to the more pardonable exhibition of this tendency pointed out by Dr. Hannah—viz., the use of the exaggerated language of youthful hope and enthusiasm, "which makes little of difficulties, and is not damped by self-distrust, and only longs for worlds to conquer,"—might not much be said of all party *cant*, whether Evangelical, Ritualistic, or Broad-Church—of all that glorying in party phraseology, even when evacuated of all meaning by misuse? Surely "corn-crake sermons," as Archbishop Whately used often call the productions of the dead Evangelicalism, that uttered nothing, so the archbishop would hoarsely croak out, but "faith-faith, faith-faith, faith-faith," are not confined to any school, though the note of each variety of the corn-crake be different.

The second lecture is a plea for a more large-minded and large-hearted



dealing on the part of the clergy with Dissenters. The spirit of the entire lecture is truly excellent. But we confess that we think that, however nicely adapted to the tone of his Cuddesden audience they may be, it is better to confine within the walls of the college-chapel such comparisons as charitably liken those without the pale of the Anglican communion to "the aliens and strangers" that crowded round Christ in the days of his humiliation—to the woman who was a Canaanite—to the Roman Centurion—to the Samaritan leper—and others beyond the limits of the covenant of promise. However, it is quite possible that these illustrations are meant only to carry weight as a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*. The following wholesome truths should not lightly be forgotten by the parish clergyman in his dealings with Dissenters:—

"We must recollect that there can scarcely ever have been a quarrel where the faults were all on one side. Persons who have left the Church must have done so under the pressure of what they thought a grievance. In some cases the Church has herself rejected them, and forced them into schism by refusing them some privilege which they regarded as a portion of their Christian liberty. It cannot be wrong in all these instances to reconsider our position; rather it is a clear duty to find out what human fault has been mixed up with the Church's policy, and to remove it, so far as the power of doing so may fall within our individual spheres. The claim for greater liberty, for example, has often been the secret stirring of a genuine life. The dislike to a hierarchy has often been embittered by tyrannical and worldly conduct. . . . A sacramental system has been discredited, because it has been mixed up with confessed superstitions. But, perhaps, no single cause has been more responsible for a greater share of the mischief than the relapse of Churchmen into the old Jewish error, of regarding their privileges as a property, and not as a trust." (P. 29.)

Again with advantage may every newly-fledged divine take to heart the warning:—

"Few things are found more irritating than the combination of high claims with a frivolous and shallow temper; and few contrasts are more painful to a Churchman than that which might be sometimes drawn between persons who have reached a venerable age under imperfect systems, and the assumed superiority of young men, whose personal claims are slight and trivial, and who fail to match their clerical title with a really reverend life."

<sup>1</sup> In the third lecture on "Fear," Dr. Hannah draws his lessons from some of the many applications of the Saviour's words, "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets," &c. (St. Matt. xxiii. 29), and raises his warning voice against "spiritual deadness, as it assumes the form of incapacity to recognise a new truth when we meet with it, especially when urged by living voices, which we are prone to receive with dislike and jealousy."

It is against such dangers as may arise from the Christian teacher putting himself in a wrong position with reference to the discoveries of modern science that the warnings of this lecture are uttered. The warnings are not unneeded. But we believe a still more serious phase of "fear" is manifested in the way in which so many timidly prefer to roll themselves up in whatever of good they think is possessed by the Church's system rather than frankly recognise its deficiencies, and manfully set themselves to supply them. Do we not see a dread of even such changes as are the necessary accompaniments, or rather conditions, of the action of every living organism? In this connection, we ask, can there be a more well-defined example of the spirit that builds the sepulchres of the prophets whom it would have killed, than the loud laudations of the Authorized Version of the Bible, joined with the stubborn refusal to do for it the very service which was done by the divines of 1611 for the then existing versions? This phase of "fear" seems to us more pregnant with danger than any other. But ten or twelve pages cannot be very exhaustive; and we are far from depreciating the evils of the "fear" of which Dr. Hannah speaks. He justly remarks:—

"It is equally unjust for the clergy to look with dislike on the advances of science because some scientific men are captious and hostile, and for men of science to regard every clergyman as an enemy, because some of our brethren have misunderstood the question, and others have been vexed and irritated by what they thought hasty and injurious treatment. It is, no doubt, most distressing to a Christian to hear the shout of victory raised over a discovery on the very ground that it seems destructive to some ancient article of the faith. But let us not forget that it may be equally grievous to



religious men of science, not only to overbear such mistakes on the part of their colleagues, but to be mixed up in the condemnation passed on a misuse of scientific progress, which they would themselves be the first to disown." (P. 40.)

We conclude our notice of these interesting lectures by strongly urging the importance of Dr. Hannah's warning against attempts to combine the so-called results of science too hastily with our Christian belief. Every few years bringing important changes in the dicta of the natural sciences, it is truly unfortunate when religious men are seen hastening to construct some theory of Biblical exegesis to suit the monthly announcements of the scientific journals. Let us be quite certain about the *interpretatio naturæ* (to use Bacon's phrase), before we hastily assume a contradiction between it and the *interpretatio scripturarum divinarum*.  
Jn. Du.

### SERMONS.

SERMONS, sermons—and "the cry is still, They come!" And no wonder. The experience of many preachers is this: As long as they are at posts where thought and interest are stirring, almost any number of volumes of sermons, in moderation, can be sold and read. Let them be moved elsewhere, and "out of sight, out of mind:" the sale at once stops, and new interest has to be awakened in their new audience. So that the measure of the temptation to publish a volume of sermons seems to be, the hold which a preacher fancies himself to possess among his hearers. No wonder, then, we repeat, that the press teems with such volumes; for it must be acknowledged that, whatever may be thought of the powers of oratory in the Church of England at present, the power of *ingratiation* has not decreased; the power to get and to keep followings; and, by consequence, to pass volumes of sermons through the market.

These considerations must serve, in default of all others, to account for two-thirds at least of the sermons before us. There are some very notable exceptions; some volumes of sermons which are real gain to the man of thought, and to the Church. With these, almost exclusively, we shall deal.

Such an exception is furnished by *Bishop Moberly's Brighthelm Sermons*. Written by an accomplished scholar, one who has long been employed in scholastic work, they are yet as plain and simple as a child could require. There is one thing of which Dr. Moberly can never divest himself; and that is, the exceeding sweetness, and affectionate character, of his persuasive style. These sermons could hardly but have been effective in the little Isle of Wight village from which their author has been now happily removed to be one of the guiding Fathers of the Church. In standing-point, they are honest and outspoken on the Sacraments and ordinances of the Church, as might be expected from a thorough High Churchman of the best sort.

To the class of exceptions also belong *Canon Gregory's Sermons on the Poorer Classes* (Parker, 1869). Canon Gregory is in the habit of speaking his mind, as witness his oration the other day to his lay-clerks at St. Paul's. And the subjects with which he here deals are such as need some out-speaking. Whether we consider the steady increase of pauperism (from 71,513 in 1858 to 150,365 in 1868), or turn to the more sensational horrors of such places as the St. Pancras pauper infirmary, or regard the sickening details of prostitution in our streets, poisoning the very issues of the nation's life, we ought to be thankful to a clergyman who has taken up these things, and has manfully grappled with them as has Canon Gregory. We should like to give some telling extracts, but are compelled in this notice to confine ourselves to general comment.

Canon Westcott has given us in a thin volume the first-fruits of his new work at Peterborough. (*The Christian Life, Manifest and One: Six Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral*. Macmillan & Co. 1869). And one's expectation in opening the volume, that thought and feeling will be found in it, is not disappointed. The first sermon, "Life consecrated by the Ascension," is singularly beautiful. Here is the leading thought:—

"Christmas is the festival of the family, for then Christ by being born hallowed all the ties of home. Easter is the festival of the Church, for then Christ by the victory over death established a spiritual power among men, invincible for ever. Ascension—

tide is the festival of the race, for then Christ by raising all that belongs to the perfection of community to heaven, gave us a glorious sign of our true destiny as men."

Will Canon Westcott pardon us for saying that in the illustration which he finds of this perfection in the complex constitution and duties of a Cathedral body, and in his following out of this idea in the subsequent parts of his volume, he seems to us to betray the enviable fervour of a new member of such a body, rather than the mature conviction of one who has seen its practical working? There is undoubtedly something grand and inspiring to the new Canon, as he finds himself one among such a company of the prophets, contemplating what *might* be done by their "complex constitution;" and Canon Westcott has given us yet another deliverance on the same subject, in *Macmillan* for January: but we should like to have the same Canon's experience after ten or twelve years' fading glow, and fruitless struggle against the utter and determined inertia of this same complex body. Meantime, it is well that such words as these should from time to time be uttered by the inexperienced and as yet unsophisticated members of these (as at present constituted) great centres of inaction. For thus at all events the theory bears unfailing testimony against the practice; and public opinion becomes more and more ripened for an entire and sweeping reform.

Of Mr. Vaughan's sermons (*Sermons preached in Christ Church, Brighton, by the Rev. James Vaughan, M.A., Incumbent. Reprinted from the "Brighton Pulpit." Second Series. Hodder and Stoughton. 1870*) we may also say that they contain much original and suggestive thought; but when we have said this, we must carefully qualify our words lest they should be misunderstood. Mr. Vaughan's originality lies principally in the realm of point and antithesis; or certainly far more in this than in any deep or far-reaching analogies. These sermons have the great disadvantage of being *reported*; a thing which, *pace tantorum virorum*, ought never to be done. If a sermon fulfilled well the work of an extempore address, it must of necessity perform that of a written composition but ill. And be it remembered that in saying this, we take off nothing for the necessary deterioration which it undergoes in reporting. In some respects, and those important ones, the best reporters are the worst. The man who can most skilfully fill in your unfinished sentences—cement together your incoherent thoughts, give shape to your embryo inferences—he misrepresents you of all, most skilfully and hopelessly. The hapless preacher surveys the page of proof sent him,

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma:"

without having, so deftly is the web of fair semblance woven, the faintest suspicion what he really did, or did mean to say. And the culminating horror is when, a month or two after, he finds this very sentence, his and not his, culled out by the viperous charity of some anonymous slanderer as a testimony whereupon to convict him of heterodoxy or ritualism.

We have not seen anything admitting of such calamitous issues in the reporting of Mr. Vaughan's sermons; but we have met with sentences utterly *supra* (or *infra*) *grammaticam*, evidently by no fault of the preacher himself.

Apart from any reply to the question whether the sermons themselves were worthy of being put into a permanent form, we would suggest to Mr. Vaughan that in future if such a thing be (with or without his own wish) to be done, he should try to become his own reporter.

*The Peace of God: Sermons on the Reconciliation of God and Man*, by WILLIAM BASIL JONES, M.A., Archdeacon of York, is a collection of sermons preached at different times, and not very naturally bearing to be connected as belonging to a common subject. The sermons are not without originality of thought, and now and then practical matters are strikingly put; but the writer's mind is too much cramped by scholastic distinctions, and addicted to a hard and unreal way of judging, to lay hold of the actual wants and difficulties of even academical hearers. There is also an ambition of introducing illustrations from science, which are not always to the point, nor always quite perspicuous. Witness the following:—



"The truth is, that 'faith cometh by hearing.' Faith, that is to say, is the proper correlative of testimony. But the evidence of testimony is not sufficient to command assent, even in the affairs of this world, unless the mind brings something of its own to co-operate with it. In belief it is at least approximately true, that 'we receive but what we give.' The element which the mind contributes to the formation of religious belief must be sought for in the depths of our moral being. Faith, then, may be described as the product of the outward evidence on which it rests, and the inward conditions which dispose us to admit it. It follows that if the product be constant, the two factors will vary in an inverse ratio; or, in other words, that the moral element requisite to produce religious conviction must be at least strong enough to supply the deficiencies in the external evidence. We are therefore enabled, if I may so speak, to gauge the moral predisposition to religious belief, by the proportion borne by the strength of our convictions to the evidence which has contributed to produce them,—at least after proper deductions have been made for intellectual obliquity or the prejudices of education. And thus it is that faith is a test of character. In proportion to the nice equipoise of the outward evidence, the tremulous needle of human opinion indicates the otherwise imperceptible currents of our moral and emotional nature." (Pp. 137, 138.)

We own ourselves completely beaten by this. If the evidence of testimony is not sufficient,—unless the mind brings something to co-operate with it,—it seems to us that the operation of combining these elements is not multiplication, but addition; and faith will be described, not as the *product*, but as the *sum* of outward evidence and inward conditions; and then what follows about factors does not apply. Besides,—granting that if the product be constant, the two factors will vary in inverse ratio,—how are we justified in assuming that the product, even calling it so, is constant in this case?

Here is another sentence, respecting which we have been much exercised in mind:—

"Again, if it is the result of statistical investigations to show that crime ordinarily bears some sort of ratio to the circumstances of those who perpetrate it,—for example, that a disproportionately large section of our criminal population has not received even the common elements of a necessary education,—we are at once led to the obvious inference, that such of us as have been mercifully preserved from gross and flagrant sin, owe it altogether to God's grace, as well as in some degree to the influence of education and the safeguards of society." (P. 24.)

In the first place, we don't see the "obvious inference" *at all*; and in the next, we are quite at a loss to imagine how we can owe an advantage "altogether" to one source, "as well as in some degree to" another.

We cite these blemishes reluctantly, because the volume does really contain so much that is sterling and valuable.

We may conclude our present series of sermon-notices by saying that "*The Faithful Witness*": being Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia, by the Rev. W. Forrest, Minister of the Lock Chapel (London, W. Hunt & Co., 1869), is a simple and edifying little volume, but can hardly command an interest beyond the congregation to which it was delivered; that a somewhat higher character may be given of the Rev. James Cochrane's "*Resurrection of the Dead*: its Design, Manner, and Results; in an Exposition of the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians" (Blackwood and Sons, 1869), but that, as is too common north of the Tweed, the sermons are sadly encumbered with flashy rhetoric; that "*Fifteen Sermons, doctrinal and practical*, by the Rev. Thomas Shann, M.A., sometime Vicar of Hampthwaite (London, Macintosh), are exempted from the ordinary treatment at the hands of a critic by being a touching and pleasing memorial of a beloved brother, a man of singularly simple and clear Christian character; and that "*Occasional Sermons*," preached at St. Paul's, Rusthall, by Rev. G. Eckford Gull, B.A. (London, Pickering), are an equally pleasing memorial of a young clergyman of considerable promise, who was adopted from the rank of nonconformist theological students into the ministry of the Church of England. His sermons are thoughtful and earnest, rather redundant in words, but shewing promise for after work, which has now, for wise reasons, been cut off.

H. A.

## II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

*England and France in the Fifteenth Century.* The Contemporary French Tract entitled "The Debate between the Heralds of France and England," presumed to have been written by Charles, Duke of Orleans: translated for the first time into English; with an Introduction, Notes, and Inquiry into the Authorship, &c. By Henry Pyne. London: Longmans.

ACCORDING to a recent bibliographer, Brunet, the French original of this historical tract (of which the only copy known is in the British Museum) was printed about A.D. 1500, in which opinion Mr. Pyne concurs. The period of its composition can be ascertained within the limits of a year or two from its allusions to contemporary events. The writer mentions Charles VII. as the existing King of France, and since he died July 22, 1461, this furnishes us with the latest limit. This sovereign is also represented as being Lord of Genoa, a position he first occupied, Sismondi tells us, in 1458, which date therefore furnishes the earliest limit. The authorship of the piece is not so readily determined, but Mr. Pyne very plausibly conjectures him to have been the famous Royal Agincourt captive, Charles Duke of Orleans, and he supports his view in an ingenious essay. Mr. Pyne has done good service in printing a translation of this curious document, which is quite worthy of the honour of a place among the numerous original authorities now annually placed before historical enquirers. It determines no new facts of history indeed, but it abounds in particulars very useful in the survey of the social and economical state of France and England.

The Frenchman, who of course has the principal talk, undertakes to prove to his rival the superiority of his own country at all points, riches, pleasures, valour, &c. English iron is very unserviceable, he asserts, nor is French much better, but France has at her door the Spanish, and that is first-rate. France beats her rival hollow in wood fuel, and the poor Englishman is reduced to warm himself and cook with coal. Our popular writers do not usually recognise this early use of coal in England, but the tract mentions coal mines and large exportation of the mineral. As for the chase, Englishmen it is granted may catch venison in their parks, and ladies may there kill the deer with their bows, but France is the country where wolves, foxes, and boars may be pursued by your true hunters through interminable forest. Neither pheasants nor foxes will be allow in England. Mr. Pyne, who keeps an eye on the Gaul in his annotations, proves him mistaken about pheasants, but is silent as to Reynard. We think he might have shown that the vermin was indeed there, but not in front of Nimrod. It is not a little amusing when the subject of the marine comes up. Here the Frenchman labours to show that his own sovereign, "if he chose," could beat his rival in ships, merchandise, and naval virtues,—could in fact become king of the sea. But the "if" which runs through it all plainly admits the maritime superiority of England. He finds at last that the suggestion, *why* he does not choose, presses for an explanation, and this he gives as follows:—

"There is no need for the King of France to have a great number of ships, since his country is almost everywhere adapted for the conveyance of goods by means of horses. On the other hand there is a powerful nobility in France who for several reasons much prefer war on land to war at sea. For there is danger and loss of life, and God knows what distress, when a storm arises; sea-sickness also is by many people hard to be borne, and the rough life which it is necessary to lead does not well suit noblemen. If therefore the king would make himself king of the sea, he must do so for mere pleasure and in order to chastise you and show his power." (P. 58.)

Britons will here recognise how long standing is that genius for ruling the waves which they have inherited as their distinguishing glory from their fathers. We are much obliged to Mr. Pyne for his labours on this interesting document, and for the thorough way in which he has edited and indexed his work. C. H.

*A History of Wales, derived from Authentic Sources.* By JANE WILLIAMS, Ysgafell, Author of "A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Price," and Editor of his "Literary Remains." London: Longmans.

THIS volume introduces us to the Cymry of our island in the earliest period at which they can be discovered, and depicts the fortunes of that brave and



interesting people in the presence of the successive conquerors and dynasties—Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor—that pressed upon their borders. There is a reason for a history of Wales resting with the Tudor period; for not only is the Welshman's sentiment of pride gratified at pointing to a sovereign of Cymric descent seated at length upon the throne of the ancient oppressor, but Henry VII. was in fact the first king of England who treated that portion of his subjects with full justice and consideration, raising them by equal legislation to a level with the rival race. Born at Pembroke, sprung from Tudor—the heir of primitive Cymry kings, as his Commissioners made out—he named his eldest son Arthur, after their hero of renown, and placed him on their border at Ludlow as Prince of Wales in something more than name.

Every one who has watched the zeal and ability with which Cambrian antiquities have been prosecuted in recent years, is aware that as much success has been attained in that field of research as in any other that has occupied this inquisitive age. Such studies continually necessitate the production of new "Histories," and our authoress has here favoured us with one of them. Her pages reveal an amount of careful investigation amongst original authorities and the most eminent archaeologists very uncommon with female historical writers. The native of the Principality, who will of course be the most deeply interested in such a work, will here conceive the ancient sovereigns within the ancient boundaries, and people the old mounds and castles with their intruding Roman camps and Norman garrisons; he will comprehend the alliances and unwearied military undertakings of the various kinglets amongst themselves; and he will easily detect the popular names under their true Cymric spelling, so dear to archaeologists who are perpetually drinking from original fountains. And we are disposed to fear that few but he will do so. Miss Williams's style and treatment we should describe as annalistic and equable, showing all her subjects as they arise with her chronology impartially under the same light, without any favouritism. We cannot help feeling that the monotonous chronicling of chieftain politics, valuable as the record of them is for particular purposes, would be advantageously relieved by an occasional enlargement on some of the views capable of a more popular treatment. The great palatine Earldom of Pembroke, in that little England beyond the Welsh, the advanced post of the Normans towards Ireland; or the Courts of the Presidents at Ludlow, of Arthur Tudor and other titular princes of Wales who had any personal connection with their principality, might well have warmed a true historic pen, and allowed the kind and willing reader to sit down and enjoy a prospect after treading the many flinty miles with his inexorable guide. Although therefore this can never be a popular book, and was evidently not intended to be one, it is a valuable repertory of provincial facts for those whose inquiries lie in that direction, and as such we cordially recommend the labours of a most painstaking and conscientious writer. The value of the work is much enhanced by an Index and a Glossary.

C. H.

*Menes and Cheops identified in History under Different Names: with other Cosas.*

By CARL VON RIKART. London: Longmans.

THIS writer speedily reveals the measure of his competence to deal in Egyptology. On his second page he tells us that Archbishop Usher (who died in 1656) inserted the marginal dates in the English Bible "about 160 years ago," which was half a century after he was in his grave. The critic then proceeds to expose the absurdity of this marginal chronology on this wise:—

"In Gen. iv. 17 the birth of Cain's son is recorded, which Usher (see margin) puts in B.C. 3875; in the same chapter, v. 24, under date (by Usher) of the next year (3874), Lamech, fifth in descent from Cain, declares he will be 'avenged seventy and seven fold' more than his ancestor."

He adds at the foot, "Two Bibles, one of Oxford, one of Cambridge, agree in these dates." We can bear him out in this (or equally careless) printing in three different editions, London and Oxford, 1866, 1867, that we happened to put our hand upon. But a sagacious critic should look further before charging a learned chronologist with a palpable absurdity. Taking up two Oxford Bibles, Ruby 8vo., 1815, 1836, we find the date 3874 placed where it ought to be, namely against verse 25. The critic proceeds:—

"In the next verse (25) we have the birth of Enos the son of Seth, placed against the date of his father's birth: it should be v. 26."



Of course it should, and so it is in the two Ruby 8vo. referred to above. The fact is that the crowded state of the margin has pushed the dates out of their places—very slovenly of the printer, as Carl von Rikart should have been acute enough to find out. In the body of this criticism he asks, "How could a primate of all England make such a mistake?" which we will match with another question—"How can an Egyptologist who so blunders as to the See and the date of so famous a prelate as Usher hope to identify Menes and Cheops?"

From the margin of the Bible let us go to the text. Our author in discussing the deluge, and finding that the number of days that Noah was in the ark do not give sufficient time, in his opinion, for every thing to happen, coolly changes days into years, and then argues that the words, "And the Lord shut him in," mean "The Lord put Noah, and all in the ark, into a state of hybernation" (p. 180). As for this hybernation he fairly owns he cannot bring any Bible texts to support it,

"Unless it is Habakkuk iii. 11.—'the sun and moon stood still in their habitations.' Perhaps also the fifth verse of Psalm xc., which is attributed to Moses, alludes to it: 'Thou carriest them away as with a flood, they are as asleep.'" (P. 201.)

The author duly informs us that as he publishes his work in English he always quotes from the English Authorized Version. We will only add one further quotation for our readers to reflect upon.

"If we consider the first chapter of Genesis, we shall see that the rain must have fallen from a much greater height than ours. The description is, the water which was removed, was removed beyond the firmament *in which* the sun was placed; *our* rain-clouds, we know, are below the sun, not seven miles above us. Only imagine the effect of rain falling (and perhaps it was not mere rain, but half or all hail) a distance of more than 90,000,000 miles." (P. 239.)

Yes: only imagine—Carl von Rikart's physics.

C. H.

*The Church under the Tudors.* With an Introductory Chapter on the Origin of the Connexion between Church and State. By DURHAM DUNLOP, M.R.I.A., Author of "The Philosophy of the Bath," &c. Dublin: Moffat & Co.

It is sufficient to say of this small volume (undated) that it is written by an Irish Dissenter in a tone of great hostility to all connexion between Church and State; prophesying and advocating the speedy Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England, after the example of what has been recently, and in his opinion so justly, done in Ireland. It is strongly partisan, and cannot be criticised as an historical work.

C. H.

*Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury.* A Sketch, reprinted, with Additions and Corrections, from "The Guardian." By H. P. Liddon, M.A., Student of Christ Church. Rivingtons.

Those who did, and those who did not, read these sketches as they appeared, will be equally delighted to have them now in a permanent form, and with not inconsiderable augmentations.

There lived not on earth a more devoted Christian pastor, or a more lovable man, than the late Bishop Hamilton. That such men have been among us in these days of wide dissension, and that the charm of their presence has been recognised even by those most widely separated from them, is as a bow in the dark cloud which seems to hang over the Church.

Of this separation, of these differences, we would say nothing while we are clasping hands over such a tomb. We will only express thankfulness that it was permitted us, but a very short time before he descended into it, to feel during a delightful visit to him in the home which he blessed, how all differences melted away, and heart was fused into heart, in the simplicity of his Christian life.

H. A.

*Francis the First, and other Historic Studies.* By A. BAILLIE COCHRANE. Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE "Historic Studies," as Mr. Baillie Cochrane has somewhat ambitiously designated them, which these volumes contain, consist of sketches of the battle of Pavia and the subsequent captivity of Francis I.; of the closing episodes in the career of Count Egmont; and of the flight of the unfortunate Louis XVI.,



with his queen and children, from their daily thickening perils in Paris, to the protection of the troops under the faithful Bouillé on the frontier—a flight which, by such a strange combination of mismanagement and accident, was arrested at Varennes when on the very point of being completely successful. It is a light and rather frothy production; and it is unfortunate for Mr. Baillie Cochrane that by his choice of subjects he unavoidably forces on us a comparison between his work and that of Mr. Froude, Mr. Motley, and Mr. Carlyle. But he writes so modestly in his *Preface* of his aims, and of his consciousness that he is treading in well-beaten tracks, that it is impossible to speak very harshly of his book, even if subjecting it to rigorous criticism would not be somewhat absurd. He has a smooth and facile style, and we may fairly say in his favour that few of his readers will complain of weariness.

Of the "Studies," "Francis the First" is at once the most important and, as it seems to us, the most faulty. Mr. Baillie Cochrane takes thoroughly what we may call "the young-lady view" of his hero. Because Francis was tall, and handsome, and polite, and of high courage, therefore it is quite impossible to believe anything to his disparagement. We take the liberty of strongly questioning Mr. Baillie Cochrane's authority for saying that Francis was "full of trust, faith, and loyalty, and only relying too much on the truth, faith, and loyalty of others." We fancy that the English State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign, quoted by Mr. Froude in his "History," tell a very different story. In the matter of faith and loyalty, Francis and his great rival Charles V. stood much on a par. Intrigue, duplicity, and lying were the basis of the statecraft of the day, and they both showed themselves consummate masters in it—the Emperor, as much the cleverer of the two, having generally the advantage. As to the conduct of Francis in swearing to observe the treaty of Madrid when he had previously expressed in private his intention of breaking it as soon as he should be free, for this we think much may be said in excuse. Charles took a most unjust and ungenerous advantage of his prisoner in exacting from him the acceptance of terms which would have involved the dismemberment and disgrace of the French monarchy, and one cannot wonder that Francis should have felt justified in having recourse to the most questionable means in order to outwit him. It would be hard absolutely to condemn any man because, under similar circumstances, he failed to display the heroism of Regulus. But we are unable to agree with Mr. Baillie Cochrane in feeling assured that, if the fortune of war had been different, and Charles had been Francis's captive, he would have experienced better treatment. The reason he gives for this confidence is amusing enough. "The terms," he says, "in which the king expressed himself in the letter to the emperor" (written immediately after Pavia), "proved what his own feelings and conduct would have been." Do debtors, if they chance to become creditors, always take the same lofty and liberal views of pecuniary obligation? However, our author throughout his sketch always combines charity and common-sense by interpreting everything for the best with Francis and everything for the worst with Charles. A display of piety, which in the one is ascribed to "his peculiar sensibility to religious impressions," in the other is the result of dissimulation and policy. Francis's relatives, too, come in for a liberal share in the *cultus* that is paid him. His mother, Louise de Savoie, is "amongst women the most womanly, amongst the gentlest the most gentle." Yet Mr. Baillie Cochrane admits that the most probable cause of the defection of the Constable de Bourbon was that this most womanly and gentlest of beings, finding her affection for him was unreturned, set herself to inflame the king's mind against his great kinsman, till he commenced that legal process which ended in the sequestration of the Constable's estates, and his throwing himself in indignation into the arms of the emperor. Surely all these blemishes show either great carelessness or great want of candour. Bourbon, by the way, is characterized as "the greatest captain of France—indeed, of any country and of any age;" one of the very wildest estimates we ever came across, though we can hardly suppose that Mr. Baillie Cochrane seriously meant what he was saying.

By far the best of the "Studies" is "The Flight to Varennes." It is not of course told with the dramatic power of Mr. Carlyle, but it is well told, all the same. As a contribution to historical knowledge the book is undoubtedly very disappointing; but as an attempt at setting forth the popular aspects of certain romantic episodes, we are far from saying that it is without merit.

G. S.



*The Last of the Tasmanians; or, the Black War of Van Diemen's Land.* By JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S., Fellow of the London Ethnological and Anthropological Societies, and formerly an Inspector of Schools, Victoria. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

MR. BONWICK, actuated by a deep interest in the aborigines of Tasmania, whose terrible story justly appears to him most romantic, affecting, and suggestive, has been at great pains to collect the material for this volume. He has painfully and laboriously investigated his subject, searching out every official record (and in the search discovering that many have been destroyed in order to hide official negligence or guilt), personally studying the scenes where the tragic events he narrates took place, and communicating with every individual whose testimony could afford him information or assistance. He has done his work most conscientiously, and with the unreserved assistance of the Government officials of New South Wales and Tasmania. It is to be hoped it will never again fall to the lot of any author to fulfil so painful a task, to relate so deplorable, so shameful, so revolting a history. If it is just—and it would be difficult to deny that it is so—to expose after the lapse of so much time, the conduct of the European settlers in Tasmania, calling themselves Christians, who treated the natives, their fellow men, with such demoniacal cruelty as sickens one's heart by the mere perusal of its details, it must have been a painful task to be the minister of such justice; it must have been hard for an Englishman to write so detestable a chronicle of the deeds of his own countrymen. May it never again be told of Englishmen that they tortured and murdered, wholesale, with fiendish zeal and inhuman ingenuity, thousands of their fellow-creatures, who had never harmed them, in the hideous lust of mere wanton cruelty. The history of discovery, conquest, and colonization is sadly blood-stained throughout all its annals; but the worst records of the worst days of the *Conquistadores* lack the dastardly and disgraceful cruelty which renders those of the "Black War" horrible and humiliating to the reader. Outraged women, stolen children, wanton ruin of the little property of the black men whose land the English took, wholesale murder and wanton attack—these are the charges, whose truth the mere terms of the proclamations issued by the several governors sufficiently attest. It has been vaguely believed that the native Tasmanians—or, as we with our little knowledge of the vast, distant, island-continent call them, "Australians"—were the most degraded of all the savage types of humanity; and no doubt the origin of this notion was in the excusable desire to think less severely of the treatment they had experienced at the hands of the settlers. It would have been so much pleasanter to have been able to regard them as merely obnoxious vermin, extirpated of necessity. But Mr. Bonwick's book puts an end to any such accommodating theory, and shows them intelligent, peaceful, manly, and capable of much feeling and domestic virtue. "Taken collectively," says the *Hobart Town Gazette* in 1824, "the sable natives of this colony are the most peaceful creatures in the world." Governor Macquarie, a truly humane man, estimated the native Tasmanians highly, and strove to defend and help them to the utmost of his power; but to very little purpose—the ruffianism and brutality of the settlers were too much for him; and though he and his successors did carry some of the laws into execution, only very rare and inadequate punishment has ever been meted to the doers of deeds which have made the history of English colonization infamous throughout the world. From the first massacre in 1804, when a large body of aborigines, including women and children, forming a hunting party, and approaching the settlers with perfectly friendly intentions, were ruthlessly murdered, while two Englishmen held one of the tribe in friendly parley—to the unspeakably disgraceful episode of the mutilation of the corpse of the "last man" by Dr. Crowther (who has been suspended from his functions in consequence of the deed) in March, 1869, the story bears one unvarying complexion. The Tasmanian has passed away for ever; the blood of an entire people, numbering tens of thousands of souls, for whom no effort was ever made, who were "killed off" with unrelenting ferocity, cries to the common Father against the cruelty and the rapacity of Englishmen. A terrible story to become known in other lands where England seeks to strengthen and extend her sway, a cynical commentary upon the blessings of civilization and commerce, and a terrible one on the consistency of our claim to be the pioneers of Christianity. It is too late now, the disgrace is



indelible, the crime past redemption; and with that knowledge the perusal of this book is a melancholy task, though deeply interesting. To investigate the history of a race, utterly annihilated in little more than half a century, thus realizing within one's own experience what is ordinarily one of the most length-some processes of time, is a remarkable feat. Mr. Bonwick has done his work very thoroughly, and certainly succeeds in inspiring his readers with the interest and sympathy he feels so strongly. It is to be hoped that this solemn and terrible record may have a wide circulation, and be effective in the only way in which the history of the Tasmanians can now be made practically useful,—as a warning voice raised against similar crimes, in our dealings with other subject races. In a forthcoming volume, which will no doubt be of equal but less painful interest, Mr. Bonwick proposes to give to the public the results of his travel, reading, observation, and inquiry during thirty years, in a history of the "Daily Life and Origin of the Tasmanian Natives." F. C. H.

### III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

*Examination of the Principles of the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy: with Replies to Objectors.* By M. P. W. BOLTON. Revised Edition. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Inquisitio Philosophica. An Examination of the Principles of Kant and Hamilton.* By M. P. W. BOLTON. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE first of these volumes is a revised edition of the volume which appeared in 1861, when the controversy was raging as to the possibility of a knowledge of the Infinite, in which Hamilton's article on the "Conditioned," and Dean Mansel's Bampton Lecture, appeared so conspicuously. The agreement of Sir William Hamilton and Dean Mansel in denying the possibility of a knowledge of the Infinite has led the author to describe the doctrine as the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy; and the designation is not inapplicable, though it should be borne in mind that the Scottish Philosophy can scarcely be credited with the Hamiltonian doctrine, and if there be any such thing as an Oxonian Philosophy, it cannot reasonably claim a share in the honour of the work which Dean Mansel did single-handed, in his profound admiration of Sir William Hamilton. The excitement connected with the controversy has in large measure passed away, but the interest in the subject will continue for all who are occupied with metaphysical speculation. We greatly admire the persistence and force of reasoning shown by Mr. Bolton. Our readers are familiar with the defence of Hamilton and himself which Dean Mansel first offered in this Review, and afterwards published separately. What is new in the present edition of this "Examination of the Principles of the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy" is a reply to Dean Mansel. The rejoinder to the *Saturday Review* is still retained in the volume, but the "Letter to T. Collyns Simon, Esq.," is withdrawn, and instead of it we have "Remarks on Certain Replies attempted by Dr. Mansel." The new matter refers mainly to two points. The one is the apparent inconsistency of the doctrine of Hamilton on Perception with that on the Infinite, inasmuch as he maintains that there is no consciousness of an operation without consciousness of its object; while, in treating of the Infinite, he maintains that it is not the object of consciousness, while it is an objection of faith. The inconsistency is serious, as we think; and Mr. Bolton, in this following Mr. Mill, presses home the inconsistency with considerable success. But it seems to us a pity that Mr. Bolton should make much of the inconsistency. For if there be a knowledge of the Infinite, as the present reviewer agrees with him in thinking there is, that knowledge must be based on some other warrant than simple consciousness, for certainly the Infinite is not in consciousness. The second point dealt with is the distinction between the Infinite and the Indefinite, which is very ably discussed. While, however, we admire the ability and unflagging zeal of Mr. Bolton, we must urge the unsatisfactory aspect of the discussion, on account of the fragmentary manner in which it is presented to the reader. This is inevitable, as long as an author sets himself to write separate replies to successive critics, which are ultimately bound up together. After having so long studied the question, might not the author set himself to an independent treatise



on the question of our knowledge of an Infinite Being, apart from abstract discussions concerning space and time?

Mr. Bolton's second work, named above, is one in which he still applies his critical powers to the examination of Hamilton and Dean Mansel, though now more under view of the relation in which the arguments of these authors stand to the system of Kant. The first chapter is a vindication of metaphysical study, which is in point of thought an able defence, though lacking in compactness of expression. The object of the author, in the main part of the work, is to assail the doctrine of relativity of knowledge as the source of philosophical scepticism. The position of the author is indicated in the opening sentences of the second chapter:—"The doctrine which lies at the root of philosophical scepticism is that which affirms the relativity of human knowledge and truth. According to this doctrine, there is no absolute standard of truth, no standard valid in relation to all judging persons." We agree with the author as to the philosophical insufficiency of this theory of relativity, and as to philosophical scepticism being the legitimate logical result. But the phrase relativity of knowledge is ambiguous, being used in several distinct senses, requiring to be carefully separated. Mr. Mill has dealt with this ambiguity in his "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy." There is a doctrine of relativity which all must hold, namely, that objects are known simply as they are brought into relations to our powers of knowing. This view of relativity is involved in the basis of mental philosophy, whether intellectual or moral, which is found in consciousness, by the analysis of which we obtain psychological results. But this is not the theory of relativity which occasions diversity of opinion among thinkers. By some it is held that our faculties less or more influence our knowledge, by contributing so much to the mental state, until in the extreme of this line, we reach the theory that there is no existence save in consciousness. We have not space to enter into the large discussion concerning noumenon and phenomenon, still playing too conspicuous a part in dissertations upon mental philosophy. But, while agreeing in the main with Mr. Bolton in his criticisms, it is open to doubt whether he has succeeded in every case in accurately representing the views of those whom he criticises. One passage which we have marked is in chapter vii., p. 214, where he is dealing with Sir William Hamilton's theory as illustrated in connection with perception. Taking Hamilton's doctrine of natural Realism, according to which it is maintained that "we know extension and other qualities as they exist in these external bodies," he proceeds next to say that "difficulty arises when we have to take this doctrine in company with the doctrine of Relativity, which declares that every act of predication is an act of distortion." Now, we are not aware of any passage in the writings of Hamilton which can be fairly held to involve this act of distortion. Hamilton does indeed speak of the mind contributing so much, and the organs of sense so much, and the object so much; but he does not affirm, nor even imply, that such contribution has the effect of distorting the knowledge obtained of the object. Indeed, it is hard to see how any theory could be constructed to establish *distortion* in the act of knowledge.

Throughout this work there is abundant evidence of critical power, as well as of careful study of the works criticised. Perhaps one of the cleverest passages in the book is that in which the author imagines Hamilton criticising the view of his theory of the Unconditioned, given by Dean Mansel in carrying forward that theory for application to theology. Admiring as we do the critical ability often apparent throughout this work, we commend it as on this account well deserving of perusal, though it is not distinguished in the same degree by originality of thought as by acuteness of criticism.

H. C.

*The Vegetable World.* By LOUIS FIGUIER. Translated. Fourth Thousand. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Earth and Sea.* From the French of Louis Figuer. Translated, edited, and enlarged by W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. London: Nelson and Sons.

*Bible Animals.* By Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., &c. London: Longmans.

WE have grouped these three volumes together, as being representative specimens of the illustrated popular natural-history text-books with which the press both in England and on the Continent at present teems. Their compilers are



already well known as successful purveyors of the results of the researches of others, for the benefit of those who have neither the time nor the inclination to drink deeper of the fountains of scientific knowledge. The volumes may be looked on as literary chiffoniers, stuffed full of patches gathered from webs of every hue and texture; sometimes well and carefully assorted, and some pains taken to make them match, but more frequently selected simply for their bright colours and startling contrasts. In the stitching together of these patches it is that the compiler's skill is best tested, and here we have no hesitation in according the palm to our Continental neighbour.

"The Vegetable World," of which this edition is the fourth thousand, is by far the most accurate and carefully arranged of M. Figuier's series. We have not to complain of the exaggerations and gross inaccuracies which characterized the illustrations of several of his former volumes, as the "Ocean World." There are no less than four hundred and seventy engravings in the work, and of these twenty-four are full-page illustrations, representing the characters of the principal trees of the vegetable world in a manner we have never seen surpassed. The plates of the Scotch fir, the elm, ash, and lime, may perhaps be criticized as not representing the most characteristic features of those trees; but others, as the cedar of Lebanon, the Oriental plane, the chestnut tree of Mount Etna, and the Wellingtonia, are the best we have ever seen. The arrangement of the work itself is scientific, and calculated to win the careless reader to a study and comprehension of the science of Botany. It is not a mere description of the most striking examples of vegetation arranged in order, but an analysis of the system of plants. The first part is devoted to the physiology of plants, without a knowledge of which no progress can be made in botany. The roots, the stem, the buds, the boughs and branches, the respiration, the flower, the seed, and fructification, are all treated of in turn, and liberally illustrated.

The style is easy and simple. Thus, in explaining circulation, we read:—

"Let us follow the juices of a dicotyledonous plant from the moment of their absorption by the root fibres. Let us see the course these liquids follow as they rise in the interior of the plant, and that which they take in order to descend again, after having passed through the pervious tissues of the leaves, exposed to the chemical influence of the air; in other words, let us follow the progress of the sap, both in its ascending and descending course. From the moment when the water which impregnates the earth has penetrated into the roots of a plant, and mingled its sap with the juices which are contained in the cells of the vegetable, it constitutes what botanists call the *sap*, a complex fluid, which at certain periods in the life of a plant circulates constantly through its tubes. What is the force which causes the water to penetrate into its roots, impels the sap into the stem, and, finally, to its last ramification, viz., the leaves? What is the route which the sap follows in ascending? Does it traverse the pith, the lark, or the wood? or, finally, does it permeate all these at the same time?"

"When a tree is cut down in spring, it is easily seen that the sap flowing in it is then in the wood. If a plant is made to absorb coloured liquid, or if the branches are plunged into the same liquid, it is easily seen that it does not rise first either in the lark or pith. It is the wood or ligneous body through which it manifestly takes its passage. This passage is effected through all the ligneous elements, cells, fibres, and vessels," &c.

But while the most elementary facts are thus expounded with an entire absence of technical phraseology, all the terms and more abstruse details of botany are fully and accurately explained. In fact, we are gradually so drawn into its technicology that as we read, "the pistil consists of an inferior ovary united to a style attached by its base to the foot of the tube of the perianth, and terminating in three petaloid stigmatiferous leaves," we do not stumble on a single term which has not received the stamp of current and easily recognised coin.

The second part of the work is devoted to the classification of plants. No attempt is made to produce an universal botanical dictionary, but the leading characteristics of each family are described and illustrated, and some few plants are adduced as examples; these being admirably selected as those most important either from striking peculiarities, beauty, or, most generally, for their economical application. The third and shortest part is occupied with the geographical distribution of plants, and the most striking botanical characters of each region. This, though most concise, is most carefully drawn out, and is not a compilation, but a compendium.

We cannot, in conclusion, refrain from expressing our conviction that the translator of Figuier has done good service towards popularizing the study of botany among the young.

The second volume from M. Figuier's prolific pen has been considerably enlarged and improved by the care of the editor, Mr. Adams. Its illustrations are as liberal and as well executed as those of French popular works usually are, and are happily free from the sensational exaggeration which disfigures the pages of too many of M. Figuier's previous compilations. In the letterpress we are carried rapidly through the most striking phenomena of physical geography, beginning with a brief summary of the history of astronomical discovery, the climate and seas of the different zones, the phenomena of the seasons; the mountain systems of the various hemispheres, the rocks, steppes, and deserts, earthquakes, volcanoes, and other terrestrial convulsions. The fresh waters and the world's seas occupy the last two hundred pages. The industry which has gathered into this large volume so much information on all these topics is really wonderful, and the success with which each subject has been invested with interest merits all praise.

We know of no work better adapted to attract youthful readers, and to awaken an interest in geography and travel; and happy is the boy who has the fortune to count "Earth and Sea" among his prizes or his Christmas presents.

The bulky tome of Mr. Wood is of a very different character. It is more pretentious, far less artistically arranged, and no attempt whatever has been made to harmonize the patches collected almost at random, or to smooth or conceal the sutures. While M. Figuier has had whole libraries of botanical predecessors, and has read and assimilated their researches, Mr. Wood, compiling on a much more limited subject, and with very few precursors in the field, has been unable to draw his information from more than one or two sources, and has scarcely been at the pains to recast his matter. His illustrations are copious, but are for the most part extravagantly sensational. Witness a pack of bears descending a hill in close file, a herd of badgers hunting in line, a party of so-called field-mice (*quere voles*?) gambolling monkey-fashion among the stems of corn, or a group of wrangling hyænas with parties of vultures perched around them. The artist it seems was unaware that while the nocturnal carnivores are fighting over the bones, the gorged vultures ought to be at roost far away among the precipices. In other cases, as in that of the hedgehog, the illustration seems to have been faithfully taken from an ill-stuffed and distorted museum specimen. The first part of the work, that which treats of the mammalia mentioned in the Bible, is derived from more varied sources of information than the remaining chapters; and many anecdotes of dogs, lions, gazelles, &c., are collected in illustration from Gordon Cumming, Sir J. E. Tennent, and other travellers in different parts of the world, the whole of the scientific details and the identification of the Hebrew names being taken, without one word of acknowledgment, from the "Natural History of the Bible," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Though the language has been slightly remodelled in places, yet so exactly has this little book been trusted to, that we have observed clerical errors in its first edition, which have been corrected in the subsequent issues, copied by Mr. Wood; as, for instance, "Crete" for "Cyprus," in p. 188.

The same remarks will apply with yet greater force to the portion of the work devoted to the "Birds of the Bible," although the illustrations are free from extravagance, and are for the most part thoroughly good and accurate. We may instance particularly the cut of the rufous swallow and Galilean swift. But here, too, all the identifications from beginning to end are taken without one word of acknowledgment from the "Natural History of the Bible," which was the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to identify the exact species of the birds mentioned in the Bible. The Latin names there given, and the list of the species of the different genera, are here copied to the letter; including, for example, such as *Circæetus cinereus*, which ought to have more properly been *Circæetus gallicus*. No acknowledgment is made when adopting such identifications as the very interesting reference of the Hebrew *Sis* to the swift, instead of the crane. So, too, it has been with the reptilia; though in passing we must again enter our protest against the prodigious representation of the crocodile and herd of horses. In fine, with the exception of part of the mammalia, which seems to



have been prepared before the publication of the "Natural History of the Bible," take away what has been derived from thence, and the result will present us with an infinitesimal fraction.

In one point Mr. Wood has set an example to those on whom he has so liberally drawn for the *interior* of the book, as the *exterior* most decidedly puts theirs to shame. Had the venerable society ventured on such paper, type, and margin, in one edition at least, their work would have taken the place in libraries which will probably be usurped by their follower.

H. B. T.

LOCAL ORNITHOLOGIES:—1. *The Birds of Sherwood Forest.* By W. J. SPERLAND. London: Reeve.

2. *The Birds of Somersetshire.* By CECIL SMITH. London: Van Voorst.

COUNTY ornithologies are now becoming almost as universal as county histories. It is, indeed, nearly a century and a half ago since Plot set the example, in his "Natural History of Oxfordshire," and "History of Staffordshire." But the effort was not contagious at that period; and it was not until long after Linnæus had laid the foundation of natural history as a scientific pursuit, that its students attempted anything higher in the way of local ornithologies, than some few obituary catalogues of deceased birds, in the shape of lists of specimens killed in various neighbourhoods, appended to the local guide-books. Such productions are not only useless, but indirectly we suspect they are absolutely mischievous. Our knowledge of bird-life is only increased in an infinitesimal degree by the information that some tempest-tossed wayfarer, or some imprisoned captive let loose, was brought down by the gun of John Thomas as he sat behind a hedge in a parish within the limits of the county of A. The fact may supply a paragraph for the *Zoologist*, or add a name to that heterogeneous assemblage of visitors from Asia, Africa, and America, called the "Zoologist List of Birds observed in Britain," but can add nothing to our existing knowledge save an oft-repeated illustration of the fact that birds, like ships, are occasionally driven out of their course by wind and weather, and that when so driven, they generally find themselves, like seamen of old on the Cornish coast, the victims of the most ruthless of wreckers, and vainly plead for hospitality and for life to ears deaf to the call of pity.

There is one type and model for all local ornithologies, which has stood the test and sifting of near a century, and remains still "*facile princeps*" among local bird-books, unrivalled and unapproached in its perennial popularity by any of its successors or imitators. We need scarcely mention the name of Gilbert White, and the "Natural History of Selborne." He teaches us what the local historian should be, the careful observer and recorder of facts, not the compiler of catalogues. And because Gilbert White was pre-eminently this, he has done more than any man who ever wrote, to popularize natural history, to inoculate thousands of schoolboys, and boys of elder growth, for four generations, with a genuine love for its study, and to teach them the difference between "eyes and no eyes." It is no disparagement to his followers to say that no book which has since appeared has ever equalled in interest the letters of Gilbert White. Knox's "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex" are perhaps the nearest approach. Within the last fifteen years most of our counties have produced annotators and recorders of their *fauna*. All, indeed, have not been equally fortunate; all do not possess the riches of Norfolk or Cornwall, though what may be done even in the most unpromising field, is shown by that charming little volume, Mr. Harting's "Birds of Middlesex," which, though perhaps not without some few mistakes, is an admirable specimen of the record of a careful observer, who disdains to fill his pages with extracts from the familiar handbooks and descriptions of ornithology, but tells us with the freshness of a genuine lover of birds, their habits, flight, and note, as they appeared to himself. Cornwall may well be left in the hands of Mr. Couch and Mr. Rodd. Norfolk, exceptionally rich in its bird-*fauna*, has been exceptionally fortunate in its historians. A county which can recount among its naturalists such names as Hooker, Henslow, Gurney, Newton, may well be foremost in its local chronicles. Not to mention Lubbock's "Fauna," published more than twenty years ago, Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," of which we long to see the completion, has already taken its place undisputed among our ornithological classics.

To these, and many others too numerous to mention, we have now to add the two volumes at the head of this notice—works of most unequal merit and execution. Of Mr. Sterland's "Birds of Sherwood Forest," we can only say that it is a thoroughly honest book, the fruit of conscientious and careful observation, not compiled in the study, but drawn from the life and conversation of animals in the woods and fields. Mr. Sterland has wisely expended his greatest space on those birds which, though not generally common, are yet the characteristic birds of his district, or more frequently found there than in many other localities. He has thus set a good example to local naturalists. Even in describing the commonest birds, his story is pleasant and fresh. Thus of the creeper:—

"In every part of our wooded district, the little creeper (*Certhia familiaris*) finds a home. Summer and winter, if you watch carefully and quietly, a glimpse will be had of its little brown figure gliding up the trunk of some tree like a mouse; and if your person is concealed, you may see it prying with its slender bill into the crevices of the bark for spiders, and other insects, that lurk there; but the moment you are perceived, it creeps round to the opposite side of the tree, or flits to another at a little distance. Its chirp is very weak and humble in tone, as if it was afraid of being noticed, and yet in the summer time it may be heard oftener than it can be seen. Indeed, so retiring and unobtrusive are its habits altogether, that a careless observer might fail to see it at all." (P. 147.)

Many of Mr. Sterland's anecdotes are very good, and they have for the most part the merit of being original. The following is an amusing illustration of the fact that the power of counting is limited in instinct, and that if the Australian cannot get beyond *five*, he is at least ahead of the rook, who stops at *four*:—

"A very large field had been sown with wheat, and in the centre a little hut had been erected to shelter the boy who had to tend the field, and to enable him to reach all parts of it. A gentleman who wished to obtain a few birds to hang up in his own fields, thought this would be a good opportunity of procuring them, for they thronged around in great numbers, and kept the boy actively employed to drive them off. So taking his gun, he went into the hut, accompanied by the boy, and through some holes in the sides, prepared to pour a volley on the invaders. But he reckoned without his host. The watchful sentinels seemed instinctively to divine the plot, their warning 'caw' was loudly uttered, and the presence of the ambushed foe made known. They circled round and round and settled in the surrounding fields, but not one of them would trust himself within gunshot of the hut. For some time the gentleman waited in vain, and then sent the boy away with directions to walk straight out of the field; but this ruse did not succeed. The rooks still refused to 'come and be killed,' so he left the hut and followed the boy; but no sooner had he gone out of the gate of the field, than the sentinels gave the signal, and scores of their fellows at once descended and commenced their foray. The sportsman determined not to be outwitted in this way, so he immediately took two persons with him into the hut, and resumed his ambush, the rooks having taken flight on his reappearance. After a short time had elapsed, he sent one of the persons away; and, after another interval, the second, expecting that as soon as they both left the field, the rooks would return, but he was again doomed to disappointment: 'beware' cawed the sentinels in the most sonorous tones, and none ventured to disregard the warning. Determined still further to test their powers of numeration, he again left the hut and returned with three persons, all four entering together. Again, one by one, the companions were sent away, and the plan was at last crowned with success; the rooks could count as far as three, but four was beyond their powers, and no sooner had the third person left the field, than they hurried to the spoil, but only, alas! to leave two of their number dead on the field, victims to the want of a knowledge of numeration." (Pp. 135, 6.)

Very different in character is the bulky volume of Mr. Cecil Smith on the "Birds of Somersetshire." From one who does not pretend to be a scientific ornithologist, we could have excused some mistakes, but the insertion of the creeper among the "Scansores," the statement that the hoopoe (!) is included in the same order, the grouping of the swifts as "*Hirundinidæ*," are scarcely excusable now-a-days in an author who comes before the public even with a merely popular volume. In a book of 650 pages we might have looked for copious notes of personal observation, and fresh notices of habits and character. But we may look here in vain. We have little more than a bulky record of all the British birds recorded to have occurred in Somersetshire, copied, page after page, from the familiar text books of Yarrell, Meyer, and Montagu. The



only use of these long quotations can be for those who do not possess those standard volumes. But Mr. Smith's original authorities never go beyond these three. And in the case of Montagu, he refers not to that author's work, which for the time of its publication was most valuable, but to the most unsatisfactory reprint by Mr. Newman, a work so full of blunders of every kind, as to be absolutely mischievous to the young student. Even Mr. Hewitson is only quoted second-hand from Yarrell, and the author betrays in several places his ignorance of Hewitson's most careful and standard work. The labours of Macgillivray, Thompson, Wolley, Newton, seem to be entirely unknown, and every page of the book bearing on the waders and water birds exhibits an ignorance that is almost astounding, of the ornithological researches of the last twenty years. For instance, we have four pages on the jack snipe, written without the slightest idea that Mr. Wolley had so fully investigated and described its breeding habits in Lapland, or that eggs taken by him are in every tolerable collection in England. Instead of being entitled, "The Birds of Somersetshire," the volume should rather be, "An account of what Montagu and Yarrell knew of British birds that have been met with in Somerset."

Mr. Cecil Smith's mistakes, and still greater shortcomings, have arisen from his supposition that our knowledge of our avifauna has not progressed since the time of Yarrell, from his trust in the reprint of Montagu, and his study of the *Zoologist*, to which, with Meyer, his ornithological library of reference has been confined. That monthly record of ornithological occurrences has its uses, but also its abuses; and it can only be treated as a receptacle for communications, certainly not for scientific information. Otherwise Mr. Cecil Smith could never have fallen into such mistakes as stating that the American *Pica nuttalli* resembles our own magpie in every way except the yellow beak, an inaccuracy which the most cursory comparison would have dispelled. But it is needless to multiply instances. We regret that we are compelled to point out the shortcomings of this book, evidently the work of a lover of nature, but there is no greater danger to young ornithologists than a reliance on antiquated or second-rate authorities. Had Mr. Cecil Smith, in place of a servile adherence to the *Zoologist*, and "Newman's Montagu," given us his own observations, we should have had a real addition to our local literature on the subject, and should have escaped the frequent and most unsatisfactory commencement of sentences, "It is said," "They are believed," &c.

Some years ago Mr. Crotch made an admirable beginning in publishing the first part of the "Birds of Somerset," which is now before us. Mr. Cecil Smith does not appear to be aware of the essay of his predecessor, but we trust that when next we welcome him, he may launch forth rather in the direction sketched out by Mr. Crotch, than as a mere compiler of the notes of others. He will, then, with the zeal and power of observation he has already shown, produce a work which shall have more than a local value. H. B. T.

*Traces of History in the Names of Places.* With a Vocabulary of the Roots out of which Names of Places in England and Wales are formed. By FLAVELL EDMUNDS. London: Longmans.

At the present time, when there is so much inquiry by interrogation, we are ready to welcome all workers who honestly pursue upon any special field the system so much in vogue. The method which has met with signal success in the hands of geologists, of discovering the earth's own account of its history by questioning rocks and remains, is peculiarly interesting to the philologist in his examination of names and words. The speech of man thus affords a proof, indirect indeed and unintentional, but therefore the more true and sound, which may correct tradition where such exists, and may sometimes be found to reach further back than any written or oral records that have come down to us.

In proportion however to its value, is the difficulty of these studies. Their extent is very vast, embracing as it does not only various languages, but the least-known part of those languages; and as in other investigations of a similar nature, the temptation to dogmatize too readily is severe and dangerous. The habit however of doing so, which has been sufficiently marked in some cases, would seem to be a necessary feature of the earlier stages of any exploration. Not only are real and false diamonds confused, but substances are classed among

them which are shown by frequent and critical examination in the course of time to have no pretence to be diamonds at all.

But it would be unfair to Mr. Edmunds, who has given us the result of many years' honest reading and study, to let it be imagined that these general remarks are aimed at his careful book. The Names of Places stand amongst the highest in interest and importance, as throwing light upon the history of any race. And in England, where many and discordant elements have gone to make up the Nation of modern times, they have an especial value. Mr. Edmunds, therefore, has done good service in explaining the origin of various Names, which he has classed in different chapters or sections. He thus treats of the Names which record the Physical Condition of the Country in Early Times—Names which indicate the Fauna, or the Occupations and Military Organization of the people, or their Religions, or the Memory of Persons or Events, or the Tribal Divisions of the old English People, or the continuance of the Britons in the Land, or the several Immigrations into the Country. He adds information about such as illustrate old English and Norse Social Life, or which came from the Conquest, or from the Church, or from the breaking-up of Feudalism, or those which are of recent Origin. There is much information in this part of his book; though one often wishes that it were more copiously given and less concisely put. But as the book is for reference besides a mere perusal, this is of less consequence. There are occasional faults of style, and on page 63 a Latin quotation is provokingly shortened, with serious detriment to its grammar.

Mr. Edmunds has appended a capital Vocabulary, extending over 170 pages, where any one can search for the roots of all the Places in his own neighbourhood. But in saying thus much we must not accord to it all that the Author claims, viz., that it contains "all the root-words out of which the place-names now existing in England and Wales have been formed, with examples of all the modes in which they are combined" (p. 123). Some of the roots which he gives would not be acknowledged at the present time as the true sources of the names which he refers to them. Some roots are not given at all. Thus no one would learn from Mr. Edmunds' Vocabulary that "Pill" is an inlet or creek, and that it occurs often in that sense as an appellation on the coasts of the Bristol Channel, as "Crockern Pill," or "Pill" *par excellence*, below Bristol, and Clevedon Pill. According to our author "Pill" is a small tower defended by a ditch. Again, the student of Mr. Edmunds' book would suppose Halford, in Warwickshire, to be the ford of the "Hal" or "Alh," "a hall or palace." Whereas a reference to Dugdale would disclose another explanation of it as formerly "Aldford," i.e., the old ford, and an hour's teaching in a village school in the neighbourhood, together with an examination of the spot, would convince him that the latter etymology is the right one.

But Mr. Edmunds will doubtless continue to correct and improve his little book. And it will give to those who are anxious to learn about the local history of their country information well-arranged, curious, and full of research.

E. M.

#### IV.—TRAVEL.

*Notes on Burgundy.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. Edited by his Widow. London: Longmans.

WE were sorry to see announced at the beginning of last year the decease of this intelligent tourist on January 15, at the age of fifty-six. A brief memoir of his active and useful life is prefixed to this posthumous volume. The ground here covered by Mr. Weld in his last tour is one of the most interesting in France, and the Englishman, especially if he be historically inclined, will find much in these notes to attract him. The pleasure of reading would have been at least doubled, we think, if there had been annexed a moderately sized map on which to follow our travelling guide; as no detailed maps of France are in the hands of the general public other than the Departmental, with which it would be impossible to outline this famous province. Mr. Weld's notes on the religion and priesthood of Burgundy afford a good commentary on a



paper in this Review (September, 1868) giving an account of the education of the French clergy. We will make room for one extract:—

"During our residence in Burgundy we had considerable opportunity of judging of the feelings entertained by the gentlemen of that extensive province towards their national Church. They are unmistakably antagonistic to her. Whilst her bishops and priests are but tools in the hands of the Vatican, whilst the Virgin is usurping the place of our Redeemer, and miserable superstitions like that of La Salette are permitted to degrade the Church, the French gentleman, as a rule, will not worship within her walls" (p. 227).

C. H.

*Search for Winter Sunbeams in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain.* By SAMUEL S. COX, Author of "The Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

THERE is something, difficult to define, but keenly felt, in almost all American literature (in all, indeed, except the very highest class, which also has specific differences of its own), that renders it essentially foreign to English taste. This something—which it would be rude and presumptuous to pronounce to be vulgarity because it is unsympathetic to us, and has the power to take very considerably from the pleasure afforded by the perusal of American books—is peculiarly apparent in American literature of travel. The otherwise delightful works of Mr. Bayard Taylor are not free from it, and Mr. Cox's "Search for Winter Sunbeams" is considerably disfigured by it. A quaintness which is not attractive but awkward, a "gushing" mood which seems to us uncalled for, because it is *apropos* of scenes and subjects so familiar to us either by experience or from reading that we cannot realize their producing so much effect, and suspect the genuineness of the rapture, and, in particular, an inflation of style, an involvement, an insisting emphatically on reflections and deductions in themselves essentially commonplace, are the component parts of the "indefinable something" which spoils the flavour of American literature to our taste. We had our own season of offence, our own day of "fine" writing; and it is open to discussion whether we do not in the present fall into the opposite extreme—whether the repression, the calm, and the strictness of definition in vogue now, are not, like the *nil admirari* manner, and the affectation of imperturbable equanimity and absence of feeling, faults of a graver character than the defects which preceded them. But, whether that be so or not, there can be no doubt the reaction of the present taste against that of the past tells most strongly upon the style most recently exploded, and that "fine" writing is now peculiarly intolerable.

This is the prevailing, all-pervading characteristic of Mr. Cox's "Search," from his "fine" inscription of the volume to his "constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of the City of New York"—in which he declares that the "Sunbeams" were "made bright by the confidence, and cheerful by the indulgence," of the constituents—to the concluding pages, which are devoted to bursts of prophecy concerning "regenerated" Spain. He is not a discriminating writer, although he is an observant and intelligent traveller; there is no perspective in his style, and he jumbles scraps of description up with facts, reminiscences, associations, and dates, after a very disorderly fashion—in some instances to an extent which arouses a suspicion that he sent the contents of his note-book unarranged and unrevised to the printers. The parade of republican opinions and sentiments is unpleasant, but pardonable, when we bear in mind that the book is inscribed to Mr. Cox's constituents "of the sixth congressional district of the city of New York," and that Naples, the Duchies, and Spain afford such splendid texts for sermonizing upon the vanity and the guilt of royalty, and the superiority of free institutions. But Mr. Cox allows himself to stray into nonsense in his enthusiasm, and to be unintelligible as well as gushing. We do not know whether he means to compliment royalty, or to sneer at it, when he says, describing the lions of Ajaccio:—

"You cannot escape the Napoleonic impressions. If you go to the Hotel de Ville, which contains a library of historical interest—at least to the Bonapartes—you will see the picture of a lawyer, Carlo Maria Bonaparte. He is a handsome man, of elegant appearance, fit to be the bridegroom of the belle of Ajaccio, Letitia Ramolino; and fit—if anybody is fit—to be the father of kings and queens."



*The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth, &c.* By J. MACGREGOR, M.A. London: J. Murray.

"I HOPE to make a mark or two on the map of Palestine," said Mr. Macgregor, a few days before his departure; and what a canoe-man can do he has certainly done. He has, at least, left his mark on the swamps and morasses of Syria, and has put down some straight lines among the vague and misty dots which heretofore expressed the amount of our knowledge of the impenetrable Hooleh Marsh, or of the final resting-places of the Abana and the Pharpar. But it is not only, or even chiefly, for these additions to our knowledge of the aqueous topography of those ancient and hallowed lands that we heartily thank Rob Roy for this important contribution to the literature of Eastern travel. Even if we, as mere land-lubbers, cannot sympathize with his enthusiastic devotion to his little water-witch of a canoe, yet there is a fascination in his style which attracts us to the river's bank, and draws us as irresistibly along with him, as did his performances the admiring Arabs of Hooleh or the awe-stricken Bedouin of the Ateibeh.

Who has not followed with interest the adventures of Rob Roy on the commonplace waters of Western Europe, on the hackneyed Rhine, in modern France, or the prosaic Baltic? Admirable as were these little brochures, this more ponderous tour, we venture to think, decidedly surpasses any of its predecessors. The author has risen with his subject. He entered upon it a "full man," well-read in all the literature that bore on it; above all in that best and first of all guide-books to Syria, the Bible; and in the text and in foot-notes he has amassed a rare amount of new or little-known information and illustration. But that which beyond all else gives its special charm to "the cruise on the Jordan" is that it is pre-eminently a *manly book*. The man speaks in every sentence. We feel that the author is giving us a genuine reflection of himself. There is in almost every page a strange contrast and variety of thought—now dodging the canoe through a twist of a tiny ditch, now looking out for a duck for dinner, comparing a prophecy with its fulfilment, or reverting to some work of mercy among the outcasts at home. But in all, *the man* and *the Christian* stand simply and naturally out. He says what he thinks and feels, as far removed from affectation as from false shame in giving utterance to the thoughts which fill the Christian's mind in such scenes. Cradled in the *Kent* and the *Cambria*, he writes as though amphibious from his birth. No less do we detect the Captain of the London Scottish, keenly on the look-out for wild boar or wolf. The earnest pleader for missions at home practises abroad what he preaches here, and becomes for the time a missionary himself; telling the Gospel story before wild Arabs and Syrians in a genial, loving, yet manly way; while a keen sense of humour, a love of a joke, and a Scottish fertility of expedient peep out in every page. Thus, when he had been captured, canoe and all, by the Hooleh Arabs, at Salhiyeh, where his reviewer once experienced the same fate (as he deserved for venturing there alone), he finds himself a prisoner, canoe and all, in the tent. The chiefs are debating what to do with their prize, but refuse to give him food—suspicious omen.

"I opened my salt-cellar, a snuff-box, and from it offered a pinch to the sheikh. He had never before seen salt so white, and therefore, thinking it was sugar, he willingly took some from my hand, and put it to his tongue. Instantly I ate up the rest of the salt, and, with a loud-laughing shout, I administered to the astonished, outwitted sheikh a manifest thump on the back. 'What is it?' all asked from him. 'Is it sukker?' He answered demurely, 'La, meleh!' (No, it's salt!). Even his home secretary laughed at his chief. We had now eaten salt together, and in his own tent, and so he was bound by the strongest tie, and he knew it."

He finds himself afterwards sitting smoking in the tent with a youngster who had repeatedly tried to send a bullet through him, and had more than once had his muzzle very near his head. Hear the Captain plead for his would-be assassin:—

"Consider that while these people had never seen or heard of a boat, they had all heard about ghosts and water-sprites, and so when they suddenly saw a thing with a man's face, but all the rest of it unlike a man,—a long, brown, double-ended body, joined by grey skin to a grey pot-shaped head, and waving about two blue hands, (the paddle blades)—which of them could refrain from taking a shot at such a creature? Would you or I, walking with a loaded gun, and a finger on the trigger, and eager for



an excuse to fire, if we saw for the first time a thing in the air unknown before, and yet plainly living, *could* we resist the desire to fire at it instantly? Not I certainly; so my assailant might well be forgiven."

Very good, counsel for the defence!

The volume naturally divides itself into three parts: the cruise in Egypt, that on the rivers of Damascus, and that on the Jordan and its lakes.

The first part has a different interest from the others, being chiefly occupied with the adventures on and near the Suez Canal, on which the Rob Roy was one of the first craft to sail. But in Egypt, of all countries in the world, it would be impossible for the new to eclipse the old in interest; and the examination of the Lake Menzaleh, and the visit to the "Field of Zoan," are well told, and lead us to facts of which ordinary Egyptian tourists know nothing.

In Syria we need not linger on the road from Beyrout to Damascus, where the canoe, being on the wrong element, caused no end of trouble in a snow-storm; nor at the fairy-like and well-remembered fountains of Ain Fijeh, the principal, if not the most distant, source of the Abana. We pass through Damascus, which Rob Roy does not appreciate as much as we do, and then through its hundred villages, till we reach those strange swamps which so many an Eastern traveller has seen and approached, but which very few, if any, have ridden round, and certainly none circumnavigated. Of course there is nothing to discover here, beyond the fixing of the outlines of the four lakes, and this Mr. Macgregor has done, not, like his predecessors, from his imagination. This done, we follow his invitation:—

"Let us go back to the world, thoroughly convinced that the Abana dies in the marsh of Ateibek, yielding its vapoury spirit to the hot sun, as Jordan faints away in the Dead Sea; and so, rising into the clouds again, both of them perhaps wafted aloft to the snow-peaks where they were born, pour down their old waters in a current ever new, in that circuit of health and life which God has ordained for all."

But before going back to the world, Rob Roy does take us, encumbered, of course, by his canoe, to one or two of the ruined cities of Bashan, Brak, and Merjany. We could wish our author had ventured to express his own opinion as to their age. Assigned by Porter to the prehistoric era, Mr. Freshfield considers them modern. Our own impression when among them was that while by far the greater part of what we saw was Greek or Græco-Roman, there was in all a substratum of much older architecture, and that there were few, if any, places where a very distinct Cyclopean style could not be detected in some of the smaller erections far anterior to the Syrian-Greek structures. But they are too far from water for the Rob Roy to examine as minutely as he might.

We next begin to trace the Jordan, at least in its upper waters, for the Lower Ghor was not embraced in the plan of the canoe campaign. We must leave our readers to pursue the course of the Jordan with the canoe by themselves from the highest springs of the Hasbany, which is, indeed, the real Upper Jordan, though robbed of its honours by the copious springs of Banias and Tell Kady, premising only that gales of wind, snow-storms, and other healthful adjuncts of winter tested the strength, not only of the traveller, but of the gear of every kind. One remark reminds us of what we have often experienced ourselves:—

"The first strange thing that one notices in a storm under canvas on shore is, that, however violent the wind, it is the tent only that shakes under the pressure. The strongest stone house vibrates even in the lower stories in a gale; but unless your bed in a tent actually touches the canvas walls, the sleeper is perfectly unmoved, while the roof and walls of his tabernacle rattle and quiver as if they never could hold out for a moment. And is it not a good thing in the storms of life to have the living soul, the real self, firmly set on the rock, steadfast and unshaken, though blasts do harry and shatter the frail tabernacle wherein we lodge?"

After the storm, and an exhausting night of watching, came a calm, quiet day, which was also Sunday, and the author describes the sensation of the listless day of rest alone, to feel "as if one was having one's hair cut by a dumb hair-cutter."

In the way of Scriptural illustration, the examination of the Sea of Galilee is, as might have been expected, the most important portion of the volume. Not that we would depreciate the penetration of the swamps of the Horleb, yet



the conclusion is only what we knew before—that they lead nowhere. Not so with the hallowed lake, with its Gospel illustrations. True, indeed, are the remarks:—

"Faith is not, indeed, begotten by this vividness of places. Faith is of loftier birth than sight; but faith may be nourished, if not engendered, by things seen, and a verse of the Bible which you have traced out thus is graven anew in the memory, with the earth and water round it for a visible framing to the nobler spiritual picture. The setting can never be worthy of the gem, but still it may help our clumsy hands to hold the jewel."

"Surely it does not need a fanciful, or even an imaginative mind, to feel that there can be character and almost soul in scenery. The face of a hero we gaze upon with admiration, though his eye is only a lens, and his brain is but phosphorus, and his bones are lime. Palestine is the visible embodiment of the most wonderful and holy deeds and thoughts that have lived upon this world. The lineaments of what is noble, and righteous, and wise, are shining here, though the lake is only water, and the hills are only stone."

The careful researches of Mr. Macgregor round the lake throw much new light on the vexed questions of the sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, and on the east side of the scene of the miracle of the herd of swine. He has shown us what may be done by patience; and heartily do we say Amen to his remonstrance to Americans and Americanized excursionists against their rushing through Palestine. "If a man has only half an hour to read Longfellow's poems, he had better read one or two of the best pieces right through, than read half a line on every page."

On the site of Capernaum we think that the Templar (of London, we mean) has proved his point, that present evidence bears most strongly to Khan Minyeh, and we say this the more readily that we have formerly pleaded strongly for another site, but that was before the discovery of the aqueduct by Captain Wilson, from near Ain Tabighat. In one point Mr. Macgregor and we were agreed to begin with—that the weight of evidence was against Tell Hâm. His twenty-first chapter is a masterly summary of the arguments on all sides, and most fairly put.

We cannot better conclude this notice than by quoting a paragraph on this question of Capernaum, which photographs the mind of the writer:—

"Some persons feel it difficult to believe that any miracle has ever occurred, because, they say, 'it would be a breach of the laws of nature.' I do not believe that any breach of the laws of nature has ever occurred, but that these laws have been always observed, and that one of the laws He ordained (though we did not know it, being ignorant) is, that He can do, has done, and will do, whatever is His will and pleasure at all times, in all places."

H. B. T.

#### V.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

*Christabel and the Lyrical and Imaginative Poems of S. T. Coleridge.* Arranged and Introduced by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Author of "Atalanta," &c., &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

It is hardly now the time to take up into the balances of criticism a man who, like Coleridge, has become classical. Little as he has left to the world of truly great, there has never come from any competent judge of late years a question as to the exquisite beauty of "Christabel," or the muscular grip and grandeur of the "Ancient Mariner," or the airy delicacy and many-coloured imaginativeness of many unique lyrics provided by this man of genius. Since the gaze of criticism has been unblinded by the man's existence, and there has been time to settle down calmly on the residue of his life's work, these things pass for accepted facts, and discussion is no more.

Still, of a dead poet, a poet who lives can generally find some sweet thing to say—some good words to inscribe on a label and fix on the brother-poet's resting-place; and Mr. Swinburne has not failed of appropriate words for introducing the discriminate selection he has made from the poems of Coleridge. In the little volume recently put forth, he has doubtless saved most of what is



notably great in the poetic labours of this predecessor; and what is here saved is probably all, or approximately all, that future generations will associate with the name of Coleridge under any vivid sense of grateful admiration.

Apart from mercantile considerations, the objects of a delicate little volume of selection and introduction, such as the present number of the "Bayard Series," are, presumably, to gain a fresh tribute of praise to the poet from readers not yet largely acquainted with him, and to yield to the hearts of such readers a fresh yield of delight. Such objects will probably be attained here; but such might have been better attained by less energetic measures on the part of the introducer. The same keen critical sense shown in gathering what is good from among the mass of mediocre work which Coleridge left, would naturally bear fruitage of pithy remark and descriptive weight in the prefatory notice. But Mr. Swinburne has here, as elsewhere, too often run upon the shoals of the superlative, and "lost way" by overcrowding the topsails and skysails of lofty laudation. A prose introduction, or other prose matter (even a dedication), should surely be framed in terms calculated for the reader of average intelligence, and not merely for any possible student of words who may chance by close reasoning to hit upon the exact shade of meaning which *may* be implied by such and such words. In the reading of poetry, truly, we may expect that individual words shall be very closely weighed; but in prose it is hardly fair to expect speculation as to a hair's-breadth of significance; and, when one meets a tall superlative applied to a particular man, the fact that it is a superlative is infinitely more prominent than that it is any special superlative not elsewhere applied by the same author to another man. When Mr. Swinburne describes Walter Savage Landor's as "the highest of contemporary names," that expression is likely to be understood as implying that the poet in question takes the first rank among the poets of the day, nor is any special shade of meaning which Mr. Swinburne may intend to fix upon the term "highest" very likely to be divined. Similarly, in describing "Mademoiselle de Maupin" as "the most perfect and exquisite book of modern times," Mr. Swinburne presumably attaches to the words "perfect and exquisite" some value other than would render their superlative application here an attempt to exalt M. Theophile Gautier to the top of the highest rank of literary artists. And, again, some reconciliation might doubtless, by skilful manipulation of our language, be brought about between the respective assignments of position which the author has made in regard to the poets Shelley and Coleridge; but such reconciliation could be attainable only by the "elect"—whoever they may be.

The mention of any faults, great or small, on the part of a writer so intolerant of remark as Mr. Swinburne has shown himself to be, is a hazardous proceeding for one who greatly cares whether or no the upraised flail of that gentleman's reply descend upon the offender's head; for, with all the profundity and stillness of contempt for reviewers which the author of "Poems and Ballads" inculcates in his essays, he yet now and again vents a wrath, which is perhaps scarcely to be marvelled at, in terms of aggressive contemptuousness and sometimes gratuitous general insult. It is a pity that this should be so, because the silent contempt *preached* would, if *practised*, tend to preserve dignity on the one side and save further attack on the other; and surely, if Mr. Swinburne really wished his enemies to suppose him perfectly callous to their strictures, he would not perpetuate with such evident gusto Mr. Charles Reade's clever witticism about "anonymuncules who go scribbling about," or misapply the term "press-gang" in the piquant way he does to the critics whom Coleridge "stooped to spurn, but knew he stooped."

There is no doubt that Mr. Swinburne has gained a certain hearing as a critic of the Baudelaire and Gautier school—that, independently of fine prose, his articles are received by many of the young men of his generation eager to learn what his acuteness has suggested in regard to this, that, and the other art-topic. In many cases his remarks, elucidative and weighty, are calculated to turn the current of this influence he has acquired in a good direction; but more often there is such an unflinching "going-in for" what is hyper-sensuous, or even prurient, in art-work—such a reckless *diablerie* of recommendation and condemnation, that, for our part, we cannot but feel a certain gratulation in the thought that the elegant and gorgeous network, woven for the unwary in the prose of this poet, has in it rents calculated to become very palpable to eyes at first half blind, and then to spread and let the snared ones through. Mr. Swin-



burne can rise to great heights both in poetry and in prose; but he also knows so well how to descend to infinite depths, that he can scarcely be regarded as a desirable influence either in the one or in the other.

H. B. F.

*A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems.* By GERALD MASSEY. Strahan & Co.

THOUGH occasionally over-sensuous, Gerald Massey's domestic lyrics have a true touch, and several of them claim a place among what is best in English poetry. He seldom sees the very type with that clearness and finality we admire so much in Burns or Goethe, nor does he hit off the salient mood with the absolute precision of the true lyricist. He looks on the outside world too much through the troubled mist of inward excitements. The result is, that in reading him, we have a feeling of sameness, which is only relieved by a peculiar wealth of music and imagery, scarcely chastened by that controlled reticence and reserve which mark poets of the very first rank. Not infrequently, he falls into false metaphor through the exuberant flow of his fancy; and, while simple and sweet in his conception, he often mars it by indiscriminateness of phrase; one or two instances of which we have in the "Poet's Love-Letter" in this new volume. Some of the little pieces at the end, however, are calculated to maintain, if not to enhance, his reputation; one of them at least being equal to anything he has done. But what tempted him to put the "Tale of Eternity" in the front of the volume, we cannot conceive. It is a conglomerate of spiritualism and of morbid moods run to absolute horror—such, indeed, as have no right to be treated without some proper ground of dramatic justification, and this we can hardly be said to have here. We regret that he has done himself the grave wrong of putting it so prominently forward. The "Carmina Nuptialia" has some good parts; but it is too artificial in conception to become thoroughly popular. The threnody on Earl Brownlow is stately, and has a pathetic simplicity throughout. Mr. Massey should strictly limit himself to the treatment of simple domestic themes, and should exercise a jealous watchfulness over his sensuous excess of imagery—doing which, we can prophesy for him a steady place in English regard and appreciation. He has the ability. But to speak the truth, he has yet to learn something of the power of art to express without saying—an element which a poet like Gray can so nearly attain, not so much by force of genius, as by mere patience and simple polishing of each line and word, and a rigorous and judicious rejection. This is perhaps the best thing in Mr. Massey's present volume:

POOR ELLEN.

'Tis hard to die in Spring-time,  
When, to mock our bitter need,  
All life around runs over  
In its fulness without heed:  
New life for tiniest twig on tree,  
New worlds of honey for the bee,  
And not one drop of dew for me  
Who perish as I plead.

'Tis hard to die in Spring-time,  
When it stirs the poorest clod:  
The wee Wren lifts its little heart  
In lusty songs to God:  
And Summer comes with conquering  
march;  
Her banners waving 'neath the arch  
Of heaven, where I lie and parch—  
Left dying by the road.

'Tis hard to die in Spring-time,  
When the long blue days unfold,  
And cowslip-coloured sunsets  
Grow, like Heaven's own heart, pure  
gold!  
Each breath of balm brings wave on wave  
Of new life that would lift and lave  
My Life, whose feel is of the grave,  
And mingling with the mould.

But sweet to die in Spring-time,  
When these lustres of the sward,  
And all the breaks of beauty  
Wherewith Earth is daily starr'd,  
For me are but the outside show,  
All leading to the inner glow  
Of that strange world to which I go—  
For ever with the Lord.

O sweet to die in Spring-time,  
When I reach the promised Rest,  
And feel His arm is round me—  
Know I sink back on His breast:  
His kisses close these poor dim eyes;  
Soon I shall hear Him say "Arise,"  
And, springing up with glad surprise,  
Shall know Him and be blest.

'Tis sweet to die in Spring-time,  
For I feel my golden year  
Of summer-time eternal  
Is beginning even here!  
"Poor Ellen!" now you say and sigh,  
"Poor Ellen!" and to-morrow I  
Shall say "Poor Mother!" and, from the  
sky,  
Watch you, and wait you there.

H. A. P.



*Dramatic, Narrative, and other Poems.* By THOMAS TILSTON. London: Prevoſt & Co.

THERE is ſomething in this little volume that appeals to us. It is written by a clergyman of the Church of England, who appears to have his hands more than full of other occupation, and yet it bears traces of the nicest care. We were rather startled, however, by this paſſage in the preface:—

“In the firſt of the larger pieces that appear in this volume, it will be ſeen that I have adopted a metre which, to a poem of that deſcription, is ſomewhat uncommon. I have always thought that Mr. Gladſtone’s tranſlation of the firſt book of the *Iliad* into what muſt in future be called the Lockſley Hall metre, has ſhown the fitness of that form of expreſſion for poems of an epic or idyllic character. The form in which the ‘Crusader’s Return’ is offered to the public is the reſult of that belief. For a narrative poem this metre, in my humble opinion, is ſurpaſſed by blank verſe only: the pathos which a ſkilful artiſt can make appear inherent in its muſic is atteſted by ſuch poems as *Byron’s* ‘*Fare Thee Well*,’ and the *Poet Laureate’s* ‘*Lockſley Hall*’: if one gives it freedom, it is capable of that multiplicity of different cadences which is one of the great charms by which a lengthened poem is ſuſtained; and though I am but too well aware how little juſtice I have done to its merits, I know no other form of rhyme that conveys ſo well the ſtrength and manlineſs of the Engliſh language.”

Let us take a verſe of the “*Fare Thee Well*!”—

“Färe thee | wëll! and | if fôr | ëvër, |  
Still, for | ëvër | färe thee | wëll!  
Ev’n tho’ unforgiving, never  
’Gainſt thee ſhall my heart rebel.”

This is a ſucceſſion of trochees. But did Mr. Tennyſon intend “*Lockſley Hall*” to be read like this?—

“Cürsëd | bē thē | ſōciāl | wānts thāt  
Sin ā | gāiſt the | ſtrēngth ōf | yōuth!  
Cursed be the ſocial lies that  
Warp us from the living truth!”

Surely not. The beat in “*Lockſley Hall*” comes nearer to that of the *Ionicus*, *à minore*. To put the caſe differently. “*The Lord of Burleigh*”—

“In her ear he whiſpers gaily,  
‘If my heart by ſigns can tell,’”—

is a ſucceſſion of trochees; but is its accentuation the ſame as that of the cloſing verſes of “*The Lotus-Eaters*?” Take the line—

“Stéaming | úp a | lámen | tátion | ánd an | áncient | tále of | wróng.”

Reading this thus, a ſeries of trochaic feet, you have eight ſtrong accents; read it as Mr. Tennyſon meant it, and you have only four—

“Steaming úp, a lamentátion and an áncient tale of wróng.”

Technically, ſome of the unaccented ſyllables here are “long;” but the intention of the poet is clear, and the technical divarication is not applicable to the caſe. It may, however, undoubtedly be ſaid that the “*Fare Thee Well*!” is capable of a ſimilar accentuation. Yet we always read it as conſiſting of ſimple trochees.

To come to the general quality of Mr. Tilſton’s volume, we have looked at his “dramatic poem” of “*Elgiva*,” and think it probable that if he thought it worth his while to ſtudy ſtagecraft, he might produce acting dramas that would pleaſe, and would perhaps keep their ground in the liſt of actable plays. The beſt of the minor pieces is, in our opinion, “*The Martyr and the Heretic*.” But, on the whole, Mr. Tilſton belongs to that claſs of poetic writers who can have no hope of being remembered unleſs they concentrate themſelves. The rule for minor poets of his rank is this:—Choose a ſimple theme that goes ſtraight to the common heart. Treat it with all the addreſs you are maſter of. Make the poem *emphatically* muſical. Make it ſhort. If you can find a good refrain, ſo much the better. Then you have a chance; otherwiſe, not. Now, no man can do this mechanically, but he can ſtudy the mechanism of his art, and then wait watchfully upon his moods till the felicitous moment comes.

M. B.

*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.* London: Macmillan & Co.

THE severest criticism we are inclined to make on this extremely clever novelette in verse, is one which involves a very high compliment to the author. She (for the feminine spirit is evident enough throughout) is too much a poet to be able to keep up the continuous bantering lightness of tone and sparkling bye-play which are necessary to ensure what must pass for unity of effect in this kind of work. Poetry flies, prose walks. Now, while the theme, with its conventional situations and details, properly belongs to the realm of prose, and is in fact kindred with one which Mr. Trollope treated lately, our author ever and anon slips loose from the chain; either mounting up till she is lost in the skyey heights of lyrical suggestion, or down as far below the conventional movements of society as to dip, swallow-like, into the current of tragic reality that flows round all human experience, however trivial. The result is, that we are now and again persecuted with an idea that the strain of incident is too slight and forced to bear the pressure of the really dramatic conceptions of life with which the author's mind and heart are charged. Hence a certain disharmony. We have a vague feeling of two lines of suggestion running through the work—one pertaining strictly to the mere *finesse* of conventional life and order (in one word, to farce), wherein of course the playing on words and occasional false rhymes are quite justifiable; the other pertaining to something far higher than this, and with which some of the verbal license in other parts is wholly out of keeping. The author ought to have wrought decisively in the one line or the other. With no great effort we can so far detach the more valuable portions for ourselves. Four or five passages taken and put together give us nothing less than a little lyrical drama, with much of that suggestiveness and universality which are declaratory of true art. Such passages as that beginning, "O life was sweet and beautiful," down to "Just to be living was a joy;" "O dreary, dreary drawing-room," on to "I am so lonely and alone" (pp. 24, 25); "Day by day the days glide on," on to "Let me be a girl again" (p. 40); "He came not near me all the day," on to "And what is lost could prize the most" (p. 65); and "The senseless sun rose just the same" (p. 115), with some little passages on to the end, are wholly above the level of the class to which the book belongs. The other portions, though unmistakably clever, pertain to the sphere of witty verse. They are full of graphic detail, and with many inimitable turns; but without any justification in themselves for being placed alongside writing with so distinct a mark of true poetry upon it. Some of the rhythms have reminded us of other volumes of verse which, as being anonymous, may betray the authorship. The following lines we noted as being of this class:—

"I dream that I am in a wood;  
There is a rustling 'mid the leaves—  
A robin comes to seek his food,  
A happy thing that never grieves.  
Is it the colour on his breast  
That makes a robin's heart so light?  
Or is it that we love him best,  
And praise him when he's out of sight?"

The book, however, is quite unique in its graceful movement and lively interest, and is well worth careful reading. It is clearly the work of a mind fitted for higher things in poetry than even this—something in the Wordsworthian vein—with chosen details all gathered round a true lyrical centre, subordinate to it, and suffused with poetic imagination. We write this because, while acknowledging the presence of a true poetic vein, we miss any proof of that intensity of nature which is an essential requirement for the production of a great and sustained poem.

H. A. P.

*Hitherto: a Story of Yesterdays.* By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," &c., &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

WE are not certain which of Mrs. Whitney's former works was prior to the other. But of one thing we are quite certain; that the present work is vastly superior to them both.

Whatever Mrs. Whitney writes is sure to be attractive, from her racy origi-



nalities and exuberance of graphic detail. Both these characteristics, it is true, are somewhat in excess. One goes to bed after reading her stories, feeling mentally an experience like that of the body after pulling in a boat-race, or ringing a prize peal: every muscle strained, and every energy overtasked. But she is beginning to learn that it is more telling to hide power than to display it: and the result of this lesson in her new novel, "Hitherto," has been to raise it into a different stratum of works of fiction from that to which her former books belonged.

Our readers will perhaps remember that in "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" one of the turning-points of the story was a scene of almost outrageous "sensational," affording opportunity for a polychromatic cover rarely equalled on our railway book-stalls. A young lady is shut up alone in a burning mill, and by a brave and perilous act of daring, manages to turn on the water and save the building. This fairly took one's breath away: but it is not an average specimen of the whole. There was much beauty, and much (rather over-protruded) power of delineating character. Few will easily forget "Glory M'Quirk:" or "Faith" herself: or "Nurse Sampson:" or good kind "Aunt Faith." And in this (we suppose) first work was abundantly shown the author's power of word-painting, so charming to us in this land, who have no prospect of seeing the glories of American autumns except in print and in books of pressed leaves.

In "The Gayworthys," the exuberances were somewhat abated, though still far too rampant. And in this novel came out, as in a second work is almost sure to be the case, Mrs. Whitney's self-repeating. With some skilful variations, the aunts, and the old servants, have the same type as before, and are most of them re-creations out of former materials. The sensational scene is not repeated, but place is found for one hardly less astounding—that where Gershom Morse and Say escape down the east spur of Boarback. And another matter comes out in this second work (or in the other, if that be the second): that our authoress has a wonderful way of introducing people who misunderstand each other. So it was with Roger Armstrong and the heroine in "Faith Gartney's Girlhood:" so it is with Gabriel Hartshorne and Aunt Joanna, and with the hero and heroine, Gershom Morse and Say Gair, in the *Gayworthys*. These good people are for ever most provokingly approximating and then drifting apart:—the decisive question is we know not how many times on their lips, and something prevents its being uttered. And even at last, when the uncertainty has cost Gershom his leg, and Say many a weary year, the reader is left only half certain whether things come to, or not.

In the "Gayworthys," Mrs. Whitney's powers of description are seen even to more advantage than in "Faith Gartney." The whole picture of the Dairy Farm is a living one, never to pass out of the mind; the excursion to Boarback, and the escape above-mentioned, are admirably drawn; and, though with considerable modesty and disavowal of knowledge of the sea, the naval portions may bear comparison with those of the fictions of many sea-bred writers.

But we must hasten on to our principal task, that of reviewing Mrs. Whitney's last work, "Hitherto." Why so called, we have as yet been unable to discover, or why the tale is one of "yesterdays," more than any other which relates things past. The plot may be thus described, being picked out of the various modes of narrative in which the contents of the book are given. Anstiss Dolbeare, a young orphan girl, lives with an uncle, and is taken care of by a terribly good, crusty aunt. Anstiss's only amusement in the streets of New Oxford, was watching the opposite neighbours. This, and school, lead to acquaintances. But there were two more bits of the outer world for Anstiss. Southside, where lived the Copes, in a strange elysium of a well furnished and adorned country house; and Hathaway Farm, the sunny spot in Anstiss's life. A cousin, Augusta Hare, comes to see the opposite neighbour, and gets strangely woven into Anstiss's fortune. As this character is one of the salient portraits in the book, we will give the reader a taste of it:

"I saw the cousin afterward, many times. She came into my life as an influence. I know now what it was; she was picturesque. . . . Everything she wore had an effect; everything she did was in relief against the common background of others' unnoticed doings; things happened to her as nobody else need expect they should happen to them. She always made me feel as if she were living in a story. If I had had any dramatic knowledge then, I should have said to myself that she was always upon the stage."



"One day that next summer, Augusta Hare came among us ten times more a heroine than ever. Where she was, things happened. John Gilpin never rode a race, but she was there to see. Some people seem to have a sort of resinous electricity like this, which draws inevitably toward them all flying shreds, big and little, of mortal circumstance."

"Augusta was always personally circumstantial in her narrations; she lived in the accessories, I think; that was how the real things passed over her so lightly. How she stood, and what she was doing, when a surprising or dreadful piece of news came,—the little touches of phase and grouping that made a picture of an incident,—these were given with wonderful instinctive skill; and the strong light fell always on the principal figure. "*Quaque ipse vidi et quorum pars magna fui.*" If you know this little bit of Virgil, it came up. It seemed really charming, hearing her recite them, to have endured such things, to have met with such adventure; above all, to have them now to tell."

Here is a bit of Anstiss's delightful Christmas at the Hathaways, which must do much duty in this our notice. It will let the reader into much of what follows in the sequel.

"I had to 'bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one I loved best.' . . .

"There was not much question as to the loving best; I looked about for dear Mrs. Hathaway, but she was not in the hall. She had gone to see after the 'treat' which was being laid out in the breakfast-room, thence to be brought out and handed round at half-past nine. I stopped then, and hesitated. Only for a minute though. Richard stood against the parlour door, and I met his eye, watching me with the old, kind gladness; glad to see me bright and happy, I knew."

"I walked somewhat slowly, over toward him; I could not help so far signifying him; but I was not quite sure, even when I came to him, whether I would do more. I was only thirteen, and I thought no harm; if I had been more used to home-caressing, I should have scarcely felt an awkwardness, for there had been plenty of merry kissing-penalties all through the game; I paused and looked up at him, and he bent his head down—then I reached up to him and just touched his cheek. He did not kiss me back; indeed, I did not give him time; there was a flush in his face as he raised it again, and I was afraid, for a second, that he did not like what I had done; but he kept hold of my hand which he had taken, and drew me to a place beside him against the wall; and I saw in his eyes and about his lips the look that I never saw in any man's face but Richard Hathaway's,—a look that he had when he was moved,—a sort of large, tender shining from under lids a little lifted, and a curve of the mouth that went with that, betraying a heart-stir hidden and quiet, but very strong. He looked like that sometimes when his mother praised him, or when he heard of some grand happening or doing; or if any soul or any creature, showed a love or gratitude for him when he had given a help or soothed a pain. I have seen him look like that upon a little child, too small to speak, that stretched its arms to him; I have seen him look like that upon a sick woman to whose side he had come, tenderly; it was a spirit great to very gentleness that so revealed itself; they were moments when he showed noblest. If I could have thought of him so always, in those years that came on after! But he was silent; homely in his ordinary ways; content with simple, common things; and I was full of dreams."

This last sentence is key to the great purpose of the book. We have in it again the old hunting ground of Mrs. Whitney's choosing: the adventures of two people who misunderstand one another. Anstiss, full of her dreams and mysteries; Richard, "caring for things that are plain and real, and thinking that the best way." And good Mrs. Hathaway is a sort of fusing element between the two.

But now comes in one of those secondary characters in which Mrs. Whitney so notably excels. In "Faith Gartney" it was Glory M'Quirk; in the "Gay-worthys," it was Grace Lowder; in "Hitherto," it is "Hope Devina." And again we may say, that Hope, unlike her abstract namesake, is by far the greatest of the three.

It is quite impossible that we should show our readers all the fine things in a book which is really full of them. So we must leave the earnest, naïve, right-down-into-the-depths girl to reward their own research, except where she necessarily crosses the path of our plot. And that she does, by becoming servant at the Hathaways. And so Anstiss goes on working her way into the world: staying at the Copes' at Southside, where she sees somewhat of high, and to her, ideal life; meeting with adventures which throw her dangerously in the way of the grand young man of the family; growing into deep friendship with Hope.



at the Hathaways'—half sharing with her the strong practical heart of the good Richard. Some of our authoress's bits of discriminating descriptions of the two girls are really exquisite in beauty.

"Hope, instinctively seeing and uttering things great and good, because they just came to her she knew not how: Anstiss, stirred and kindled by all beautiful things: stirred, but not satisfied: only reminded continually of that which might be and was not. Spiritual farsight was her disease. Just a touch of myopia is a safer and a happier thing. That cures as one grows old: the other aggravates as the lenses flatten, till the lines of light fall wide, and there is blankness."

The fortunes of the two young girls were, in some respects, almost parallel, at least in outward matters. Anstiss dreams of Grandon Cope, Hope of Richard Hathaway. The former gentleman marries Augusta Hare: the latter, Hope knows, ought to have Anstiss, and so in her quiet way she keeps back herself. But Anstiss aims higher, even when her ideal is shattered, than good Richard; and refuses him; having before defeated a scheme for a younger Cope to speak his mind to her.

And now she is miserable—and by Hope's wise advice, takes Aunt Ildy into her confidence, and finds her worthy of it. A journey to Boston is devised by the dry old Aunt as the best escape from complicated troubles; and Hope is to be one of the party.

This visit, of course, in our authoress's hands, gives opportunity for abundant by-play, which our readers shall find out for themselves: and then came the death of Mrs. Hathaway, Richard's mother: and he is left all alone: rather say, not all alone, but with old Martha, and Hope Devine. "She can't stay there with that young man, of course." But she did stay: because she believed she ought. One must know Hope well to enter into all this.

And during that winter, Allard Cope had proposed to Anstiss, and had been refused. And Hope, beginning to see what would, and what must not, come, had proposed to go and live with Anstiss and Aunt Ildy. The narrative of this proposal is one of the most characteristic things in the book:—

"'Hope, I can't see. I don't understand. I meant to ask you, Hope——'

"Hope interrupted again. She was like a little breeze of pure, bright air that came and blew away his words before he could get them ranged in a sentence.

"'It's an ought, Richard. It will be the best that I should go away. Your life will come all right,—righter than if—anybody—stayed and did too much, you see. You are so true, Richard; you have always kept one thought so, for so long; you have never let anything come between, and you never will; you have such a steadfast heart; it is so right that it should come to be for you, Richard, that it will. I feel sure it will. And then, I shall be so glad all my life, that I did not let any little help of mine, that you might have leaned on more or longer than you meant, come in the way. And now let me tell you what my plan is. I am going to Miss Chism. She wants me. Mr. Royle is getting old; and Miss Ildy isn't young, or so strong, I think, as she was. And I think—when once I am there—it will begin to come all right, for everybody. It seems to me I can see just what God means by it. Why, Richard, sometimes He does lead us, just a little way, in a path we can see on in; or He puts some new light in our eyes for a while, and then we have part of His own joy, helping to bring his work to pass. I have looked and looked at it; and I see it clear. I think I do.'

"Richard could no more have gone on with what he had begun to say, than if it had been an angel from heaven, instead of a mortal woman, who stood there by his side. It seemed almost as if she did come to him, with the very word of the Lord, as the angels came in visions of old. And with what she said—with bright, sure prophecy of what was to be for him—something stirred so in his own heart, something so sprang to meet the hope she gave, that he knew not only that all was not dead, but that nothing of it could ever die; that in his soul he was true, as Hope said; steadfast to the old thought and the one love; and that it would have been a mistake and a wrong if he had said the words she stopped upon his lips.

"They stood there, man and woman, at the threshold of a life that might have been; tenderness, each for the other, in their hearts; comfort that each could give, waiting; a feeling of need and longing, real and conscious to them both; yet truth stronger than anything; patience for God's way and time chosen in the stead of their own impulsive and precipitate will. And Hope—the woman—to whom the gift came—did this, and put the gift away—put it away without ever looking at it, so that in after time she might have had any blessed moment to think of, of which she could have said, then it was mine. She had never looked at this thing that she might have desired long enough

to be tempted. From the beginning it had been decided away from her. It belonged to some one else.

"So she should go her way unscathed; her eyes still touched with the clear, glad light; her hand in God's.

"It was a deep, beautiful, holy moment to them both—a moment they would remember all their earthly lives, and that should come back to them in the time beyond, when all things shall come back and be present, except repented and forgiven sin.

"They sat down, together, there on the great door-stone, in the June sunset, under the sweet, swinging boughs. They sat there silently, with thoughts in their hearts that were like prayers. The evening star came out in the midst of the western glory, and glimmered high up through the delicate fretwork the young boughs made against the sky.

"Hope knew there was no danger; that there never would be any more; that God had given her a better thing than love—a love to give away.

"Richard Hathaway felt himself near all blessed and beneficent presences, in the presence of that woman-friend beside him. The Father's care—His great, rich meanings for him—the wide To-Be, in which all waited; the gentle pulse of the invisible mother-love, beating near him in the all-holding peace and promise: the steadfast truth that was in him, that had been saved to him, clear and clean, to live on and claim the answer and accord that are surely somewhere for all steadfastness and truth;—an unspeakable fulness of all these lifted and enlarged his consciousness into a grandeur and a blessedness he could not have told of; that only overswept him and held him there, under the summer-evening heaven, and at Hope's side.

"They stayed there, saying not one other word, until the beautiful planet shone all golden from a sea of blue—the sunset splendour gathered slowly, as it were, into its one point of changeless light—and down upon the earth had fallen the tender gloom that is like the shadow of a shielding hand; until the few still sounds were stiller yet, and the violet perfume came up richer through the evening dew, and a cooler breath began to search the green tree-chambers.

"Then Richard got up and held out his hand to Hope, taking hers with a strong, fervent grasp.

"I thank you, Hope," he said, "for one of the best hours of all my life."

"And Hope was thanked."

The third volume begins with the sensation scene of the work, bringing on, of course, the dénouement. A long August day is spent with some queer acquaintances in an old house out upon the margin of a glorious view—home of four quaint old sisters, known as "the Polisher girls":—the excuse, the gathering of huckle-berries "as big as green grapes." Again all the by-play of these four characters must be missed, and room only taken to relate how the busy party were overtaken by, and had only just time to take shelter from, the most awful thunderstorm on extant record. Even that ancient one, when "He sent them hailstones for rain, and the fire ran along upon the ground" seems, as we read, to have been but tame in comparison of this fearful American outbreak. However this may be, Mrs. Whitney must be acknowledged to have given us a truly magnificent description.

Then comes the marriage, but not the end. Richard and Anstiss have never understood one another before—and do not understand one another now. It is the old provocation, at the same time that it is the excellence, of Mrs. Whitney's stories—this long long game of cross purposes,—so like what happens in half the lives we see and read.

There is more of our author's exquisite word-painting in the description of their day's river-trip,—that day when though Richard declared that he was married to Anstiss "through and through, every thought and fibre of him," there was something in her "not quite satisfied." Now, as ever, "she scarcely knew half his heart, and he seemed scarcely to know half hers." "Ought I to have married Richard?" are words which will not be dismissed out of her life. Very skilfully does Mrs. Whitney work in this sombre thread of discontent among all the white days which come plentifully to her. Her first babe is born—lost after two years; five more years pass, and still the question—"Am I as good as I know how,—as I ever could know how,—to him? away down, deep? Am I a hypocrite under condemnation?"

This skill of our author may be especially illustrated by that portion of her work where Anstiss, in intercourse with the Copes, is more nearly and uniformly content, than she had ever been before. There are two sides to her life gain, and all her life is larger.

"But I had no business to have two sides to my life, in suchwise.



"The time came when I found that out; found out that I was in a false and specious content; that I was patching up what should have been perfect and entire with that which had no relation to it. This was good, but it should not have been needed to make good the other. There was evil and fear in it, if it were. Fear that it should replace and thrust aside and put asunder."

And so she goes on—helped in vain by Hope—helped, strangely and skilfully, but also in vain, by Grandon Cope—but helped little by her husband, and anything but helped by herself: goes on, with all means and appliances of love and happiness about her, making misery for herself and for him. His great out-pouring heart always, at the moment of deepest feeling, blundering with common-place words: her subtle, fanciful mind always, at the times when simplicity and sympathy are most wanted, uttering some deep paradox from which he shrinks away: two souls wanting, as Hope fancifully explains to her, a third side of the triangle to knit them together: a common fusing element, to shew them their real and deeper unity: existing like the blind ferns, to which Grandon Cope in his noble conference with her likens them, ready to be expanded by the first breath of spring, but as yet lying self-enfolded and dormant. And at last the truth is seen through, and plainly testified to, by her old Nurse Cryke.

"We went over there, one day. She elbowed me aside, up into a corner, while Richard was untying the horse.

"It isn't all straight," she said, standing at right angles, to face me with her exclusive vigour of expression. "You and he ain't old enough for this." She lifted up the shoulder and the flexed arm, slightly, as one might the brows, in questioning significance. "I only told you he was part, Grandison, you know. I told you you couldn't have the Lord God all in one piece. But you'd better make much of the piece you've got. Somehow, the spring's gone out of Richard Hathaway. He's flatted down. And that signifies with a man, more than it does with a woman."

When this happened, Hope was away in Europe with the invalided old Mrs. Cope,—and soon after it happened, Mrs. Grandon Cope,—Augusta Hare,—has been drowned in bathing.

They meet again,—Anstiss and Grandon Cope,—he in his sorrow, she in hers. The meeting is skilfully imagined, and beautifully told: and he becomes her noble and plain-spoken adviser. Then comes a sad chapter of the strong man's all but deadly sickness: the story also of the discipline of wedded love.

"She went and made some cool lemonade to give him when he should awake. "It did him good. It brightened him; that and his nap," she said to herself, as she took away the glass when he had drunk it.

"It was her thought of him that brightened him. She had thought so much of him, in every little way, lately. She had always been kind and dutiful; but these last weeks it had been more as he was used to think for her.

"It is almost as if her very, whole heart was in it," he said to himself. "It is almost as if I were enough for her."

"Anstiss Hathaway had her husband to win over again. Not his love; that never changed. But she had to persuade him—silently; by living, not by words—that her love, wholly and truly, might yet be his; that these years of their married life had been but a part of their history, the history of their heart-growing toward each other; that their beautiful, perfect moment was yet to come.

"There are many marriages that are like this; many in which the story ends darkly, just because they do not see that it is only telling, not all told."

And gradually, fitfully, playfully but sadly the winning back goes on. At last, there comes the sickness—and admirably, in her strong original style, does our authoress carry through the narrative. The central portion of it is this:

[[["There came a night, at last, when he lay—oh, so still! No feverish tossing, no wild talk, only dead prostration. The fever had gone; but the life was gone with it; wasted and burnt away. I saw the moment when the doctor gave him up. I saw it, exulting. Now he was mine again for the little that was left.

"And his eyes knew me. I saw that. "I would have him all to myself this last night. I would say it to him when he should be dying. He should go straight to God with my repentance and my prayer.

"I told them that I would have it so. I would watch alone with Richard to-night.

"They argued against it; they began to. I hushed them with one word.

"I shall die if you do not let me."

"I said it very quietly—faintly. For the life was almost going out of me. I had no strength for dispute; only for doing this one thing.

"I believe she says the truth," said the doctor; and then they gave up.

"I spoke with the doctor before he went away—

"Tell me one thing. Will anything make any difference? Can I say something to him, if he can hear?"

"Anything you please, Mrs. Hathaway. I do not think it can hurt him now."

"No. I had hurt him all I could. Nothing could hurt him now.

"The first hours after midnight had been his most unquiet ones, hitherto; he had talked and wandered most then. I watched for these to see how it would be to-night.

"The old clock below in the hall gave its three-minute warning. I heard it through the heavy stillness. I waited, as if for an axe to fall.

"The single stroke came—more solemn than the stroke of midnight. The hours had begun again.

"Richard turned his head. His face was toward me, now. Only the thin drapery of the bed between us, as I sat there in the great chair. I bent down close. I could hear him breathe.

"I knew he was awake. Oh, if he had waked calmly! If he could hear! If he could only be with me, one moment, before he went away!

"I heard him say my name; low, feebly, in a whisper; like a thought of me; not a call.

"Nansie. Nansie."

"And then I heard him whispering to God.

"Father Almighty, make up to her what I have made her lose! And make me, in thy heaven, more fit to love her, and be with her, when she comes!"

"Then I cried up to him aloud.

"I fell down there beside Richard, my husband, whom the heaven must not shut in from me. I stretched my arms out over him to keep him. I felt after the power that raiseth whom it will. I clutched for the hem of the garment. I believed mightily in the Christ who came to just such awful needs.

"O God! If ever a life was raised up in the name of Jesus, give me back my husband now. For I do love him so, and I do so repent! Leave me not to live without him yet!"

"His hand—Richard's—came over gently, till it found my head.

"Nansie—dear little Nansie!"

"We had prayed ourselves heart to heart. Before God, in that terrible hour, we had found each other."

There is not much more to do. The new, thorough confessed marriage of souls, in a row down the beautiful river, where, years ago, he had professed himself married to her, every fibre of his being: the birth of a little Hope, omen and pledge of these better days: the marriage of Hope Devine away in Europe after Mrs. Cope's death, but not to Grandon Cope.

And here is the conclusion:

"I said that people who would tell of to-day should wait until it had become yesterday. They may do better. They may wait till the yesterdays, in their turn, have become to-day. For that is what they do. That is what they are made for, and the process of them. All God's yesterdays make up his grand To-day. When the soul wakes to the light of his meaning for it, its morning has begun.

"I thank Him that I see mine high already over the horizon.

"For now, I am up the hill; and the top is a green table-land; like the grand, beautiful reaches that lie beyond the edges of wild, precipitous western bluffs, toward the sunset; a long, fertile joy.

"And beyond the sunset, are the Hills of God."

We have dwelt longer on this novel than is our wont, because we have felt, in three perusals, each time more and more, the power that is shown in it, and the good that it may do.

Faults, great and small, it has in abundance; and we might have covered our paper with cavils at them. But we rather chose to dwell on those things in it which were not faults; and we believe that many a reader will thank us for having done so.

There is yet a little more to say. We own to having found a strange and holding charm in the Americanism of these stories. Any life that is thoroughly fresh, and from the spring, seems in the midst of our threadbare conventionalities here in England, almost to endue us with a new sense for enjoyment. There are of course, even here, stern realities, and outbreaks of *vis viva*: but it is a pitiable thought how much of God's time and energy we waste in attempting to galvanize lifeless traditions, and to set brocades astrut. We



welcome in spite of,—perhaps sometimes because of,—all its quaintness and occasional incongruities, the full hearty life that beats in this Transatlantic society. We envy it its freedom from our caste-vulgarity and flunkeyism, as we envy the delicious geniality of the glorious climate, and the abundance of earth's kindly fruits. That we have much to learn from our children, must be, we think, every one's conviction after reading such a work as "Hitherto:" which without any set national purpose, can so skilfully and delightfully show us, how one of man's ever-recurring conflicts can be waged in their quiet every-day life: how full of sterling excellence, and helpful sympathy it is: how little there is in it of the marring pride which we in England daily lament, and how much of that soothing friendliness which of all things seems most to be wanting to us.

H. A.

*Mabeldean; or, Christianity Reversed.* A Social, Political, and Theological Novel, being the History of a Noble Family. By OWEN GOWER, of Gaybrook. Three Volumes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

This quaint, wild tale is "dedicated to the youth of England." The author defines Christianity, as he objects to it, to mean "ceremonies without actions;" and Christianity "reversed" to mean "actions without ceremonies." In the course of the book he asks whether you can possibly prevent fighting over dogmas, except by putting them away. For ourselves we should say, very decidedly, Yes, you can, by the simple path of cultivating charity. He puts on his title-page some words of Garibaldi:—"The new religion of fraternity, of love, and peace; with God for its legislator, and all men for its apostles and priests." Has Mr. Owen Gower, of Gaybrook, taken the trouble to count up all the propositions which are implied in these few words? How *can* you get rid of "dogma?" That there is a God is dogma; that all men stand on an equal footing as apostles and priests of this "dogma," is another "dogma;" and so on for ever and ever. We do not believe in religion without dogma, consciously or unconsciously held. You might as well talk of a body without bones.

The large majority of Christian readers will, we have no doubt, find Mr. Owen Gower an irreverent writer; but we do not believe there is any irreverent *intention* in the author's mind. Shrewd as he is, well educated, acquainted with the world, and capable of true humour, he is, we hope and believe, a very simple fellow at bottom; and there are some points about him which have a strong attraction for us personally. For example, he dislikes public-school education; at least, as it now exists. He calls the large schools "fashionable establishments founded for the relief of loving parents"—meaning that it is the duty of the parent to educate his child himself; at least, in the main. Another particular in which he much pleases us, personally, is his vivid feeling upon the subject of freedom and self-respect:—"In no portion of life is tyranny a more common ingredient than in charity. . . . The condition may not be labelled on the proffered boon, it may not be proclaimed aloud, but it is not the less patent to the recipient." Mr. Gower has a strong feeling, too, upon the subject of "influence" as a masked form of compulsion, which is as dastardly as it is injurious. He appears to know that whatever we seem to gain by the application of any kind of force which seeks to make another untruthful, is dead-sea apple, and diabolic loss and shame to us. Mr. Gower may also be said to understand the poor—their affectionate clannishness, ready self-sacrifice, and scarcely appeasable resentment when one of themselves has been wronged by his "betters."

Taking the story all in all, we cannot believe that it is any sympathy with the author on these and kindred points—any community of feeling upon such matters as that "Love is the only gun that needs no other gun to sweep up after it" (not Mr. Gower's phrase, but one that quite hits his way of looking at things)—that makes us like "Mabeldean," with all its crudities, and its apparent irreverence. Most of the sketches of character are essentially transcripts, as almost any one can see at a glance; but they are far from bad, and there are also some pretty descriptive touches. But now and then he really seems hardly sane. What he writes about circumcision is (he must forgive us for saying) mere ignorant rant; and what on earth is meant by talking of "such men as Rehoboam, Garibaldi, and Napoleon Buonaparte?" You might as well talk of such animals as birds, bears, and oysters.

M. B.



*Vikram and the Vampire; or, Tales of Hindu Devilry.* Adapted by R. F. BURTON, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Longmans.

CAPTAIN BURTON has nearly spoiled a good subject by his perverse way of treating it. The "Baital Pachisi" is an amusing book, and Captain Burton was a very fit man to clothe it in an English dress. His Eastern scholarship betrays itself in almost every page, and his literary workmanship, as readers of his former works are aware, is good enough for most purposes. He has, at any rate, the pen of an easy and entertaining writer. But here, as so often elsewhere, it runs away with him. In trying to make a series of quaint old Indian stories popular, he has turned them into a curious patchwork of old and new matter, which will satisfy no one desirous of learning what kind of talk the original Baital held with the Maharajah Vikram. As a study of old Indian manners and modes of thinking, these tales of a Baital, or devil who takes up his abode in human corpses, were well worth translating more or less freely into popular English. A clever paraphrase, filling up here and there the sense of a rather bald original, would have equally amused and instructed the inquiring reader. But this was too small an achievement for Captain Burton, who insists on hashing up his materials with adjuncts of his own devising, in the shape of jokes, sarcasms, illustrations, and reflections, drawn from the experiences of the nineteenth century. The result is an incongruous medley, recalling one of Mr. Byron's classical burlesques, rather than a serious reproduction of ancient folklore. The author should have kept his "modern instances" and his waggish ebullitions for the foot of his pages. Many of the interpolations are easy enough to detect; but that very circumstance tends to raise serious doubts as to the genuineness of other passages where Captain Burton has added little, if anything, to the original text.

L. J. T.

*Nature-Study; or, the Art of Attaining those Excellencies in Poetry and Eloquence which are mainly dependent on the manifold Influences of Universal Nature.* By HENRY DIRCKS, C.E., LL.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.G.L., Author of "Life of the Marquis of Worcester," "Life of Samuel Hartlib," &c. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co.

MR. DIRCKS appears to have written some ingenious and useful books, and he is obviously a diligent reader; but we find it difficult to make much out of this volume. The dedication to Baron Houghton is conceived in terms of such extravagant praise, that the critical reader is discouraged at the first opening of the book. Nor is the discouragement lessened when he discovers that the author who can describe Baron Houghton as one of the "most profound" of literary critics ("one of the most ingenious and elegant" would have been cheerfully accepted), is capable of finding Mr. Tennyson obscure in some of the easiest passages of "In Memoriam." In the motto on the title-page, "Parvus Decorum cultor et infrequens" is a misprint which Mr. Dircks will smile at as well as his reader; but we hardly know what to say of "Mecænas" in the dedication. Neither is it easy to judge the author for the manner in which he runs his quoted into his original matter. He informs us that Mr. So-and-So remarks as follows; and then gives what Mr. So-and-So "remarks," only without inverted commas; and sometimes it happens that your chief or your only means of access to the knowledge that the quotation has ceased lies in the fact of the change of style. The author's manner is, in fact, in every particular old-fashioned; and he will probably take this as high praise.

His complaint appears to be that nobody knows, or can explain, or at least that nobody does explain, what is meant by such expressions as "the soul in nature," "the philosophy of nature," and the like. He quotes John Foster as saying of a man that "he feels as if he grew in the grass, and flowers, and groves; he flows in the river, &c., &c., thereby inheriting all things." To this Mr. Dircks adds that a man who feels like this stands in need of a keeper. He is very much staggered that Goethe should speak of holding "spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things." A well-known morphological hint in the Eckermann conversations (as to the point upon which the controversy about priority of discovery arose as between Goethe and Oken) is also quoted with condemnation; though most people have found it not only intelligible, but thoroughly scientific. From "In Memoriam," canto cxviii. is quoted and commented upon in this way:—



- "I trust I have not wasted breath :  
I think we are not wholly brain,  
Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,  
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;
- "Not only cunning casts in clay :  
Let Science prove we are, and then  
What matters Science unto men,  
At least to me ? I would not say,
- "Let him, the wiser man who springs  
Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
His action like the greater ape,  
But I was born to other things.

"In these lines allusion is made to science without science being brought forward, unless it be such as Lord Monboddo propounded ! and these verses are altogether displeasing from their apparently concealing some grand conception not to be caught by any neophyte before undergoing some mysterious ordeal or other. Either Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Wordsworth are not poets, or the foregoing is so mystical and contra-natural as not to belong to a high order of poetry ; but if it is simply an experimental effort, it certainly exhibits a striking contrast to the results of correct Nature-Study. Talleyrand expressed his belief that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, a strategical maxim, however, which cannot be too fastidiously shunned by the poet."

Now, with the word "stay," at the end of line eight, printed as "say," this is certainly not very clear ; but the Poet-Laureate is no more responsible for this "say" than Horace for "decorum" instead of "deorum," or "Mecenas" instead of "Mæcenas." Make the necessary correction, substitute "stay," with a period for "say," with a comma, and the passage is as simple as "God save the Queen."

On the whole, we are as much baffled by Mr. Dircks as he is by Coleridge, when the latter claims for Wordsworth an intimacy "with the very spirit" of nature. And it is too late, and would be much too laborious, to try to come to an understanding with this industrious and curious writer. His manner is desultory in the extreme, but he is not destitute of analytic faculty of a certain order ; and a volume of classified extracts from the poets (even though the classification appear sometimes arbitrary or confused) is sure to be readable by snatches. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Dircks will be content with the reflection that he may prove a wandering pioneer for some one else to follow in a different manner and with different resources.

B. W.

#### VI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

*Direct Legislation by the People versus Representative Government.* Translated from the original Swiss Pamphlets. By EUGENE OSWALD. London: Cherry and Fletcher.

APART from the intrinsic interest of these pamphlets, we have two reasons for specially recommending them to English students of politics. In the first place the enormous size of the United States, their connection in language and race with ourselves, and the exciting history of their last seven or eight years, have inclined us to think of them as the sole specimen of Federal Republicanism now existing in the world. It is important, therefore, that our thoughts should be occasionally drawn to the little country which has so bravely held its own amidst the monarchies of Europe, and which can boast a more progressive, though a quieter history, than the mightier Republic of the West. The other reason is, that the startling suggestions of these pamphlets are called forth by the same difficulties and confusions which are even now troubling us in England. The question of whether a Representative Government can ever feel the direct influence of the poorer classes is one which the authors of these pamphlets boldly answer in the negative. Many of the assertions which lead up to this conclusion are no doubt wildly one-sided, and as such the translator, in more than one case, feels bound to protest against them ; but for the general conclusion there seems at present some excuse. While, too, we entirely dissent from the aim of the authors to introduce such a system as they propose into all the countries of Europe, we must explain that their scheme is not as wild as the name of the pamphlet would seem to suggest.

"Of course," say the writers, "direct legislation cannot be exercised in larger commonwealths in the same mode in which it was once practised in the public squares at Athens, in the oak forests of ancient Germany, and is still carried out in those cantons of Switzerland which possess the *Landes-gemeinde*."

Therefore they propose, instead, that "direct legislation" should consist—

"In two essential elements—the one of impulse and initiative, the other of determination and decision; whence we obtain: I. The Right of the People to propose laws; also to be called Popular Initiative. II. The Popular vote on the laws, also called Referendum. Between these two elements the functions of a regular organic body are exercised by the Council, which is indeed no longer to be a legislative body, but merely a law-proposing one, that is, simply a giver of counsel, which counsel the people may adopt or not."

This, then, is the basis of the scheme developed in these pages. For ourselves we conclude from Mr. Freeman's account of the Saxon "*Witan*," that a legislative body which is too large for deliberation becomes first a mob under the influence of one or two great speakers, and then slowly passes into an oligarchy by the withdrawal of those who have less leisure for such meetings, and the consequent absence of check on the richer section who remain, though, of course, on this latter evil the council would be a check.

At the same time we would earnestly call attention to one sentence in these pamphlets:—

"Representative democracy might be a better form of government than monarchy or aristocracy, if working men, and especially the peasantry, were always to send to the national council the most intelligent of their own class only."

This remark is strengthened in several other places by allusions to the failure of middle-class parliaments to understand the wants of the workers. Let the middle-class electors of Southwark in the coming election say whether they grudge the workmen the power of speaking in Parliament on those matters which the present members have so ill understood.

C. E. M.

*Roma Sotterranea: or, Some Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of San Callisto.* Compiled from the works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the author, by Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott, and Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans.

THIS handsome volume is a most important and convenient contribution to the English reader's knowledge of the Roman catacombs. All have heard of the great research, the marvellous acuteness leading to conjectures singularly verified, of the Commendatore de Rossi; and those who have access to public libraries, or large resources of their own, have doubtless seen and handled the Commendatore's splendid publications on the subject. We may add that, owing to his unflinching kindness and courtesy, not a few English visitors to Rome have, like ourselves, had the pleasure of a walk with Signor de Rossi through the Catacombs of Callixtus, the especial field of his valuable discoveries; and have wondered at the extensive knowledge, combined with remarkable modesty and sobriety of hypothesis and inference which our instructor displayed at every turn of those wonderful labyrinths. Now to each and all of these classes the volume before us will prove a most welcome source of information or reminder.

The authors have in the main adopted De Rossi's arrangement. After an Introduction relating the fortune of *Roma Sotterranea* as to discoverers and describers, we have in Book I. the Origin of the Catacombs fully and exhaustively treated; in Book II. their History, down to the final abandonment in the sixth century; Book III. treats especially of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus: its discovery and identification,—distinction of its parts, the papal crypt,—the crypt of St. Cecilia, with the wonderful history of the finding of her body in 1590, known to so many of us by Maderna's beautiful marble figure,—the Epitaph of St. Eusebius,—the sepulchre of St. Cornelius. Book IV. is devoted to the subject of Christian Art, so fertile in its various departments as connected with the Catacombs: its ambiguity and original types,—its symbolical, allegorical, biblical, and liturgical paintings,—its representations of our Lord, of his Mother, and the Saints,—of the gilded glasses found in the catacombs, and of Christian sarcophagi. The final Book (V.) treats of the Testimony of the Catacombs themselves,—to their Christian origin,—to the mode of their construction



and development; and concludes with a chapter giving an analytical description of the plan of the most important area of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus.

The work is closed by Appendices, relating to what we may call the minor episodes of the subject, and by a valuable series of plates. These, as well as the other illustrations throughout the volume, are most satisfactory, and completely put the untravelled reader in possession of the *substance* of what he would see by means of a visit. The never-to-be-forgotten impression caused by that first taper-guided wandering in the world between this and the next, no book can ever give him,—nor the thrill of interest with which anything regarding the Catacombs comes upon one who has so wandered.

For a present to any friend who has drunk at the waters of Trevi, we know of no book so apposite, or likely to elicit such a letter of thanks, as this handsome and most diligently and faithfully compiled volume.

H. A.

*Anticipations under the Commonwealth of Changes in the Law.* By R. ROBINSON, of the Inner Temple, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. A Paper read before the Juridical Society. London: Wildy and Sons.

WE have never seen such a mass of learning in so small a space as we have found in this pamphlet. The notes remind one of the index of authorities affixed by Mr. Buckle to his well-known work, and the information generally is of a kind which one expects rather from a dictionary or a manual than from a "paper" in defence of a particular thesis.

The style, however, is clear and forcible, and errs rather on the side of excess of condensation and epigram than of long-winded prosing. As to the need of this paper we think there can be little doubt. The attempts at reform in legal procedure made in the time of the Commonwealth have by no means attracted the attention they deserved, and it is somewhat startling to find how the movements of to-day for simplifying, and cheapening the administration of the law were anticipated in the seventeenth century. Codification, the creation and extension of County Courts, reduction of the number of the courts at Westminster, legal education, were all discussed by the reformers of that time. In criminal law, too, as is perhaps better known, there was a movement for the modification of the penal system; though, as justice rather than expediency was the object of the reformers, there seems to have been no wish for the total abolition of capital punishment. Whether the question of a court of criminal appeal was mooted or not, we do not quite understand from Mr. Robinson's account.

With regard, too, to the laws both of real and personal property, we must remark that this keen feeling for "justice," so characteristic of revolutionary legislation, seems to have been the prevailing motive of the reformers, sometimes tending, as Mr. Robinson suggests, to dangerous neglect of "economical" considerations. On the question of the marriage laws the Puritans were more decidedly advanced.

In legislation for what are called "moral" offences, we confess that the Puritans seem to us to have been more rational and consistent than Mr. Robinson. In his anxiety to give a passing snub to this kind of legislation, he falls into the blunder of using the same word in two different senses in the same sentence. Having spoken of the offence of witchcraft having been "left criminal," *i.e.*, subject to the penal law, he immediately after complains that "acts sinful and vicious rather than *criminal*," were punished. What does Mr. Robinson mean by "criminal" in this second place? If he means injuries to individuals rather than the community, then we utterly deny that the offences which he immediately enumerates, "incest, adultery, and repeated fornication," are not injurious to the State. And even if they were not, we maintain that he has no right to twist such a word as "criminal" into such a sense. A "crime" is either an offence condemned by the law, or, by metaphor, an "offence" generally, and the use of the word in the way which Mr. Robinson seems to intend, is merely a form of "petitio principii." We notice this because we believe this loose kind of language has to a great extent hindered the honest discussion of this question of "moral legislation."

In conclusion, we can cordially recommend Mr. Robinson's pamphlet as a valuable and handy dictionary of reference for future law-reformers and historians.

C. E. M.



*The Russo-Indian Question, Historically, Strategically, and Politically considered.*  
With Maps. By Capt. F. TRENCH, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

OF all the books and pamphlets on Central Asia which have appeared during the past twelvemonth, this work by an Indian cavalry officer who spent four or five years in the Punjab, two of them on the Afghan frontier, is at once the most complete and perhaps the most impartial. In a readable volume of no great size the author has brought together a good deal of information hitherto scattered over a wide mass of printed documents. Several writers have lately handled the question of Russian progress in Central Asia more or less ably from this or the other side. M. Vambéry's "Sketches" had painted in deep shadow the advance of the Northern ogre towards Afghanistan. Sir Vincent Eyre had shown the vast strategic difficulties in the way of any army seeking to invade India on her north-west frontier. Captain Harcourt preferred to trace the development of trade in Central Asia; while one or two other writers pointed out the weak places in British India's defensive armour, or sketched what seemed to them the best line of policy to take up towards Russia and Afghanistan. But the present author has aimed at carrying his readers over the whole ground. An interesting chapter on the origin, growth, and progress of Russophobia is followed by a geographical sketch of Turkistan, a land of old renown, but untrodden till very lately by the feet of modern explorers. Due place is here given to the achievements of Captain Montgomery, and of the daring Pundit who in 1866 travelled through Tibet to the sources of the Brahmapootra.

A few well-digested chapters tell us all that need be known touching the political past and present of Turkistan, including the provinces lately wrested from China by Yakoob Beg, the Khoosh Beghi of Yarkand, whose readiness to encourage trade with India has since become the well-worn topic of Indian journalists. A sufficient sketch of the recent history of Afghanistan prepares the way for a temperate review of our Afghan policy. Justice, on the whole, is done to Lord Lawrence's mode of dealing with Shere Ali; although Captain Trench somehow cannot see that both the previous inaction and the subsequent advance on our part were but two phases of one consistent plan, adopted under Dalhousie in 1855. He has no sympathy, however, with the partisan declamations of writers like Major Evans Bell.

In considering the strategical side of the Russo-Indian question, the author foresees "a vast increase" of Russia's offensive powers during the next few years, through the development of her internal lines of communication. When those lines are finished, it will be easy for a few thousand Russians to swoop upon Herat, and march thence on Candahar before a British force could advance from our present frontier to its relief. Captain Trench would therefore rectify our frontier by pushing it forward to Candahar. As there is small chance of our ever making such a move, we need say nothing of its strategical fitness, viewed apart from the doubtful wisdom of leaving the Pathan tribes of the Punjab frontier in our rear. The author, however, seems to admit the enormous difficulties which any well-equipped force would have to encounter on its march into the plains of India. In this respect we firmly believe that India has nothing whatever to fear, were Russia never so hostile, so long as the strength of our Indian garrisons is backed by the whole weight of England's resources and the general quiescence of her Indian subjects. Be it remembered, too, as Captain Trench points out in his last chapter, that Russia's movements in Central Asia are meant to further her designs on Constantinople. There is very little chance of her attempting a move towards the Indian frontier except as a mask for her proceedings elsewhere. Meanwhile we agree with the author of this well-considered book in urging our statesmen to strengthen the hands both of England and Turkey, by the early construction of a railway along the valley of the Euphrates.

L. J. T.



VII.—GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Die Einheit der Religionen in Zusammenhange mit den Völkerwanderungen der Urzeit und der Geheimlehre*, von ERNST VON BUNSEN. Berlin. London: Trübner & Co.

MR. DE BUNSEN continues those remarkable investigations into the history of religious tradition which were begun in his earlier works, "The Hidden Wisdom of Christ," and "The Keys of St. Peter." He seeks to establish the unity of Aryan tradition, whether Iranian, Indian, or Shemitic; and in connection with this to determine accurately the ethnological affinities of the Shemites. This work unquestionably entitles the author to rank among the leaders of religious thought, and also among the ablest ethnologists and chronologists of modern times. We would particularly direct attention to the chronological scheme, which forms the framework of the whole.

By a comparison of the book of Genesis with the Zend-Avesta, the Bundeshesh, and the Veda, the author raises a probability that Eden was identical with the Heden and Aryana of the Aryans, which lay to the east of the Caspian, and north of the Himalaya. The earliest historical inhabitants of the land later called Chaldæa, where both Shem and Abraham were born, entered it from the east. "It came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there." We may either suppose that Eden lay west of the Caspian, and that a previous migration, of which there is no record, had taken place to the east, from which those early settlers now returned; or that Eden lay east of the Caspian, and this was the earliest migration from it. If so, the Indus, the Veh-rot of the Zend-Avesta, is the Pison; and the Oxus, the Arg-rot, which is still called Jycoon by the Arabs, is the Gihon. The third and fourth rivers of Eden, the Tigris and Euphrates, are clearly indicated in all the traditions. The difficulty of connecting these Mesopotamian rivers with the former two is met by showing, and illustrating by a map, that at the time of the geological flood, when a continued sea, of which the Aral, the Caspian, and the Black Sea formed part, spread from the highlands of Bactria along the north of the table-land of Central Asia, and the Isthmus of Suez did not exist, the whole region from the Oxus round to the Indus formed one great peninsula, of which the four chief rivers were the Oxus, Indus, Tigris, and Euphrates.

What is related in Genesis concerning the temptation and fall, corresponds so closely with the history of the Aryan home in the Zend-Avesta, as to leave no doubt of the identification, when once the geographical difficulty is removed. The Turians, who are constantly described as serpents, gained admission into the Aryan stronghold on the Himalayan highlands, and a mixture of races ensued. Several settlements were formed in the valley of the Oxus, the land of Cush of Genesis. Thus the Adamites are explained to have been a mixed race which sprang from the first intercourse of Aryans and Turians. The exile of Cain is referred to the great Aryan separation, which took place in Balkh, the fourth settlement, in consequence of the Zoroastrian reformation, and was connected at once with religion and agriculture. The land of Nod is with Von Buhlen identified with India, and the city of Enoch (Khânoch) with the ancient north-Indian city Chanoge. At the time of the separation, part of the Aryans emigrated to India from Balkh, which is the last settlement north of the Himalaya that is mentioned in the Veda. The other branch of them, the Iranians, received monotheism from Zoroaster, and entered upon the period denoted by the name of Enos, of 905 years, when "men began to call upon the name of Jehovah."

The two great branches met again in hostile encounter in Mesopotamia; the Southern, Indian, or Hamitic branch entering by the under coast of Asia and founding the kingdom of Babylon in lower Mesopotamia, while the Iranian or Japhetic branch occupied the highlands of the north. From their collision and mixture arose Shemitism. The birth of Shem is ethnically interpreted, and identified with the conquest of Babylon by the Medes of Berosus. Upon the date furnished by this identification, the whole chronological system of the author is built. It is well known that, according to Berosus, the Iranians, whom he calls Medes, subverted the original Chaldæan dynasty at Babylon, and



that this happened, according to the accepted scheme of Brandis, in 2458 B.C. All agree that the Shemites were a mixed race; and the names in their genealogy show that they were composed of Iranian and of Indian or Cushitic elements. Their first settlement was Elam, upon which follow Asshur and Arphaxad. Thus they are connected with the Iranian Assyrians; while on the other hand, as Asshur is said to have gone from Babylon to found Nineveh, they are also connected with the Hamitic settlements of lower Mesopotamia. Now we are told in Genesis that "Shem was an hundred years old, and begat Arphaxad two years after the flood;" that is, he was ninety-eight years old when the flood came. If, then, the birth of Shem be identified with the rise of the Median dynasty of Berosus, it follows that the year of the flood was 2360 B.C.

From this fixed era the author is able to accept the chronology of the Hebrew canon, to reconcile it with that of St. Paul and of Josephus, and to assign to the principal events and periods dates which are, as will be seen, strikingly confirmed by recent inquiries. Josephus says that 1,020 years elapsed from Abraham's departure from Haran, and 592 years from the exodus, to the building of the temple. The author fills up the period thus:—Starting from 2360 B.C., and counting 367 years, the period reckoned in Genesis from the flood to Abraham's age when he left Haran, we come to 1993 B.C.; the exodus took place 430 years later, or 1563 B.C.; and 45 years after that, or 1518 B.C., the division of the land by Joshua. From that, St. Paul (Acts xiii.) reckoned 450 years to Samuel, whose judgeship, therefore, began in 1068 B.C. And reckoning with Josephus 592 years from the exodus to the building of the temple, we get 971 B.C. for the latter. The whole period, from the departure from Haran to the building of the temple, thus consists of 1022 years, the same that Josephus gives with the small difference of two years. [276917]

The chronology which produces this remarkable harmony receives support from several external sources. The date given for the departure from Haran confirms the frequently suggested identity of Chedorlaomer with the Kudurmapula of the inscriptions, who was the probable founder of the third dynasty of Berosus, which began in 1976 B.C. According to Genesis the Hebrews were 400 years in Egypt; according to Exodus they were there 430 years, which the Septuagint explains to be counted from the departure from Haran; so that it would seem that they entered Egypt thirty years after that event. We are told that the five Canaanite kings revolted from Chedorlaomer in the thirteenth year of his supremacy. Thirteen years after 1976 bring us to 1963 B.C., which is the thirtieth year after 1993 B.C., the date of Abraham's departure from Haran. Thus, in literal agreement with Exodus, the Hebrews were able to enter Egypt after being delivered from the tyranny of the Elamite king, thirty years after Abraham left Haran. Again, the division of the land in 1518 B.C. synchronises with the fourth or Arabian dynasty of Berosus. It is possible that the movement of the Arabians, which led them to Babylon, may be connected with the movement of the Hebrews, which led to their settlement on both sides of the Jordan at exactly the same time; and Chushan-rishathaim, the Mesopotamian king, whose oppression began early, if not immediately, after the division of the land, may have been the founder of the Arabian dynasty. Thus that mysterious dynasty would be explained to have been Cushitic.

The date given for the death of Solomon and accession of Rehoboam is 934 B.C. Mr. Sharpe, who has greatly shortened the period between Rehoboam and Josiah by adopting the statement in the Mishna that the regnal year always ended with the new year, gives 936 B.C. for the same, counting back from the lunar eclipse of Ptolemy in 921 B.C., the 21st of Josiah. Mr. de Bunsen shows that by applying the principle of the Mishna more strictly, this period could be shortened by two years more, so as to bring about an absolute agreement between himself and Mr. Sharpe. And that his date is the more correct is shown by the most recent emendations of the Egyptian chronology. According to the Bible, Solomon was, for a short time before his death, contemporary with Shishak, the Sheshonk I. of the monuments, who was the first king of the twenty-second dynasty. That dynasty lasted 120 years; and the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., fell in the reign of the first king of the succeeding dynasty. Allowing forty years for that reign before the first Olympiad, we get 936 B.C. for the accession of Shishak, thus making him contemporary with Solomon for two years.



Lastly Mr. de Bunsen restores harmony to the confused chronology of the period succeeding the captivity by simply ascribing the titles Artaxerxes and Ahasuerus which occur in Ezra, Esther, and Nehemiah, to a single king, Darius Hystaspis. The Darius of Ezra vi. is the Artaxerxes of Ezra vii., and *the whole book of Esther ought properly to be inserted between those two chapters.* The identity of Esther, or Hadassah, with Atossa can no longer be doubtful. The same identification of Darius and Artaxerxes serves to explain the unknown cause of Nehemiah's departure from Jerusalem in the thirty-second year of Artaxerxes, which almost caused the ruin of his reformation. The battle of Marathon was fought in the thirty-first year of Darius Hystaspis; next year Nehemiah, the friend and cup-bearer of the king, is summoned to console his master under that overwhelming defeat.

We regret that want of space compels us to omit the discussion of the Rabbinical scheme of the 7,000 years, or week of the world's duration. This scheme has hitherto been without an interpreter. It is explained by Mr. de Bunsen with extraordinary ingenuity in connection with the prophecies of Jeremiah, Daniel, and the Apocalypse of St. John. He also shows conclusively that what is called the "short chronology" of the Hebrew canon—the periods assigned to the antediluvian patriarchs before the birth of their eldest sons, which together make up 1,656 years—is so arranged as exactly to fit into this Rabbinical scheme, and has no other value. On the other hand, the "long chronology," which together reckons the whole life-time of each patriarch, may be regarded as strictly historical, since it gives 8,225 years, a period sufficient to account for the early development of Egypt, Chaldaea, India, and China. It is a confirmation of this that the Septuagint and the Samaritan canon widely deviate from the short chronology of the Hebrew canon, but agree with the long chronology of the same.

The mixture of races which is denoted by the term Shemitism involved a mixture of tradition. Iranian Monotheism was joined in Israel with the Polytheism of the great Southern or Indian stock, which constantly lapsed into idolatry. On the whole, the latter prevailed over the former in Israel, as in other Shemitic nations. From the outset of their history the Hebrews represented the Chaldaean, the Egyptian, or Southern and Indian tradition, rather than the Northern or Iranian. The latter was represented among them by the Kenites or strangers, the mysterious nomades who formed part of the Israelitic commonwealth, and whose history is treated with immense research and ingenuity. They were always the maintainers of spiritual worship, of pure Monotheism, as opposed to the sacrificial system of the Hebrews, and to the crystallization of tradition. In the beginnings of the history of Israel this community of strangers had little political importance: the Hebrews, with their priestly caste and philo-Egyptian sentiments, appear to have prevailed: and this may serve to explain the curious fact that there is no Biblical mention of Egypt from the Exodus to Solomon, notwithstanding the numerous campaigns of the Pharaohs in Palestine of which the monuments inform us. In the time of David the Kenites rose to power, and henceforth took part in shaping the destinies of the nation.

After the captivity, the original dualism of races reappeared in the shape of party distinctions. The two great sects of the Sadducees and Pharisees met on the new established ground of Monotheism; but the former connected sacrificial doctrines with this, while the latter were more or less favourable to spiritual unsacrificial worship. The Pharisees, however, from political motives, shrunk from avowing the full extent of their knowledge and convictions; and therefore they, not the more worldly Sadducees, were reproached by our Lord as "hypocrites," as having "taken away the key of knowledge," as "neither entering in themselves nor suffering others to enter in." The genuine successors of the Kenites or strangers, were the Essenes and Therapeutæ; and in those simple religious societies it is probable that the precious truths of religious tradition were kept hidden, until they were fully revealed at all risks by our Lord and his boldest followers. The theology of the author: his exposition of the great principles of spiritual worship: are no less striking than his historical investigations. He has treated the most momentous of subjects with a noble candour, strength of handling, and largeness of view, which cannot but command admiration. It is certain that these writings must largely influence the theology of the future.

R. W. D.



*Die Eintracht zwischen Kirche und Staat.* Von IGN. HEINRICH VON WESSENBERG. Herausgegeben von Dr. JOSEPH BECK. Aarau, 1869. London: David Nutt.

ALTHOUGH this book was only published in the year 1869, its appearance recalls a name and a story with which men were more familiar about the time of the battle of Waterloo than they can be expected to be now. Those who remember the leading incidents in the life of the author will be disposed to read with much interest what he has to say on such a subject as the "Concord between Church and State." Baron Ignatius Henry von Wessenberg was born at Dresden in 1774. He was educated for the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. After the preliminary studies, he took priest's orders, and shortly afterwards, at an unusually early age, he was appointed, on account of his pre-eminent gifts, Vicar-General of the Bishopric of Constance. The manner in which he performed the duties of that important post soon attracted notice both in Germany and beyond it. A reformer so bold had not appeared in the dress of a churchman for many a year. Not only did he labour untiringly to promote measures of educational and social reform, he even ventured to introduce changes into the public worship of the Church in the diocese. The public worship of God, he was accustomed to say, should not be a magnificent unintelligible spectacle to please the senses, but an intelligible appeal to the understandings and feelings of the worshippers, to awaken and elevate devotion. In accordance with this principle he introduced the singing of German hymns, and the use of German prayers into the worship of the Church. These changes seem to have been well received both by the clergy and laity of the diocese, and in such esteem was Wessenberg held, that when in the year 1815 it became necessary to appoint a coadjutor and successor to the aged occupant of the see, at the request of the bishop, the Grand-Duke of Baden assured to him the succession in the bishopric of Constance. As long as the aged prelate lived, Wessenberg was allowed to administer the affairs of the diocese without remonstrance. But on the death of the old bishop, a Bull was issued by the Roman Curia by which Wessenberg was rejected, and the Chapter commanded to make a more worthy choice. The rejected bishop went to Rome to endeavour to satisfy the Pope; but the same Jesuit intriguers who had procured his rejection prevented him from obtaining a fair hearing. He returned home, and, secure in the affections of his clergy and their flocks, continued for twelve years to administer the affairs of the diocese. In 1827, on the amalgamation of two sees, an opportunity presented itself of which he gladly availed himself, of retiring from a position of painful conflict. The rest of his life was spent in retirement in Constance, but his pen was ever busily employed in the cause of religion and freedom: two causes which appeared to him ought always to be in alliance. To quote his own words:

"Die Freiheit kam vom ew' gen Sternenthron.  
An deiner Hand herab, Religion!  
Wo sich ein Herz zum Tempel dir geweiht  
Hat deiner Schwester Huld es auch erfuet."

The present work was written when the author was eighty years of age. It was permitted to remain some years in manuscript, but has been published by his friend and biographer Joseph Beck, because the question of which it treats, has, he says, become the question of the day. It is distinguished by calmness and fairness, a noble desire to preserve their due rights both to the State and to the Church. It will consequently be equally disliked by the fanatical secularist and the fanatical Churchman. The leading idea of the book is that both Church and State are divine institutions. When there comes a seeming conflict of duties, it will not therefore do to interpret the command, "We must obey God rather than man," as meaning that we must obey the Church rather than the State. The voice of the State in its own sphere is as much of divine authority as that of the Church. Each must be obeyed in its own department. The following, with regard to the Papal authority, will be read with interest at the present time.

"The Papal Primate forms the cope-stone of the edifice of the Catholic Church, and is designed to maintain unity between the well-united portions of its organism. The preserving of this centre of ecclesiastical fellowship is of the utmost importance to the whole of Catholic Christendom, and for the civil government also, whether the head of



that government be himself a member of the Catholic Church or not. The supreme dignity and honour of the Papal Chair consists in its being the centre of ecclesiastical fellowship. The Pope is not universal bishop in the Church, that is to say, the bishops are not simply the Pope's lieutenants, they preserve, notwithstanding their subordination to him, an independence both in dignity and in power. *Episcopatus est unus*. In antiquity the bishops were also termed Vicars of Christ. The high and beneficial authority which the Pope is still able to exercise, does not rest upon a recognition of his fulness of power, nor on the idea of that lordly supremacy, the establishment and extension of which many Popes since the Middle Ages have made their principal aim, but mainly on his mediatorial office, for the preserving of unity, the making of peace, and the removing of all the stumbling-blocks which are likely to lead to division, heresy, and disorder within the Church, or to disturb the harmonious relations with the civil power."

The author goes on to say that as it was a misfortune to the State when powerful monarchs like Louis XIV. of France placed themselves in the room of the State, it was still less likely to bring prosperity to the Church when Popes wished to absorb the Church in their Chair; and as the proud monarch had asserted "I am the State," they, in equally boastful language, said in their Bulls, "We are the Church." St. Augustine excellently says, "Claves non homo unus, sed unitas accepit Ecclesie."

It is a hopeful sign of the Catholic Church, that it contains within its borders a considerable number of bishops and clergy who hold the sentiments of Wessenberg, and are resolved resolutely to oppose the claims of the Roman Curia to rule the Church with autocratic sway. J. G.

*Aufsätze zur Englischen Geschichte.* Von REINHOLD PAULI. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel.

THIS is a series of essays on the History of England, originally published in a German historical periodical, and now collected together in a volume. As the author is known both in England and in Germany as an eminent authority on the subject of our history, and the essays are generally in the form of reviews of well-known English works, such as Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury," Froude's "History of England," Masson's "Life of Milton," Goldwin Smith's "Irish History and Irish Character," the book has obviously more interest for Englishmen than most of the historical works which issue from the German press. It has indeed an interest for us quite apart from its considerable intrinsic value. With something like personal feelings, we witness the familiar scenes and names of our history, cited before a foreign tribunal, and listen to judgment passed in a foreign tongue on such names as Edward the Black Prince, Cromwell, Blake, Canning, and the Prince Consort. But the most patriotic reader will have little reason to complain of Pauli, who is in the main a most fair and impartial historian. Free from the love of paradox and striking effect which has been a snare to historians of greater genius, he contents himself with giving the results of his diligent researches in a plain and straightforward manner. The first essay in the volume is on Edward the Black Prince, the last of the feudal knights and the first modern General of England, as Pauli calls him; and it closes with an interesting paper on Prince Albert. These essays will be found well worth perusal, on two princes who, while they never sat on the throne, were more mourned and missed by the English people than most of their kings. The titles of the other papers are:—"King Richard III.;" "Henry VIII. as an ally of Maximilian I.;" "The Character of Henry VIII. and of his Government;" "Sir Peter Carew;" "Ireland;" "Cavaliers and Roundheads;" "Robert Blake;" "Oliver Cromwell;" "John Milton;" and "George Canning." In the essay on the character of Henry VIII., Herr Pauli emphatically protests against the view which Mr. Froude has endeavoured to substitute for the traditional conception of Henry's character. Froude's delineation is characterized as an "overstrained deification of Henry," resting, moreover, on "imperfect research." Nevertheless, when Pauli comes to the matters of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and the death of Ann Boleyn, he admits with regard to the first that one of the causes which led Henry to desire a separation was superstitious scruples suggested to him by his confessor, the Bishop of Lincoln, who said that the death of Catherine's children was to be attributed to the anger of God on account of a marriage within prohibited degrees. With regard to the second point, while he maintains against Mr. Froude the innocence of the queen, he is obliged to admit that she had learned from her



residence at the French Court an improper familiarity of manner in her intercourse with men, likely to give grave offence at an English Court. So that even on the testimony of his opponents, Mr. Froude was not without some historical basis on which to ground the case which he has pled with such cunning skill and fascinating eloquence.

The long essay on Ireland in Herr Pauli's book will be read with great interest at the present time. It presents a clear sketch of that country from the dawn of its unhappy history to the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Church Bill of last year. It is well written, and the sad earnest of the subject is relieved by touches of humour. We get the old story of the Earl of Kildare, who, being brought to task by the English Government for having burned down the Cathedral of Cashel, expressed his regret, but gave as his excuse that he thought the archbishop was inside. Pauli also tells a story gathered from his own experience when travelling in the south-west. Having asked some of the beggars by whom he was surrounded what was their winter nourishment, and receiving the answer, potatoes and goat's milk, he said something about the want of change, one of the beggars quickly said, "Change enough, your honour; sometimes the potatoes fail, and sometimes there is no milk." He thus describes the Irish character:—

"In personal courage the Irishman is not inferior to the Frenchman. Under the stimulus of physical or spiritual excitement, Irish armies and rebel hosts have performed prodigies of valour; when these are wanting, however, it is only by the iron discipline of a chief like Wellington that Irish regiments can be rendered equal to the English or Scotch. Like the French, they are deficient in endurance under all circumstances; they cannot stand the trial which converts the iron into the steel. But they have not the French love of glory; no sooner is the storm past, than the strong excitement subsides into easy good-nature. Something more of that national vanity which never abandons the Frenchman, and which has so greatly contributed to his success, would have given a different direction to the history of Ireland, and preserved a gifted people from continual lapses into apathetic indolence. But the worst is that the humour of this people is as deceptive as the Irish bog-lands. A single dram of whisky too much, and the skull even of the Irishman's dearest friend is no longer safe. Malignant vindictiveness often lurks behind an appearance of frank friendliness; a man will bid his neighbour a smiling good night, and then send a bullet after him from behind the nearest hedge. What revolting savagery in spite of magnanimous enthusiasm! It is as if in the psychology of this people the tenderest and purest strings of the human heart had got inextricably involved with the worst discords. Barbarism and unchecked phantasy had robbed this people of their sense for the real, and had converted the historical element into the fabulous, ere a foreign yoke still more deeply degraded the national character.

Daniel O'Connell is very justly described as, "The most genuine son of the Green Isle in versatile genius, fiery patriotism, as well as in unhistorical and lawless mind." With regard to the religious differences, Pauli remarks that had there been at the time of the English Reformation such fiery orators as Latimer and Knox in Dublin and Limerick, Waterford and Cork, the Papacy would have found some difficulty, even with the help of Spanish and Italian Jesuits, of making Ireland the bulwark of its waning power. J. G.

*Handbuch Deutscher Alterthümer.* Von GEORG PFAHLER. Neue Vermehrte Ausgabe. London: Williams and Norgate.

"THE time is approaching," wrote Mr. Carlyle, some five-and-thirty years ago, "when history will be attempted on quite other principles; when the court, the senate, and battle-field receding more and more into the background; the temple, the workshop, and social hearth will advance more and more into the foreground, and history will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question, 'How were men taxed and kept quiet then?' but will seek to answer this other infinitely wider and higher question, 'How and what were men then?'" The substantial volume of early German history now before us is written on this improved principle. Of the four books into which it is divided, three are devoted to the civil, social, and religious life, the manners and customs of the masses; and dimmed by distance as those first eight centuries of our era are, still we can find here "an answer to that great question" (again we avail ourselves of the privilege of quoting Mr. Carlyle), "how men lived and had their living, were it but economically, as what wages they got and what they bought with them."

This "Handbook of Ancient German History" was originally set about with



the view of competing for a prize offered by the Royal Bavarian Academy, but it was not completed in time. It begins with presenting to us all that learning can collect or conjecture of the origin of the German nation, and ends with the death of Charlemagne. Those who have read Thierry's striking work on the "Merovingians" know how *sensational* are the annals of the Franks during those troubled centuries, and whether we have to do with Goths, Vandals, Longibards, or Franks, it is much the same in this respect; we pass from crime to crime, treachery to cruelty, aggression to revenge, and are sometimes driven to hope that the monkish historians of the time were given to exaggeration, and that not all these dark episodes can be strictly true. It is impossible by extracts to do justice to a work of this nature. The most interesting of the historical or biographical incidents are of course the most familiarly known, and they are to be met with elsewhere equally well recorded as here. The merit is that of the hand-book—the work of reference—and as such appears to us considerable. Whatever phase of ancient German life a student may wish to explore, he will find ample information respecting it afforded him here.

L. C. S.

*Das Geistliche Schauspiel des Mittelalters in Deutschland.* Von HEINRICH REIDT. Frankfurt: a. M. Verlag von Christian Winter. London: Williams and Norgate.

PERHAPS our best way of enabling our readers to estimate for themselves the value and interest of this work will be to give its table of contents. The introductory essay has for its aim clearly to set forth that it was not by any means the Catholic Church, with its enacted mysteries, that awoke in the German nation a taste for theatrical representations. The Church found that taste already developed, and sought to provide it with more wholesome aliment. In the popular poetry, by which, according to Tacitus, the old Teutons were so violently excited, Herr Reidt already traces the germ of the dramatic element, as well as in their sword dances and many of their heathen ceremonials. In the early periods of their conversion—about the middle of the ninth century, they were too apt to desecrate even the church and churchyard by unbecoming dancing, acting, and singing, and incurred severe ecclesiastical censure for such "devilish" practices. The clergy, however, did not content themselves with rebuking, but set about providing a substitute for such amusements. In the tenth century the learned nun, Rhoswitha, wrote six sacred dramas in Latin, intended to wean Christians from the pleasant immoralities of Terence; but these were only for reading, and probably never fell into any hands but those of a few monkish students. Until the sacred drama adopted the national language it never became universally popular, and accordingly we find that profane plays, such as the Church desired to suppress, held their ground side by side with spiritual until the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The first chapter of Herr Reidt's work treats of the Latin Church-drama, from its first simple form of mere dialogue, rather liturgical than dramatic, to its later development during the time of the Crusades, into the "erudite-symbolical" stage, when it took the name of "Ludus." Of these Ludi, churchmen were still the authors, but they brought their scholastic as well as their theological lore to bear upon them, and gave them a far wider scope. In "Ludus de Antechristus," of which an outline is given, there was much learned disputation, much symbolism into which the lay lookers-on might not very well enter, but there was plenty of action and pageant to afford them delight. In chapter the second we pass on to the Latin-German drama of the thirteenth century, in which we have the two languages alternating; for instance, Mary Magdalen—the favourite character in all the later Passover and Easter plays—would enter singing a Latin song, then break into a German conversation with a pedlar, from whom she bought her rouge. The third chapter deals with a special branch of this literature, the "Marien-Klagen." As mediæval Christianity became increasingly devoted to the cultus of the Virgin, these multiplied more and more. They consisted chiefly of dialogue sung, and were manageable by the smallest church choir. In the more ancient MSS. the Virgin-Mother alone appears, pouring out her complaint to the beloved disciple, and consoled by him in return. There is much pathos in some of these simple verses. Chapter four introduces us to the wholly German popular play (Spiel) of the fourteenth century. Written occasionally by lay authors, and with lay actors permitted to take part in it, still it was entirely under clerical management,



performed in the church, and earnestly religious in intention, although the comic element already began to dawn in some of the subordinate characters. In the fifteenth century this element assumed such proportions that the church was felt to be no longer a fitting stage for these dramatic representations. Chapter five enumerates and describes several of these plays of mixed character, in which the deepest religious feeling alternates with the most audacious freaks of humour. The sixth chapter treats of the further degradation in the so-called religious "Volksschauspiel." Although in Germany it never indeed sank to the level of the French "Mysters," such subjects as the Resurrection were treated throughout in a jesting strain; but such "travesties" never became widely popular. The seventh chapter carries us on to a further development. Legends tending to glorify the Church replaced scriptural subjects. Several extracts are given from "Pope Joan," a very favourite play in the early part of the sixteenth century; and, strange to say, written in a reverential spirit as regards the heroine, who expiates her daring ambition by self-chosen ignominy, and is finally received into heaven. This play was the first of its kind ever printed, and is the oldest printed drama German literature can boast. The eighth and last chapter contains some very interesting and instructive comments upon the German sacred drama of the Middle Ages looked at from a culture-historical point of view.

L. C. S.

*Auserlesene deutsche Volksbücher.* In ihrer ursprünglichen Echtheit wiederhergestellt von KARL SIMROCK. Frankfurt-am-Main: Verlag von Christian Winter. London: Williams and Norgate.

THESE tales are selected out of a much larger collection made by the same indefatigable antiquarian. They belong to a class of light literature that from the first introduction of printing has been extensively popular in Germany, and, moreover, among the lower sections of society retains its popularity to the present day. To quote the words of one eminently familiar with the national spirit of his fatherland:—"These books have an undying, incorruptible life of their own; for several centuries they have entertained hundreds of thousands, a quite countless public: they never age; reappearing again and again, they are invariably welcome, amusing, instructive." It has been Herr Simrock's aim to collect all these scattered treasures—novels, legends, fables (many of them of foreign origin, though Germany has taken them to her heart); to search out and collate the oldest editions, free the text from spurious passages, present them as nearly as possible in their original form, and still leave them cheap books within the reach of the many. The two volumes now before us each contains six stories. The first volume—Genovesa, the Three Holy Kings, the Sons of Heimnon, Hirlanda, Sybylline Prophecies, and Siegfried. In the second volume we have—Wigoleis von Rade, Poor Heinrich, Duke Ernst, the Emperor Octavian, Ahasuerus, and the Fair Melusina. There is a great sameness about all these. Stiff in style, setting history, chronology, possibility equally at defiance, it is difficult to understand how anything but the vivifying imagination of a child could find in them any interest whatever. We must, however, confess that they are far more harmless reading than much that circulates but too widely amongst our own unlettered classes.

These old-world tales are full of all manner of absurdities; but such human interest as they have centres in the trials and triumphs of virtue, of feminine purity, and manly courage; and their highest ideal is bravery, reverence, and constancy in love.

Apropos of the story of "Ahasuerus, or the Wandering Jew," Herr Simrock gives us some interesting information. There is a tradition of this legend having been printed and circulated during the fifteenth century, but the earliest edition of it that he has been able to discover is the Leyden one of 1602, which consists merely of four pages, and is very rare. It relates, on the authority of Paulus von Eitzen, Bishop of Schleswig, in 1542, how this very Paulus himself, when in Hamburg on a visit to his parents, encountered and conversed repeatedly with the Wandering Jew, and in company with other men of much learning and high repute, heard him give such particulars respecting the Crucifixion, the death of the Apostles, and the history of the Eastern lands he had traversed during his centuries of travel, as entirely convinced them all of his supernatural character. This rare little book ends with the following descriptive touch:—"This man, or Jew, has such thick soles to his feet that they measure the thickness of two fingers, and are hard as horn, by reason of his long going hither and thither. He was also seen in Dantzic in December, 1599."

L. C. S.





## FREE TRADE AND RECIPROCITY.

THE circumstances of the world around us—in England, in France, in America—constitute a strong call for the re-stating and the re-arguing of the principles of free trade. This is a startling, I had almost said, an humiliating fact. Free trade is the one subject in political economy which is susceptible of complete demonstration. The statement of the argument is one of the chief glories of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." The fame of Adam Smith belongs to the nation; yet we are in danger of turning our backs on the most pre-eminent doctrine which distinguishes his great work. Scientific writers of all countries have enforced and illustrated this cardinal truth with an ability which has never been surpassed. The contest has passed from the world of ideas to the world of facts. Free trade has been the battle-field of the fiercest political strife. Every impulse which interest or passion could generate has been brought to bear on its discussion. The most distinguished statesmen of our time have taken the most active part in the struggle. The highest and most enduring political reputations have been won in this arena. Mighty interests, strong in wealth and political power, have contended against free trade with the peculiar energy which distinguishes free countries, every position has been defended to the utmost, every possible resistance opposed to the penetrating force of the new doc-

trine; every statement has been sifted, every argument tested to the utmost; and then, after a war of many years, victory crowned the struggle amidst the almost universal acknowledgment by the whole country of the truth of the principle. Yet now, in the year 1870, whilst so many of the champions who were engaged in this terrible conflict still survive to bear witness to the fierceness of the discussion, and to the crushing defeat which error sustained, we are again summoned, not by the brilliant fallacies of some clever thinker, but by the actual reappearance of protection in the practical world, to re-argue the first principles of free trade. I confess that I feel something of that mortification which a mathematician would experience if he were compelled to demonstrate anew the Elements of Euclid. However, the danger is too imminent, and the duty to guard the welfare of the nation too urgent, to allow us to linger over our feelings. The enemy in the front of free trade, we must remember, can never be fully destroyed. The passage from protection to free trade must inevitably engender private suffering. The selfishness of individual interests is ever on the watch to encroach on the general good. We have to deal with human nature as it is constituted, and that constitution will from time to time compel the armour of science to be put on afresh for the defence of truth. This is our task now, and if it imposes on us the necessity of repeating ancient arguments, let us realize the feeling that the work we are engaged in is not on that account the less fresh or the less important.

It is essential that we should at the outset define the meaning to be attached to the expression "free trade." Very wide-spread mistakes prevail respecting it, to the great injury of the cause it embodies. It is very common, especially in commercial circles, to understand by the term, free trade, trade unfettered by any restriction of any kind whatever. The scientific idea associated with the expression has been applied, for example, to supporting the demand for the abolition of all custom-house duties. The word "free" is treated as an ordinary epithet without reference to its special use in political economy; it is then shown how custom-houses impede the easy flow of commerce; and that done, a triumphant appeal is made to the known truth of the economical doctrine of free trade to deduce from it, as a necessary consequence, the necessity of abolishing many forms of indirect taxation. This is very clearly an unjustifiable misuse of language. No doubt the words "free trade" may be legitimately applied to trade exempt from all check on its movements, but then the authority which belongs to the economical phrase alone must not be claimed for any such application. Free trade, in the lips of political economy, is a demonstrated truth; free trade, as uttered by financial reformers, is a question of circum-



stance and policy, varying both as to time and country. A needless obstacle to the natural movements of trade all admit to be an evil; but, if there must be taxation, it is a matter undeniably open to much variety of legitimate opinion, whether the imposition of customs' duties does not conform with the best counsels of expediency. What then is free trade within the science of political economy? What is its true definition? It is the contradictory of protection. It came into use as asserting the denial of protection by the proclamation of its opposite. Its meaning, therefore, must be sought from the sense affixed to protection. Protection affirms the policy of differential duties on goods of the same kind. It inquires into their geographical or national origin; and then, according to their foreign or domestic character, affixes different rates of taxation, or exempts from taxation altogether. Free trade is the direct contradictory of this principle. It makes no inquiry into the origin of goods, and its doctrine prescribes the same duties on the same goods. If a duty is charged, it is exacted of all the same goods alike; if it exempts some, it exempts all. This is the principle which political economy professes to have established, and it is with this principle alone that we are here concerned.

But before entering on the proof of this proposition, let me be allowed to urge a caution of very great importance. The investigation of the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of free trade has its true starting point in the hypothetical case of a nation already practising free trade. The inquiry ought to assume the question to be put to a country as yet imposing no duties in the form: Shall a discriminating duty be enacted to protect native industry? Practically and historically, the problem has been seldom debated on this basis. In most instances free trade has been the assailant of a protection already established, and consequently it has had to encounter the formidable difficulty of its interfering with interests, often vast, both of capital and labour, which its success might seriously compromise, or even destroy altogether. It is most essential, therefore, to understand clearly that the existence of these interests is a matter wholly foreign to the science and truth of free trade. There are two questions on this matter, which belong to two different provinces, and must be carried to two different tribunals for decision. The one belongs to the department of the scientific economist, the other to the department of the practical statesman. One is a problem of science, the other of politics. The truth or falsehood of the doctrine is in no way affected by the injury which its application might work to particular persons or industries. If true, it has the right to demand the enforcement of its principle, even though the industries reared under the wings of protection



should be doomed thereby to disappear. But, on the other hand, it is within the province of the statesman to declare, if he can show good reasons for the act, that he must break the suddenness and moderate the process of applying free trade to a country deeply committed to protection. It is within his right to assert that the present benefit to be gained from free trade would be overbalanced by the mischief of an immediate and rigorous enforcement of its teaching. He is authorised to affirm that a transition period, of longer or shorter duration, is prescribed by motives of public policy as well as of humanity. Science says that the abolition of every protective duty is a policy that ultimately promotes the welfare of the whole community and of all its members individually. On the other hand, statesmanship may declare that regard for suffering to ensue may demand that time shall be given for effecting the transition from one kind of occupation to another. But the great point in the discussion of first principles is to keep the two considerations perfectly apart, to let science come freely to her conclusions, and to refer all matters regarding their application to the discretion of the statesman. Thus it was that Mr. Cobden and the other apostles of free trade successfully established this principle as the policy which England ought to pursue for the benefit of all her people, whilst Sir Robert Peel's government afforded a space of three years, during which the agricultural interest should prepare for open competition with foreigners.

I will assume, then, for the purposes of this investigation, that there is no transition period; that the capital and labour employed to-day in a protected industry can be transferred to-morrow to a new occupation; and that no regard for the pain of the change, or even the ruin of some, ought to stand in the way of a great public good. Political economy has often been charged with cruelty and inhumanity, as being indifferent to human suffering. No accusation can be more unjust. Have the promoters of railways been denounced as monsters because they brought about the ruin of the great coaching and posting interests, with their country inns, their huge multitudes of ostlers, and the many trades that had lived by the employment furnished by the coaching business? Have printers been held up to scorn by history because their art threw the copiers of manuscripts out of employment? Has it not been clearly seen in these and numberless similar cases that the public good overwhelmed all regard for individual interests? Why, then, has political economy received a different treatment? Why has it been measured by another standard of morality? Let political economy, when it advocates principles which may bring distress and perhaps ruin on large classes, be held to a strict proof of the countervailing advantages which it promises. No political economist will repel such a trial; for to do so



would be to expose the truth of its teaching to suspicion. But if it passes the ordeal successfully—if it makes good its proof, and experience confirms the theory of science—why should accusations of want of feeling be flung against its disciples any more than at the inventors of any art which has developed the civilisation and the happiness of mankind? It would be a fearful calamity for all if individuals, or even classes, were held to possess the right of arresting the progress of the human race.

Having premised this caution, let us now proceed with our task, and set forth the demonstration of the truth of free trade. It rests on two fundamental principles.

I. The first of these principles is the fact that all trade is an exchange of equivalents. This is the very essence of trade. It is an exchange of equal values, whether of goods or services. A gift bestows without receiving in return: trade always exacts as much as it gives away. I speak, of course, of permanent, continuous trade. A single transaction of commerce may involve loss; less may be obtained than what was given. But a trade cannot consist of such transactions. If a trade continues to exist, if it sustains itself permanently, then it follows, from its very nature, that the giving must be met by the receiving, that the two processes necessarily balance each other. No man or nation gives away its goods in trade for nothing. Such a supposition is self-contradictory; it destroys the idea itself of trade. Hence we may lay it down as a certainty which cannot be contested, that every nation which buys sells also. The equivalents must pass—whether directly or indirectly it matters not. The fact of buying is a complete and conclusive proof of the corresponding fact of selling. The one necessarily implies the other; for trade is exchange, and there must be two parties to every exchange. No merchant ever put a cargo on board a vessel without expecting to be paid for it. "Exactly," I shall be told, "here is the pinch of the matter. The Frenchman is ready enough to sell us his silks, and be paid for them; all the world is willing to do that. He will gladly take our money, but he will have nothing to say to our goods. England, then, loses her money, her wealth; she carries on a losing trade, to the great injury of her people." Those who use such language have no accurate conception of the function which money, coin, performs, nor do they perceive that their argument involves a very palpable absurdity. It is possible, certainly, that England should buy French goods on the basis of a money payment, so long as England has any coin in her possession. But as she does not produce the metal of which coin is made, it is obvious that trade carried on by such a method must speedily come to an end. So long as the coin lasts England may buy French silks in exchange for gold; but when the stock of

gold has all been sent to France, the trade in silk must at once collapse. If it still continues—and a continuous, abiding trade is the hypothesis with which we are dealing—then it follows, irresistibly, that the Frenchman must have changed his mind, and is now purchasing English goods, or else some third party supplies England with gold wherewith to buy silks in France. Those who provide England with the gold for keeping up the trade in silks manifestly can obtain nothing in exchange for it from England, except the products of English industry; and the trade thus becomes, in a manner, three-cornered instead of a direct interchange of English goods for French silks. But the substance is the same in both cases. Mediatly or directly, the merchandise of France is paid for with the merchandise of England. English goods must be bought either by the Frenchman or some intermediate party, or most assuredly the French silks will never come to England. This statement is confirmed by fact. If the assertion were well founded that the repeal of protective duties necessarily resulted in the springing up of a trade which consisted of the purchase of foreign goods with English coin, the consequence would be a constant outflow of gold to effect the purchases. Now we know that no such constant export of gold has any actual existence. The quantities of metal exported or imported to settle the differences between buying and selling in the foreign trade remain as insignificant as ever, compared with the magnitude of the operations liquidated. The settlement is effected, just as before the repeal, by bills which mutually cancel each other—by an exchange of debts, which are set off one against the other. And thus the inference is certain, that new purchases of English goods by foreigners have balanced the purchases of foreign goods abroad by Englishmen.

I draw a corollary from the preceding reasoning which possesses much practical value at the present moment. We see in many quarters, both in England and France, great pains taken in ferreting out the statistics of international commerce for the purpose of showing that the country, which buys of the foreigner, is not compensated by a corresponding amount of sales. This is perfectly idle and superfluous work. It is enough to know that the trade goes on, that its continuous existence is established. This fact, by itself alone, upon the grounds explained above, demonstrates that the foreigner has bought as much as he has sold. No statistics are needed for the further confirmation of this fact; nor, if the statistics fail to point out how the equivalent has been received, is the proof in any way weakened. The motive itself of all trade is sufficient to make good the certainty that the nation which buys undoubtedly sells also. A vast quantity of arduous but useless labour would be saved, if a



truth so simple and so obvious were firmly apprehended. Assuredly no political economist, or, indeed, any thinking person, need give himself a thought, so far as this point is concerned, as to what the statistics may or may not bring out. The trade goes on: therefore selling is taking place to the same extent as buying.

II. We come now to the second fundamental principle on which the doctrine of free trade rests. It is this. All are gainers when each, whether man or nation, betakes himself to the making of those commodities for which his labour is most productive. The popular saying, that it is wise to buy in the cheapest market, is another expression for the same truth. This principle is in substance identical with that of the division of labour. If each man was bent on supplying all his own wants by his own labour, he would obtain miserably few of the conveniences of life, civilization would be impossible, and very few inhabitants could maintain themselves in any country. This is practically the state of a population of hunters, and we are all familiar with the kind of life to which such a mode of supplying personal wants leads. In civilized nations, no man ventures to deny that every one is the richer, every one the better off, by the shoemaker making nothing but shoes, the baker nothing but bread, the brewer nothing but beer, and so on. But few care to analyze how this universal increase of wealth is brought about, yet the process is not difficult to understand. The cotton-spinner produces an incredibly greater quantity of yarn in his mill, than he and his work-people, with the same expense of food and clothing, could produce if each took to making cotton yarns singly for himself. Equally an infinitely larger number of yards of calico come forth from a factory than could have been generated by the individual effort of the labourers singly. It is the same with every trade. By dividing labour, and assigning a single occupation to each workman, there is an enormously larger quantity of commodities, of wealth, created at the end of the day. The labourers must have their food and their clothing in each case alike; but if each does everything, very little indeed would be produced; by each confining himself to one article, very much is produced. At the end of the day, every one has more to give in exchange for his neighbours' goods; the mass of produce to be divided is immensely larger: and each gets a greater share, more commodities, more wealth, as the result of his own particular labour.

But the principle has a still wider application. Not only is there vast gain by each labourer limiting himself to one single employment, but it is immeasurably increased further by his selecting that kind of production for which he possesses special advantages, whether it be that he is more skilful, or has coals nearer at hand, or a

more fertile soil to dig, or a more beneficent climate to rear up and to ripen. The rich pastures of Leicestershire and Ireland are devoted to cattle. The splendid collieries of the midland counties send their inhabitants to the iron trade. No Sussex sheep-breeder complains that he is left unprotected against the woollen manufactories of Yorkshire, no Devonshire farmer is indignant that his cider has to compete with the barleys of Norfolk. The fruitful fecundity of the principle that each should buy of the other, and that those should be allowed to occupy a trade who can obtain the most profitable returns for the labour and capital expended on its processes, is never contested within the limits of the United Kingdom: but the magic of the spell is dissolved the instant that the hateful foreigner is in sight. Was Sir Dudley North mistaken, when he proclaimed nearly two hundred years ago, "that the world, as to trade, is but as one nation or people, and therein nations are as persons"? Does the principle lose its virtue when it reaches the margin of the Channel or the Atlantic? Does the accident that a workman is called a Belgian or a Frenchman in any manner interfere with the nature of trade as an exchange of equal commodities? Does the Sheffield cutler buy wheat of the Yorkshire farmer because he is an Englishman? See in what an absurdity such a notion of the duty of protection lands us. If a nation enacts protective duties against a neighbouring territory, it is true science and wise policy to prevent native industry from being ruined by foreign competition. But if the nation annexes that territory and makes it a part of itself, then it is equally true science and wise policy that the industry should be destroyed, because the destroyers are now fellow-citizens. Is this political economy? Is this a statement of the nature and laws of trade? Nay, is this a doctrine which protectionists can accept? Yet accept it they must, if they build their protectionist doctrine on the distinction between fellow-countrymen and aliens.

But let us consider a little more in detail the principle that all gain by each nation, precisely as each man, producing those commodities for the use of all the world for which it possesses peculiar aptitude. Even the most violent protectionist would not counsel the attempt to manufacture sugar or wine in England. The folly of such a proceeding is too transparent. Every one sees how insane it would be to grow claret in England at a pound a bottle which could be bought of France for a shilling; every one would acknowledge the waste of hot-houses, and coals, and labour, which such a mode of agriculture would create. The outcry begins only where goods may be produced equally in both countries, and where the difference of cost would not be enormous. Yet the loss is just as certain in the case of the large waste as in the case of the small, it



varies only in degree. Free trade, on the contrary, enriches all. Let us take the instance of ribbons. Under the shelter of a protective duty against French rivals, a Coventry workman may make a ribbon in a day of twelve hours, which shall sell for three shillings. He thus receives from the buyer of the ribbon commodities—for we must not complicate the matter with money, we must attend to the commodities only, for which money is the cart that conveys them from one man's hands to another's—he receives, I say, commodities which in their turn cost equally twelve hours to produce. Let the duty be now repealed, and free trade grant the faculty to every one to buy ribbon where he pleases. The buyer now finds a French ribbon which he can purchase with commodities that cost him only ten hours of labour, and he buys it. He has still two hours at his disposal; for his food, clothing, and lodging are provided for the whole day by obtaining the ribbon. The fruit of his labour during those two hours is pure gain. There is an increase of wealth in the world by the results of the two hours' labour; and what takes place with one protected trade, takes place with all, as soon as free trade has set its beneficent action to work. The gain, the expansion of wealth, the increase of the things produced may be vast. But how fares it with Coventry under this revolution? Its workmen must starve, I shall be told. Not so. The French ribbon-maker must buy the products of ten hours of English labour, he must take that amount of English goods, and the Coventry men instead of making ribbons will make these goods. The Coventry men, no doubt, will lose the special monopoly of profit which they enjoyed; but they will receive some compensation at once, and in the long run they will be benefited by the augmented prosperity of the whole community. They will sell the goods which the Frenchman wants to the English buyer of ribbons, who will then sell them in turn to the Frenchman. It is perfectly true, that the Coventry man will, from the nature of the hypothesis, receive from the Englishman the results of only ten hours' labour, he will have to work still twelve hours as before, in order to be as well off in the world. There seems to be no gain then in his case; but it is far otherwise. The improvement in his condition comes from the produce of the two hours which the buyer of the ribbon has gained. This is an addition to the wealth of the country, and as we are now assuming the ribbon buyer as the representative of the whole community, it is a prosperity shared by all. Either the ribbon buyer will lower the price of the article he makes, for he will be able to afford it, as the net produce of the two hours is a clear surplus which costs him nothing; or if the price maintains itself, it will be because the whole nation being richer will be able to buy more things at the

old prices. The fruit of these two hours constitute an increase of the demand for labour, and the people of Coventry must come in for their share of the benefit.

The loss entailed by protection must not be measured solely by the difference of price of the article protected; it greatly exceeds that limit. The state of the shipping interest in the United States of America furnishes an excellent illustration of the expansive character of this loss. There is not only the splash caused by the stone, by the extra price which society has to pay for the same goods; but there are also the ever-widening undulations which spread the mischief into new circles. The protective duties in America on iron and other commodities render ship-building so expensive, as to give a great advantage to English and other foreign ship-builders, and to reduce the American shipping trade to very low dimensions. That shipping trade was wont to bring large profits to the American people: they have been immensely diminished by the action, be it observed, of laws which had no wish to injure that business, but aimed merely at protecting American against English iron. The iron masters of America thus acquire a special profit, the profit of monopoly, on the manufacture of the iron used in their country; but they not only injure those who buy their iron of them, but actually destroy a large use of iron, and the thriving trade connected with it. The American people are twice injured, first by the additional quantity of the fruits of their labour which they must give to procure iron, and secondly by the injury done to a flourishing business which brought gains to the traders and employment to the people. This second injury is far more damaging than the first. Protection cripples industry on every side, for the sake of the relatively small advantage which it confers on the protected trades. The diminution of the national wealth which is its direct and necessary offspring impedes the progress of the nation; and besides this positive and immediate loss, it renders many operations of industry, with their attendant profits, impossible. Free-trade not only bestows on the nation the products of many additional hours of work, without any increase of time, or effort, or labour, or cost of maintenance, but also enables the intelligence and the energy of the whole people to apply their industry to those fields in which the largest returns may be obtained. Free trade gives more wealth, and infinitely more profit to the application of that wealth, as capital for the support of industry. The crippling effect of protection must never be left out of view for an instant, in the consideration of this most national question. Mr. Cobden and his associates in the mighty combat against protection never ceased to point out the indirect consequences of protective



duties. In what state would be now the gigantic manufactures of England, if the duties on foreign corn had made bread dear over the whole land? To measure the calamity by the additional penny which those who bought bread would have had to pay would be futile. How many of those who now buy bread, and plenty of bread, must have gone without bread altogether? How many an artizan, whose energies are kept alive by the possibility of selling cheap goods to distant countries, through moderate prices of provisions at home, would never have found the mill that now employs him? How many a trade, which rewards toil with abundance, would never have come into existence? How much of the bustling activity of our commercial ports would have failed to bear witness to the prosperity of commerce?

The demonstration is complete. I can see no flaw in it. To my eyes it wears the appearance of mathematical accuracy. Yet conspicuous as is its truth, it is resisted nevertheless. Its practical sway over the conduct of men is ever combated, and often successfully. The understanding is compelled to acknowledge the validity of the proof; but interest and prejudice are often more than a match for intellectual conviction. There is a force ever at work in society which tends to drive nations into backsliding. The personal and private gains of monopoly created by law are always striving to throw the general interest into the background. These interests never sleep; they are always watchful of opportunities; they grow up imperceptibly, and when of sufficient size declare themselves to be the real representatives of the genuine interests of the nation. They seldom venture on a direct collision with the argument of free trade; they shrink from such an encounter; but they are clever at suggesting reasons why free scope should not be granted to a doctrine which they dare not pronounce false. Let us examine some of these devices.

There is one which has found favour with even superior minds in our country, and enjoys yet greater repute on the other side of the Atlantic. "Free trade is all very true," it exclaims, "but its application requires care; and times occur in the history of many countries when its teaching must be suspended, were it only for a season. A nation may possess a capability of sustaining a flourishing trade under the freshest breezes of unrestricted competition; but its inhabitants may be too poor, too ignorant, and too unenlightened to make a beginning. They are incapable of making an effort sufficiently energetic to meet on equal terms the products of countries of greater commercial development; they must for a time be assured of the possession of the home market, and then when they have grown out of leading-strings, and have learned how to walk, they may be fairly trusted to run the race against the whole world." But what is this

but a cry for paternal government? The people are children, they cannot take care of themselves; they are ever too slow to seize on the natural advantages of their country. The Government must keep them in the nursery; must do everything for them; must teach them the arts, or at least must give them bribes to do things which are sufficient of themselves to reward them handsomely. It is rather late in the history of the world to preach the virtues of paternal government. The natural energy and intelligence with which Providence has endowed the human race have been found to be more successful instruments of progress than the fostering care of rulers. In political matters paternal government is exploded; the hankering for it still lingers in commercial circles, because a very clear profit can be got out of it by a few at the expense of the people. And even if it could be shown to be expedient that the Government should try to show the way to its subjects how to begin and carry on a trade, it would be cheaper and safer for the Government to undertake the business itself, than to rear up a crop of men whose interests are directly hostile to those of the community, and who command an influence and a power very difficult to dislodge when the period of education ought to be declared completed. The Government, it is true, would be exceedingly likely to lose—for Governments have no natural instinct for trade—and the nation would have to pay the loss by taxation; but the loss which the monopoly of the protectionists would entail would be far heavier still, and the danger in the future much more serious. But in truth the doctrine offends against all sound political and economical philosophy. Let the Government perform its appointed task of developing the intelligence and the education of the people. Here its action is legitimate, and may furnish invaluable aid to commercial progress. But it must not attempt to supersede the natural qualities of the population by its own contrivances. The intercourse which the different nations of the earth now hold with one another is so free and so easy, that there is no danger of any available source of wealth being long neglected through the ignorance and indifference of the people. Nations in our day educate each other rapidly. There is no need for their being taught by their Governments which trades are likely to be profitable.

Another objection to free trade is the complaint already investigated, that foreigners will sell, but not buy. Such a statement would be beneath notice, were it not that some persons busy themselves with accumulating statistics to prove to the world that foreigners give away their goods for nothing. Judging by the quantity of figures poured forth, this traffic in absurdity seems to prosper.

A third reply to free trade is found in another parade of statistics



to demonstrate the injury which the protected industries have suffered from free trade. These figures are of a very different kind from the former ones; they perfectly prove their point, beyond doubt. At this moment immense activity is displayed in England, and much more yet in France, in estimating the harm which the French Treaty inflicted on English silks and French cottons, and loud is the wailing, as if over a national disaster. The statement need not be challenged; the presumption in favour of its accuracy may be strong, only the logical deduction to be drawn from it is exactly the contrary of the conclusion which its framers suggest. The heavier the blow which the protected trades have received, the greater is the injury which protection worked for the country shown to be, the more urgent the necessity for its repeal. The more it is seen that the protected trade cannot face free competition, the plainer does it become how heavy a tax it exacted from the community. No proof could be more convincing that the nation required the saving hand of free trade. It is truly amusing to observe how protected traders invariably proceed on the quiet assumption that they have a right to exist. They are willing to have Treaties of Commerce and repeal of protective duties, provided they are still able to carry on their business as heretofore; but if free trade threatens the prosperity of Rouen and Coventry, no limit is set to their indignation, as if they had suffered a wrong which the nation was bound to redress. The same men who think it quite natural that the coaching business and the posting inns should be extinguished by railways, hold it to be a law enacted by Providence itself that ribbon should be made for ever at Coventry and cotton goods at Rouen. The outcry against the invasion of France by English cotton is not nearly so reasonable as would be a demand for the enactment of a handsome poor-law for France, and a comfortable maintenance for every Frenchman. Every protective duty throughout the world is nothing but a begging for charity, a living upon charity. It is a requisition made on the country to grant a support which the protectionists cannot provide for themselves. Hence, I deem it of the utmost importance that in the conduct of the argument with protectionists it shall always be laid down as an inevitable and desirable consequence that every trade found to rest on protection ought, in the name of justice and of the national welfare, to disappear, if it is unable to maintain itself under free competition. Protection takes from others what belongs to them, and takes it by force, by the force of law. In discussing free trade, therefore, on economical grounds, two questions only should be suffered to be debated: first, Is protection right or wrong? and, secondly, Is the particular duty in question a protective duty? The first question must be argued generally, without

reference to any given trade whatever. Then, if protection is proved to be indefensible in principle, and injurious to a nation, and the duty under debate is shown to be one of protection, the argument is ended. There is no other conclusion possible for the economist, or any rational man, but that the protected trade, if it cannot sustain itself by its own unaided efforts, ought to die. The manner of its death belongs to the province of the statesman. It is for him to consider the magnitude of the interest involved in the protected trade, the number of people engaged in it, their prospects of support from other employments when the old business ceases, and other points of the same kind, and then to decide on the method to be pursued in abolishing the protection. But, on the other hand, it is a solemn duty which he owes to the country he governs to accept the judgment of economical science, and to deal avowedly with protective duties as things which have been condemned and must cease.

It is very obvious that a false issue is raised, when the cotton-spinners of France exhibit tokens of the diminution of their business under competition with the Lancashire mills. The issue they insinuate is, that if the French cotton trade suffers, the treaty with England is clearly bad, and ought to be put an end to by the Government of France. This is in no way the question to be tried. The true issue is this:—Whether the duties on the importation of cotton goods into France are protective duties, charged on foreign and not charged on French-made cottons; and then, if that point is established, the decay of the French cotton trade must be regarded as inevitable from the nature of the case, and as furnishing one proof more that a cotton trade ought not to exist in France. It is most unwise for any political economist to accept any other issue. He has nothing whatever to do with the inquiry, whether the French Treaty is injurious to the ribbon trade at Coventry and to the cotton trade in France. The figures which attest the decay of these industries do not concern him at all, except as proving that the duties removed were protective duties; and when that point is made good, his mission is over; he has nothing else to do but to declare that the repeal of these duties is an excellent thing for England and France, even if ultimately no more ribbons were made in England and no more cottons in France.

On the other hand, experience has revealed a fact, which may mitigate the natural hesitation of a statesman to make changes in legislation which may injuriously affect important numbers of the population. Protection is now known to breed carelessness and inefficiency. Protective traders rely on the monopoly given them by the law; they are apathetic about improvement; they feel but a slight call to vigorous exertion, and settle down in mediocrity.



Then they clamour about destruction, when the danger shows itself of the prop they lean on being removed; but often the destruction never comes. Competition without shelter braces their muscles, and arouses their energies; the natural reluctance of man to die develops forces that had never been thought of; vigour succeeds to apathy, improved processes render labour more efficient; and the final result is a large increase of prosperity from causes which seemed only to threaten ruin. The grand discovery is thus acquired that the protective duty was not needed, that the trade had a genuine vitality of its own, capable of contending successfully with every rival. Thus it happened with the farming trade of England after the repeal of the Corn Laws. The whole agricultural hierarchy, with few exceptions, landlord, farmer, and labourer, believed that the wheat lands of England would go out of cultivation, and the land cultivators of every class be reduced to destitution. Parliament was not deterred by this alarm; it persevered with the abolition of the duties on foreign corn; it accepted the issue, that, if so it must be, wheat should be no longer grown in England. And what has been the final result? An improvement in the efficiency and productiveness of agriculture unparalleled in the kingdom, a growth of wheat per acre unknown to former ages, a rise of rents for the landlord, and better wages for the peasant. Thus it has been found that agriculture in England needed no protection for securing its existence—that the Corn Laws had been a clog on its improvement—that the keen air of competition has generated energy and success; and that the agricultural population of the nation enjoys a confidence in the soundness and permanence of their business which was never felt by their predecessors.

A fourth allegation brought against free trade contends that by it capital and labour are deprived of employment, being supplanted by the capital and labour of the foreigner. In replying to this charge we must again distinguish between what I call the transitory state of capitalists and labourers—who had worked under protection, and are now transferring themselves to new occupations—and the origination of free trade at the outset, before any protective duties have been enacted. Now it is undoubtedly true that both the capitalists and labourers of a protected trade cannot generally escape suffering in passing from one condition to another. The capitalist may lose much on the sale or breaking up of his machinery, and many an artisan may never acquire sufficient skill in a new trade to earn his old wages, or even to maintain himself. This fact must be freely granted, for it is true. But it is a fact which, as I have already explained, must be dealt with by the statesman. It varies with every individual case of protection, sometimes involving a large number of people, and sometimes mixed up with great political con-



siderations. It lies outside of the province of political economy. But the general assertion that the repeal of protection necessarily diminishes employment for capital and labour is certainly not true. Our analysis has shown that the Englishman who buys the French ribbon is compelled to send to France the produce of ten hours of English labour. The Coventry workman—for in the general argument we must omit the transitory state, and make the assumption that the labourers transfer themselves at once to new trades—the Coventry workman, I say, is now employed for ten hours in manufacturing the goods with which the French ribbon is bought. The result for England is the same as before—a ribbon; but it took twelve hours to make it under protection, and it is now finished, that is, its equivalent in goods, in ten. The Coventry man gains two hours, which he may devote to rest, if he pleases, without loss. The repeal of protection, so far, has done him no harm; it has earned for him the same result—a ribbon, or a ribbon's worth, and recreation for two hours. But in actual life this relief from work is not taken. The artisan works the twelve hours a day as before; but, as I have already explained, the fruit of his two additional hours' toil is pure gain, to be divided between him and the capitalist.

But here exactly, I shall be told, is the very pinch of the question. The workman will have no motive for working during those two hours he has gained. The buyer of the ribbon wanted one only; he will give nothing for a second, for he will have no use for it. Those who speak thus misconceive the process by which wealth is created and distributed by trade. A man works and produces because he can get other things in exchange for those he makes. If every labourer in the country had two more clear hours to work in, a multitude of additional articles would be created, and they would all find a sale. Why? Because every one of us would use and consume an endless quantity of additional commodities beyond those we now enjoy, if only we had the means of buying them; and those means would be furnished by the additional articles we ourselves produced in the two hours supposed. A farmer would buy more furniture if the upholsterer would buy more mutton, and the upholsterer would consume more mutton, would live more generously, if the farmer would purchase more chairs and tables. Trade is merely an exchange of goods; and it is practically unlimited, if there are more goods on both sides to be exchanged. And what is true of the labourer is equally true of the capitalist. They are both joint performers of the same operation. The limit to the employment of capital consists in the physical difficulty of obtaining returns for its use. Capital may be applied to a field in such quantity that at last the field yields no return for it that can compensate for saving



up capital; but the world has many ages before it yet ere capital encounters the insuperable limit to its further accumulation. The vast productiveness which steam has bestowed on capital has not resulted in a generation of wealth for which there is no demand, which cannot be sold. The precise reverse of this has occurred. Clothing, furniture, food, numberless contrivances and comforts, have been poured into the shops in unbounded profusion, and have all found buyers, and have filled men's houses with an enlarged abundance of those commodities which are denominated wealth. The effect of free trade is to render labour and capital more productive, by applying them to those employments in each locality which yield the largest returns in the same time; consequently, there is more to exchange; and every one is richer, because each one having produced more goods himself, has increased means for obtaining from others those articles which he desires to consume. A larger stock of articles produced necessarily implies augmented trade.

Another obstacle has been opposed to free trade in America in the form of the doctrine, that it is impolitic to impose duties on the importation of raw materials, whilst no objection ought to be urged against protective duties in respect of articles of complicated manufacture. We need not tarry long in answering this objection. It does not contain one syllable of justification for protection. It abandons it altogether in the case of raw materials, as hopelessly indefensible; whilst it does not advance a word of argument in support of protective charges on manufactured articles. It is a feeble attempt to save half of the protective duties by throwing the remainder overboard.

We reach, lastly, one of the most favourite defences employed by the advocates of protection. "England is a heavily taxed country. Her industry is weighed down by the burdens imposed on it by the Government. All her people are forced to incur heavy additional expense through the taxes laid on the food of the labourer, or the profits of business, or in numberless other ways: how then can it be expected that her manufacturers and her traders should be able to compete on even terms with the lightly-taxed foreigner? How is a trade to maintain itself in an open struggle if it is loaded with such disadvantages? Fair play, a fair start all round, can be obtained only by balancing the advantage of the foreigner in the match, by imposing on his goods a duty which will be equal to what the Englishman is estimated to have paid to the tax-gatherer." There is a sound of fairness in this statement, but it is sound only, without substance. It assumes the very point that free trade denies. It takes for granted that the particular trade which is unfavourably situated must be made to live in England: whilst free trade makes the

counter assertion, and declares that it ought to cease. Hence this appeal to taxation is no reply to the argument for free trade: it starts with the hypothesis that free trade is a mistake. If it is pre-determined beforehand that the ribbon trade must be continued on at Coventry, then, doubtless, a case is made out in favour of a duty on French ribbons; otherwise, they might destroy that which it has been settled shall live. But free trade denies the necessity for the continuance of the ribbon manufacture at Coventry: and till that necessity is shown, this appeal to the heavier burden of English taxation is stripped of all force as an argument in the issue between free trade and protection. But besides this fatal flaw of begging the question, the argument built on taxation is shipwrecked on the law with which we are now familiar—that no one can buy without selling. The Frenchman will accept from a Birmingham buyer a chisel worth half-a-crown for his ribbon: the Coventry workman requires a packet of nails in addition to the chisel. The question then becomes, whether it is for the interest of the nation that the Birmingham iron-master should be forced to buy of the Coventry ribbon manufacturer at the extra cost of a packet of nails. All the English goods—the ribbon, the chisel, and the nails—are produced under the same weight of taxation. Taxation affects all equally. By purchasing of the Frenchman, the Birmingham buyer obtains the same article as from the Coventry man—a ribbon—in exchange for a chisel. He, that is, England of which he is the representative in this discussion, saves the extra packet of nails which must have been given for the Coventry ribbon. England is the richer by the value of the nails: and this holds true, whether all the articles are manufactured under much or little taxation. The question to be decided must always be, whether it is good policy to compel the purchase of the ribbon from the Coventry maker with a chisel and nails manufactured under taxation, or to buy it from the French with a chisel only, equally born under the load of taxation. When the issue is thus stated, it becomes manifest immediately that the amount of English taxation can have no part in the decision. The consideration of what the manufacturer has to pay for taxes has no importance or force except upon one hypothesis—that a previous decree has been passed that the trade under discussion must be kept alive within the country, whether by its own self-supporting energy or at the expense of the public through the instrumentality of protection. There are, indeed, some special trades which are entitled to such a decree. No one would consent, if ships of war could be constructed more cheaply in foreign countries, to render the existence of our navy dependent on purchases made from foreigners. But such trades are extreme, and altogether exceptional cases; and they



are governed by motives totally distinct from mere considerations of commercial profit. A strong attempt was made during the contest on the repeal of the Corn Laws to defend agricultural protection on the ground of the extreme importance of not suffering the nation to be dependent on foreigners for food: but it could not live through the debate. I will not say that if it had been possible to supply the population of these islands with home-grown food the argument might not have been successful in delaying, at least, the advent of free trade: but it was seen to be manifestly impossible. England must have sunk to a third-rate State if she had fallen under the doom of feeding herself. And what is the feeling now, when, for a considerable portion of the year, her people would perish of famine if foreign supplies failed to arrive in her ports? At no former period of her history, probably, have the people of England felt such confidence in the unfailing supply of abundant food. The fields of the foreigner are felt to be her own as truly as those which are spread over her counties. She commands the agricultural energy of the whole world; and free trade is the guarantee of her safety.

And now, what shall we say of the language which speaks of foreigners as rivals or competitors whose success is our loss, as enemies to be fought, for the good of the whole country, with every resource of legislation? It is a new aspect of trade, certainly: it has an unnatural and unreal look; for trade was wont to be described as a friendly and social act. Can it be that a sentiment so new is an emanation from the intellect and the heart of the whole people? These modern days are fertile in new discoveries: has the intelligence of the country been enlightened with the revelation that the Englishman who buys silks of a Frenchman commits an act of hostility against his fellow-countrymen? Is it not plain, rather, that these ideas issue from the lips of interested traders—of men who manufacture the same goods as those bought from the foreigner, and for whom, no doubt, so far as they are makers of these wares, the foreigner is a real and possibly destructive rival? There is a real and undeniable hostility in this matter—the hostility of the protected workmen against the whole people of England. They know that, in an open market the goods of the foreigner will be bought, and not theirs: and their object is to compel their fellow-countrymen to support them by giving them an extra price for their merchandise. It is a natural feeling; and let us not be angry with these men. Who is there that can bear easily to see a flourishing business irrevocably decaying away, and himself obliged to exchange assured support and comfort for a livelihood which may be most precarious? It is our duty to feel sympathy for their suffering; but the law of human life and national association forbids that a class of men should be permanently

supported at the expense of the community. What is given to them is taken from others who can ill afford the gift. If once the principle were established that in any form whatever, even as carrying on large industry which employs numerous workmen, any portion of the population has a right to be maintained at the public cost, how is it possible to stop short of communism? Protection is only a contribution in disguise from the public to the support of some particular persons.

I have already shown that, waiving the inconvenience inseparable from a change of employment, free trade cannot and does not diminish the demand for labour and capital. On the contrary, it necessarily increases that demand. Free trade creates more trade; it gives more employment to capital and labour, because it augments wealth, and provides more remuneration for both. The source of this enlargement of trade lies in the improved productiveness which it generates. The labourer, upon our supposed case, obtains the profit of two hours' work at no additional cost to himself or his employer. In ten hours he procures the ribbon which formerly cost him twelve; and that ribbon provided him with food and clothing. What he makes in the two remaining hours is so much clear gain, deducting cost of raw material. In the same manner and upon the same principle the capitalist earns an increased return for his outlay. A portion of the profit of the two hours gained by free trade falls to the share of the capitalist; for wages and profit are only two dividers of a common fund, of the product created by the application of labour and capital to the generation of wealth. The fund to be divided at the termination of the labour is necessarily smaller under protection than it is under free trade; for the goods of the foreigner are bought because they are cheaper; that is, because the foreigner obtains from his labour more results than the domestic maker, and consequently can afford to give more of them in exchange for the products of England. Protection perversely compels capital and labour to devote themselves to employments which yield inferior remuneration; toil and capital are wasted; for the cost of maintaining both for twelve hours must be incurred, whilst the fruits of ten hours' expenditure would obtain the identical commodity from the foreigner. And we can perceive further how it comes to pass that free trade increases trade; for more wealth produced necessarily furnishes more wealth to be exchanged. There must be a larger business under free trade than under protection, because, in the same time, and without more capital and labour, there is more merchandise produced; and trade is nothing but an exchange of merchandise.

II. I have now reached the second part of my subject—Recipro-



city. We feel ourselves at once plunged into a new atmosphere; we encounter immediately vagueness, loose thinking and loose talking. The issue between free trade and protection was most sharp and defined; it was precise and intelligible; there could be no dispute as to the problem which presented itself for decision. You must load the foreigner with duties which will prevent him from selling at lower prices than ours, cry the protectionists, or you must be content to see large portions of the population driven to the workhouse. Nothing can be clearer than such language. But when we turn to reciprocity, it is impossible to discern a clear and positive issue. Its advocates complain that the French Treaty has disappointed their hopes. They expected prosperity, and they encounter depression. They imagined that every one was to gain, and no one to lose by the provisions of the international treaty, and the complaint is loud that it has inflicted serious injury on important national industries. But then no one states in precise terms the remedy which they desire; nor is it easy to make such a statement. The natural course would seem to be to urge the French to reduce their duties on English goods to a yet lower scale; but then that would not gratify the secret wish that lies deep in the hearts of these enemies of the treaty. Their real desire is not to have the French duties made lower yet on English goods, but to raise up the English tariff back again to its old height. Hence there is great confusion in the language employed to effect this purpose. The agitators against the treaty are protectionists and free traders in the same breath. They dare not venture, in the actual state of the public opinion of England, to hoist fairly the flag of protection; so a certain flavour of free trade hangs upon their speeches; but, on the other hand, they declaim against unequal remission of charges on the part of the French, and they back the accusation up with an array of statistics in proof of unequal trade. The position is radically false. The parties who join in the cry have separate and adverse interests. The ribbon-maker of Coventry seeks to regain the protection of which the treaty stripped him; but he is indifferent to other English goods obtaining an easier entry into France. The cotton-spinner of Manchester pants for a diminution of the burdens put upon him by the French custom-house; but he finds no compensation in French cottons being expelled from the English market. The ribbon-maker is thus a protectionist on English soil, and the cotton-spinner a free trader on French ground; and it is not possible for them to join together in one consistent and harmonious policy. Their music is manifestly in discord; a distinct statement of their joint agreement is to be found nowhere. It becomes therefore necessary for us, in



the first place, to open a path through the jungle; we must endeavour to ascertain the real elements involved in reciprocity, and to give a definite shape to the issues it involves.

Reciprocity, in a general sense, demands that the foreigner should be required to make on his side a reduction of his customs tariff that shall correspond with the relaxation granted on ours; and its contention is that, otherwise, more is lost than gained for us if our action is either single or imperfectly balanced by the advantages acquired from the foreigner. To estimate the value of this plea, it is necessary to distinguish clearly between the two kinds of duties which fall under this discussion. One class is composed of protective, the other of financial duties. The first have for their object the exclusion of foreign competition from the home market; the second are imposed for the sake of obtaining revenue for the exchequer. Their actions, therefore, are altogether diverse and antagonistic; and the discussion of them rests on different principles. With respect to the first class—those duties which aim at protection—the argument must assert that an English protective duty ought not to be repealed unless an equal repeal is made on the side of the foreigner, either of a protective or of a financial duty. Such a claim manifestly can be put forward only in the name of the good of the whole nation; for the Coventry ribbon-maker's object, the preservation of his trade against the inroad of the cheaper goods of France, cannot be attained by France lowering her tariff on English cottons. That Manchester sells more cotton yarns in France will not keep the silk trade alive at Coventry. The question, then, ultimately takes this form: Is it for the interest of England, or of English trade generally, to postpone the repeal of the English protective laws till the Frenchman is ready to meet the move with a corresponding reduction of the French prohibitory or protective tariff? To this question the answer is easy and decisive. Free trade is right for its own sake, for the sake of the nation that practises it, independently of all regard for what the foreigner may or may not do. Protection is bad in itself—bad for the country which embodies it in its statutes, harmful and impoverishing for the nation which forbids its people to buy in the cheapest market. Each protective duty is a mischievous and injurious thing, injurious to England, and calling for abolition out of pure regard to English interests. On what possible ground can it be pretended that the removal of a disease which is preying upon and damaging English trade should be made to depend on what Frenchmen may do within their own territory? The notion evidently is, that in surrendering a protective duty we are making a sacrifice to the foreigner—that we are giving up something which we might have kept. We have seen that this is a complete mistake.



There is a sacrifice in a protective tariff, but not in its repeal, but in its retention—the sacrifice of the good of the people of England to the personal advantage of a few, the injury done to English trade and the growth of the national wealth. In establishing free trade, in allowing Englishmen to buy the foreigner's goods freely, to do him a service is in no sense whatever the motive of the act. He will profit by it, because there will be an increase of trade between him and us; but the object which prompts the abolition of the duties is to do good to England—to relieve her of a legislation which works her commercial harm.

On the other hand, it is perfectly true that a second benefit is gained if the Frenchman repeals his protection tariff at the same time that England extinguishes hers. Free trade benefits the foreigner first by the profit which he makes on the sale of his goods to England; secondly, and much more, by the expansion of trade created by the additional wealth produced through the increased productiveness of labour and capital; and, *vice versa*, England receives a similar advantage, if the Frenchman, on his side, sweeps away all restrictions on the free importation of English goods into France. But the essential point to notice is that the second benefit is not the condition of the first, in such a way that the first cannot be reaped unless it is accompanied by the second. If France chooses to retain protection, it is France that suffers; all that England loses is the loss of a profit which might have been gained had France possessed more intelligence, and not chosen to inflict needless injury on herself. But the conduct of France, which does not permit England to reap this possible profit of increased trade, is no reason why England should not rid herself of her own suffering, of the evil which protective legislation inflicts on her own prosperity. If it pleases France to rear up a large cotton trade at Rouen and elsewhere, to her own loss and the enrichment of her cotton manufacturers, so much the worse for her; that is her own affair. But why, I ask, should England on that account force her people to buy wine or silks, or any other goods made in England, if they can be procured from the foreigner with a smaller portion of her own wealth? There is no connection between the two facts; the conclusion is not contained in the premises. If England knows what her own interest requires, she will never think of reciprocity when a protective duty comes under debate. She will clear away the incubus which weighs on her own industry, whatever course the foreigner may choose to adopt. If he in turn repeals protection, these two enormous gains will have been realised. If, on the contrary, the foreign nation prefers to sacrifice the welfare of its people to the benefit of a few, then one gain only will be secured: but it will be an unalloyed gain itself.

though unattended by the second benefit, which ought to have been its fellow.

We have thus acquired the conclusion, that the demand for reciprocity is unfounded and irrational when it assumes the form of declaring that a protective duty ought not to be repealed, unless the foreign country which, it is supposed, would be benefited by the repeal, consents in turn to abolish protective or any other duties on its own side. When applied to the French Treaty, this truth furnishes us with the principle that the trades whose protection was extinguished in 1860 have not a shadow of title in reason to require that it shall be restored now, because France has not sufficiently reduced her duties on English cottons, or does not buy enough of English goods. But the question becomes radically different when duties not protective but financial come under discussion. The motives which regulate the imposition of taxes for purposes of revenue are extremely complex and variable. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who either imposes or remits taxes must unavoidably be swayed by many diverse and often conflicting considerations. It may easily happen, therefore, that in a deliberation which must frequently be perplexed, the possible effects which may be produced in foreign countries by the remission of a particular tax may assume great importance. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who has taxes to remit is brought face to face with two sets of motives of very opposite kinds. He has to weigh the inconveniences which belong to each separate tax, and farther he must take into account, besides the removal of these inconveniences, the collateral benefits which the abolition of a particular tax may bring. He may be justified in selecting for remission of two taxes that one which is perhaps less directly noxious than the other, but which may stand in the way of the acquisition of a great gain from an independent source. It would be open in principle and reason to the minister to apply his surplus to the abolition of one tax rather than of another, if thereby he can persuade a foreign country to reduce a tariff which impeded and injured English trade. Here the doctrine of reciprocity has a perfectly legitimate application. No economical principle forbids the deed. But then this is not the real meaning of those who now clamour for reciprocity. Their accusation against the French Treaty is not that England would have reaped greater advantage from repealing other taxes rather than the duties on French wines: but that other duties, which protected English industries, were abandoned, whilst France still excluded British products from French markets. So far as England abolished protection, she acted wisely for her own interest; but so far as she lowered the revenue duties on French wines in the expectation that France, as a part of the bargain,



would reduce the duties on English goods, the charge of Mr. Gladstone having been outwitted, and of having failed to receive the stipulated consideration, is fair in nature, and ought to be brought to the test of proof. But I do not find that the accusation is ever framed in this form. I discover nowhere complaints against the reduction of the duties on French wines. "England has given up her protection," exclaim distressed English traders, "and lets in the Frenchmen into her markets at home to compete with English manufacturers: but France bars the entrance into France of English rivals, and the bargain is unequal." Such language is condemned by science and by the analysis of the laws of trade. No clamour can demonstrate that there is aught but folly in the demand that England should punish herself with protection for the mere pleasure of spiting France. The distress suffered by the institution of free trade is the melancholy penalty which has been incurred by the erroneous policy adopted in the past. These protected industries never should have been allowed to lift up their heads and commit so many persons to their fortunes. Their extinction, nevertheless, is demanded by justice, justice to the people of England, and the soundest appreciation of the national welfare. The labourers who were supported by such trades must betake themselves to other employment; they will lose less than they fear by the change, and their children will unquestionably be great gainers.

But though international treaties founded on reciprocity, when limited to the regulation of duties levied solely for purposes of revenue, are free from any objection on the score of scientific principle, it may be permitted to question their policy. At the best, they are only contrivances for combating the prejudices and the ignorance of foreign countries. They are devices for entrapping others into performing, under the delusion of a profitable gain, what they should do because it is right and beneficial. They aim at overcoming by a side-wind false notions about trade which prevail in foreign lands; but, on that very account, they have a manifest tendency to perpetuate the error. So long as foreign governments look out for equivalents before they consent to reduce duties, so long will they be disinclined to study the nature of free trade and protection. There is an appearance of gain, of advantages won by diplomatic art, of benefit extorted from foreigners, which turns the mind of statesmen away from the consideration of science and economical principle. It is the easier and, in the long run, the more successful course to preach the truth by reasoning and by example.

BONAMY PRICE.



## ON THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY BY PAGANISM

IN THE LAST AGE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

**T**HE Roman Empire, although more than a thousand years have elapsed since its fall, has left indelible traces on all the institutions of the subject countries. As we have recourse to the code of Justinian and the rule of the Cæsars in order to explain the laws and government of Southern Europe ; so, to account for its religious usages, we must go back to the ancient classics and the traditions of Olympus. The system from which most Teutonic races revolted in the sixteenth century, is a compromise between primitive Christianity and the older faiths which it is falsely imagined to have supplanted.

If the English Church is founded on the reconciliation of two adverse systems of religion, each of which finds its appropriate expression in our formularies, the same is no less true of the Churches of Rome and Greece. The Christian and heathen elements are quite as distinguishable to this day in those unreformed Churches, as are the Protestant and Catholic ones in what has been sneeringly called "the Elizabethan compromise." We must not be misled by the retention of venerable creeds, the name Catholic, and the episcopal succession. Great part of Christendom has never been generally converted to anything like the religion revealed in the New Testament. A minority of the inhabitants of the empire really



embraced the Gospel, and were nominally joined by the rest of their fellow-subjects after Christianity became the religion of the sovereign. The united body, though still called by the old names, was as different from what it had been before as the mixed population of Samaria, after the Assyrian conquest, from the Israelites of pure descent who had studied in the schools of the prophets. As the great river of America, after its junction with the muddy current of a longer and larger stream, preserves the name it bore when its waters were still clear, so we still read of Catholic Churches of the East and West, though their whole nature had been altered by the irruption of half-converted Greeks, Asiatics, and Romans, since Constantine, himself a half-convert, first made the Christian profession safe and respectable. Heathenism, avowed in its own person, long, it is true, lingered not only in the rural solitudes, whence it derived the name pagan, but in the principal cities too. So late as in the time of St. Chrysostom the city where the disciples were first called Christians contained quite as many believers in Jupiter as in Christ. At length, however, the triumph of the cross, or, to speak more accurately, the amalgamation of the two religions, was complete. The temples were closed by the government, and the stream of worshippers diverted into the Churches, but they brought in most of their superstitions with them; and though the names of the ancient poetic mythology were no longer heard, a new collection of similar legendary lore soon gathered round the most revered personages of Christianity.

These convictions have often struck attentive observers of the popular religion on the shores of the Mediterranean. For where the peculiar civilization of the Roman world was most firmly seated the vestiges of its religion are naturally most conspicuous. The authors of "the Silver Age" afford valuable hints for working out the same train of thought. Neglected by students of classical elegance, they are of no small interest to the theologian; since they offer a lively picture of the latest form of heathenism, just before it merged in corrupt Christianity, and so enable us to perceive how the conquered religion, like ancient Greece, has enslaved its conqueror. At the present time, when Rome is pressing her claims upon us so imperiously, and when even the semi-barbarous East has its partisans, this historical argument seems peculiarly seasonable.

It is a duty we owe to common sense to bring theory and emotion to the test of fact, and to investigate the origin of the vast organizations which confront us before, like so much inanimate matter, we yield to the mere attraction of their bulk, and rush blindly into union with we know not what. Nor should we permit our judgment to be so warped by discontent at our domestic troubles as to accept *en masse*

whatever foreigners offer. Should the Anglican Church be fallible or fallen, it by no means follows that the Roman is any surer guide.

That a vast revolution actually took place in very many of the doctrines, and in all the external usages of the Church, between the age of Constantine and that of Justinian, is a simple matter of history. The truth is too patent to be denied, account for it how we will. With this gradual change in the religion of the empire may be compared a similar one in that of the republic. The Romans, it is said, had no images of their gods for the first hundred and seventy years, and when, four hundred years later, the books of Numa, their lawgiver, were brought to light, the authorities found them so subversive of the then established idolatry, that they ordered them to be burned. So the Bible is suppressed in Romish countries now.

The worship of the early Christians, as described by Justin Martyr and other primitive fathers, was of the same spiritual character as that indicated in the New Testament. It was directed only to God; and, when we say God, we include God the Son, according to the testimony of Justin, and even of the heathen Pliny. The monuments of this period, preserved in the catacombs of Rome, bear no reference to the Virgin or the saints, or a purgatory after death. Rest and peace in Christ are the prevailing idea; the palm branch, the plain cross, or monogram the usual symbols. Dark, mysterious rites, strange cabalistic names and invocations, worshipping of angels, and other superstitions, partly of Jewish, partly of oriental origin, were by no means unknown; but they were confined to the Gnostic heretics, who also appear to have had some notion of a purgatory so early as in the time of St. Augustine.\* Tertullian contrasts the cheerful churches of the Orthodox, open on all sides, and lightsome like a dovecot on its eminence—"Domus columbæ nostræ" (alluding to the Holy Spirit), with the dim crypts where the sectaries celebrated their secret ceremonies.† On the other hand, the pompous rites of the heathen are a never-failing topic for the eloquent invective of Christian apologists. Images especially; their makers and worshippers are all included in the severest condemnation. Nor is this censure limited to images of the false gods, for we are repeatedly assured that the true Divinity could have no other image of himself than man created after his likeness.

But let us pass over a few centuries, and we find images first tolerated as ornaments of the Church in the time of Chrysostom; then approved as books for the instruction of the ignorant, as by Gregory the Great in the sixth century, and in the seventh century grown into the universal objects of popular devotion; a practice

\* De Hæresibus.

† Adv. Valent. 2.



defended by the popes, and by the last Greek father, John of Damascus, and finally established as the rule both of East and West at the second council of Nicæa, held in 786. The Blessed Virgin had been long before drawn from her previous seclusion, and presented to the world as the most influential personage in the heavenly court. Angels and saints shared her popularity. Relics had become articles of commerce, and objects of childish superstition. Prodigies of the most absurd description were believed without hesitation, while asceticism was carried to such a pitch that fanatics practised every kind of self-torture, and fed on grass, living naked in the open air, like the Faquirs of India.\* We are indebted for this comparison to Tertullian, who assures us that such extravagances were confined to the heathen in his time, the second century, and ranks it among the merits of the Christians that they gave them no encouragement. "We are not," he says, "unsocial, like Brahmins and Indian Gymnosophists, who live in the woods, exiles from the life of society, for we have learned that gratitude to the Creator requires us to repudiate no fruit of his works."† As Tertullian was by nature inclined to austere views, his words are the more remarkable. They may be advantageously compared with the 21st chapter of the first Book of Evagrius, a writer of the sixth century, where he celebrates the excellent and divine life of the hermits of Palestine, who "so galled themselves as to seem tombless corpses, their outward form being assimilated to wild beasts, and their mind in a state no longer fitted for intercourse with mankind." The public opinion of the religious world must have been strangely altered when such maniacs as the historian describes were regarded as examples of triumphant virtue subduing nature.

Now what was the source of all these momentous changes, or as Roman Catholics consider them improvements, in the faith once delivered to the saints, and the rule of godly life? Were they contemplated from the beginning by the Founder of the Church, and revealed by Him to his first disciples, who handed down the tradition so secretly that for several centuries not a hint of it is dropped? Did they grow out of the original religion by natural development, as a plant unfolds its fresh branches? A parasite killing the tree it grows on would be a fitter simile. Or had the Church corporate, or the Roman Court as its head and mouthpiece, received authority from Christ to add to his religion new supplemental revelations from time to time, suggested by a permanent inspiration residing in some living authority? If we reject these theories, and they are no better than theories incapable of proof, opposed to Scripture and common sense, and inconsistent, too, with history, which shows us the various superstitions rising to notice, first, as half tolerated

\* *βασκoi*, Sozomen vi. 33.

† *Apol.* 42.

popular practices, not as promulgated by any ecclesiastical authority, —if, I say, we reject these fanciful suppositions, we are bound to offer some more reasonable explanation.

The one which seems most probable is that which ascribes the change in Christianity to its gradual fusion with the paganism of the empire. We shall first consider some of the circumstances which prepared the way for the amalgamation of the two religions, and then select a few out of innumerable examples to illustrate the manner in which heathen ideas and usages were adopted, and still maintain their ground in the unreformed Churches.

The revolution of which we are speaking had, like most others, various predisposing causes, which long wrought in silence before their effect became visible. Three are enough to mention: the irresistible tendency of the age towards superstition; the familiar intercourse between the heathen populace and the lower order of Christians; and, lastly, the credulity and false philosophy of most of the learned Christian divines, and their well-meant, but mistaken, policy in dealing with corruptions introduced by the ignorant. The condition of the Roman world from the very beginning of Christianity was extremely unpropitious to the preservation of its purity, and as the ancient civilization declined, through misgovernment and social disorganization, it became increasingly difficult for the Church to struggle against the mischievous influences that beset her on every side. It has been remarked that there is no cause or institution that is not obliged to accommodate itself to the characteristics of its epoch, and to avail itself for its own purposes of the tendencies of the society in which it has to live. Now the chief characteristic of the period from the Antonines to the fall of the empire, was unquestionably a very low morality, having little regard to truth or honesty, and the tendency of its society was, on the whole, to gross superstition. Ghosts and genii peopled the imagination of the suffering subjects of Rome. Tales of witchcraft, magic, marvellous transformations, prodigies, and apparitions, fill the literature of the period, and even respectable historians regularly chronicle the omens and wonders with which each reign began and ended, while pious frauds and false miracles were of frequent occurrence. A critical or inquiring spirit or a love of truth is rarely discernible in the writings of the most learned authors. The poorer class would of course be still more given to idolatry and superstition, and it was among them that the lower order of converts were obliged to live. There was far more intercourse between the professors of the two religions than is generally supposed, and the warnings against too close association with heathens and imitation of their customs which we so often find in the fathers, show how much believers and unbelievers must have



been thrown together, especially during the intervals of persecution. The Emperor Hadrian, a curious observer of religious novelties, draws a striking picture of the population of Alexandria in his day, and the strange confusion of creeds and customs in that great manufacturing and trading city. He represents the inhabitants as carried away with every wind of doctrine.\* "Those who worship Serapis are Christians, and those who call themselves Christ's bishops are devotees of Serapis; people are Jews, Samaritans, soothsayers, presbyters by turns. They were very busy and industrious, but the only God they worshipped was no God. Him Jews, Christians, and Gentiles all venerate." There must have been doubtless some foundation for this caricature, since the Fathers often complain of such unsteady professors, and Lucian, in his account of the philosopher Peregrinus, gives us a lively representation of a false brother, who for a time imposed on the simplicity of the faithful. But the credulity and degenerate philosophy of the fathers themselves rendered them very imperfect guardians of the purity of the Gospel. These were faults of the age rather than of the men, but they were not on that account the less but rather the more mischievous. Every concession they made to popular superstition was so much ground lost for ever, while their feeble protests and cautions were treated with indifference and soon forgotten. Their credulity betrays itself in a proneness to rely on spurious authorities like the Sibylline books, &c., and to believe every strange story that seemed to favour religion or to be honourable to the Church. Chrysostom, indeed, confessed that miracles had ceased, and assigned reasons for their discontinuance;† but the majority of the fathers lived in an atmosphere of prodigies. Men of great natural good sense, the master minds of their age, are among the worst offenders in this respect. As for example, Athanasius in his "Life of Antony," and Gregory the Great in his dialogues. In fact, the world was fast sinking into a sort of intellectual twilight, in which events were seen not as they really are, but as magnified and distorted by the passions and prejudices of the observer. Moreover, the Christian divines, in their very writings against the philosophers, show themselves deeply imbued with the spirit of Platonism, a philosophy of most superstitious tendency. Doubtless great part of their success in propagating the Gospel was due to their perfect accordance with the taste and temper of their times and country. Unlike our modern missionaries, they were educated in the same school of thought with the people whom they sought to convince, and could reason with them on their own ground. Still philosophy, and especially the debased philosophy of the later empire, was no true yoke-fellow with the

\* Vopiscus Vit. Saturnini.      † iii. 65, Ed. Ben.

simplicity of the Gospel. As early as the Apostolic age, affected singularity in worship, devotion to angels, and curious speculations about genii and their pedigrees, a fondness for fabulous stories and ascetic counsels of perfection, all symptoms of Gentile philosophy, are mentioned by St. Paul as already infecting Christian societies. The semi-Christian bodies, called Gnostics, first allowed their fancy to run riot among these follies, but they never wanted partizans even within the Church. Treatises on the celestial hierarchy and on fasting and celibacy, and rules for austere living, falsely attributed to Apostles and apostolic men, are popular productions of the first ages.

The fathers of the Church were at a loss how to deal with the superstitions which made their appearance from time to time, often under a show of piety and good intention, not propounded by Rome or any other authority, but among the common people, inconsiderately caught up, as it were, from the paganism with which the very air seemed charged.

Origen and Jerome devoted great learning, and greater industry, to the interpretation of Scripture, and brought to their task a more enlightened critical spirit than is usual in our own day in the Church of England. But the subtle philosophic tastes of Origen induced him to countenance various errors, especially the extravagant employment of allegory, after the example of the later Platonists. Jerome, on the other hand, with characteristic impetuosity, urged the Church forward in the dangerous courses of monastic asceticism and veneration of relics.

Augustine reckons the worshippers of images and pictures (for there were some such already among Christians) with drunkards and other scandalous offenders;\* but then he palliates the superstitious practices at martyrs' tombs, and by his irresolution on the subject of purgatory had considerable share in importing that doctrine from his early Manichean teachers.

Chrysostom is a sensible expositor; but he, too, was carried away by the fashion of the day, and abuses his eloquence to justify a young friend, who broke his parents' heart, and brought on himself epileptic fits, by running away from home and giving himself up to self-torture in a monastery.† The sober-minded presbyter Vigilantius alone‡ perceived that such popular fanaticisms must, like drunkenness, be encountered by total abstinence, instead of being treated with mild excuses, concessions, and gentle cautions against excess.§

\* De Mor. Eccl. Cath.

† Stagirus.

‡ Perhaps I should add Jovinian, another opponent of St. Jerome.

§ Compare the tenderness of Protestant divines towards the vagaries of Revivalists, &c.



Some apology is required for dwelling so long on the dark side of the patristic teaching. The writings of the Greek and Latin fathers have a peculiar charm for those who have sufficient learning and perseverance to attempt their study. It is not the less to be regretted that, occupied as they mostly were with controversies on the abstruse topics of the Trinity and Incarnation, grace and free will, and the origin of evil, they were not at liberty to pay more attention to the superstitions of the vulgar, but, beguiled by the appearance of good intention, and laudably anxious to facilitate the conversion of the heathen, permitted these novel practices to grow, first into tolerated customs, and then into established traditions. The enemies of the Catholics kept a sharper look-out for their short-comings, and were the first to call attention to the silent revolution which was going on. Thus Faustus the Manichean objected that the Christians of the Church were turning the martyrs into idols, whom they worshipped with vows like the pagans, and appeased the shades with vows and meats. To which attack, St. Augustine has no better answer to make than to taunt the heretics with their own superstition about a purgatory, and to say that mere likeness to the heathen was not in itself objectionable.\* "As we have nuns," he says, "although the heathen had Vestals, so we may feast at the sepulchres of the martyrs, although the pagan custom has been to banquet near tombs." It may be thought, in the light of later events, that the good bishop's argument should have led him to an opposite inference, and that seeing one heathen custom after another, in rapid succession, adopted by professing Christians, he ought to have suspected the propriety of monastic vows, rather than have used them to justify paganized celebrations in honour of persons who had suffered for their opposition to paganism.

Meanwhile, as the two great communities drew nearer to each other, and grew better acquainted, the pagans began to imitate the Christians, as well as the Christians to borrow ideas from the heathens. Thus Hadrian built temples to the god without a name. Alexander Severus had a domestic chapel (*lararium*), wherein he offered morning prayers before images of the good princes, and of such other holy souls as Christ, Abraham, Orpheus, and Alexander the Great.† He would even, it is said, have recognised Christ among the gods of the empire, and have built a temple in his honour, but that it was feared that then everybody would become Christian and the other temples be deserted. The prayer of the priest of Isis, in Apuleius, has likewise a flavour of Christianity about it.

"Standing before the doors, he read out of a book from a high pulpit solemn prayers for the prince, the senate, the equestrian order, and the

\* Contra Faust. xx.

† Histor. August.

entire people of Rome, the ships at sea, and all the subject provinces. After which, according to Greek custom, he proclaimed in that language, *λαοις ἀφεσις*, dismissal for the people. On this the congregation shout assent (amen?) and go home."<sup>\*</sup>

Who does not recognise the prayer for all conditions of men, and the mysterious "*ite missa est*," the innocent origin of the word *mass*, so terrible to all zealous Protestants? After the proclamation of dismissal, the initiated enter the shrine of the goddess through the veil, and engage in further devotional exercises, which are but dimly hinted at. The idle attempt of Julian to reform paganism on the Christian model belongs to this same period of transition, when the rival religions were endeavouring to strengthen themselves by borrowing, each, the most attractive and popular features of the opposite system.

It is curious to observe how, during all the changes that followed up to modern times, the various countries and cities of the Roman world have preserved some traces of a local colouring and character in their several adaptations of their earlier to their later faith. Thus Ephesus and Athens have been, as one might expect, the earliest seats of that enthusiastic devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary which has replaced the worship of the virgins Pallas and Artemis. And it is to Irene, an Athenian lady, that the Eastern Church is chiefly indebted for the preservation of image worship, which might probably have been finally abolished if she had not become empress. St. George, one of the most popular saints of the East, still connects with the neighbourhood of Joppa the slaughter of a monster and the rescue of a distressed damsel, just as in the old local legend of Perseus and Andromeda. Spain, early familiarized by Phœnician colonists with the union of cruelty and devotion, has in modern times made human burnt sacrifices the essence of her most imposing religious pageant, her most joyous festival and special national "act of faith." In that country, too, the more innocent Oriental custom of sacred dances still lingers before the altars of Seville.<sup>†</sup> The initiation of Julian in the heathen mysteries at Paris, is exactly reproduced in the mediæval legend of St. Patrick's purgatory, reminding us that Gaul and Ireland were peopled by the same Celtic race. In both cases the mysteries were celebrated in caves, and fiery apparitions and terrors were succeeded by visions of comfort and brightness.<sup>‡</sup> In the neighbourhood of Arles the names of two patron saints, St. Victor and St. Martha, preserve the memory of the victory

\* *Metem.* xi.

† It is said to have been recently discontinued.

‡ The excommunications of the Druids ("*pœna gravissima*," *Cæsar*, vi. 13) are doubtless allied to the powerful curses of many Celtic saints and the altar denunciations of modern Ireland.



of Marius over the Cimbri, and of the prophetess Martha, who encouraged him; while the peasants still keep up the custom of lighting bonfires on the feast of St. Victor, just as they used to do in ancient times on the anniversary of the great battle. In Rome the union of civil and religious authority in the same magistrates, the Pontiff-King, and the "congregations," as they are called, of purple-robed cardinals, recall to our thoughts the imperial pontiffs and the dignified colleges of Flamens and Augurs of the ancient commonwealth. Indeed we can read on the pedestal of the same obelisk the names of two Pontiffes Maximi, the one a pagan prince, the other a Christian pope. The childish credulity of idle Naples—"otiosa credidit Neapolis"—continues unaltered to the present day. Witchcraft and fascination by the evil eye are universally believed in; and as incense was supposed to liquify without fire in the heathen temple, so is the congealed blood of St. Gennaro in the Christian Church. In the Eastern Church holy fish may sometimes be seen, as in the church of a monastery near Constantinople, so that the ancient "superstition of consecrating animals," as Tertullian calls it, is not even yet entirely extinct. But one of the most extraordinary accommodations of heathen ideas to corrupt Christianity is the now obsolete form of asceticism, introduced by Simon Stylites in the neighbourhood of Antioch, and very popular during the last age of the Roman Empire. We are told by Lucian,† in his interesting treatise on the Syrian goddess, that in Hierapolis, on the Euphrates, there stood a renowned temple of the Assyrian Juno, in front of which two columns, each thirty cubits high, were set up in the shape of phalli.

"Now it was the annual custom for a priest to climb to the top of one of these pillars by the aid of a cord drawn round the column and his own body, in the same manner as the gatherers of dates ascend their palm trees. And the reason of his going up is this, that most people think that from this height he converses with the gods, and asks blessings for all Syria. He remains there seven days, drawing up his food by a rope. The pilgrims bring some gold and silver, and others brass money, which they lay down before him, while another priest repeats their names to him, upon which he prays for each offerer by name, ringing a bell as he does so. He never sleeps, for if he did it is said that a scorpion would bite him. Moreover, this temple exhales a most delightful perfume like that of Arabia, which never leaves the garments of such as approach it."

Now with the classical author's account compare the narrative of Evagrius four centuries later.‡ "Simon of holy memory originated (?) the contrivance of stationing himself on the top of a column forty cubits high, where, placed between earth and heaven, he holds communion with God, and unites with the

\* Horace.

† De Dea Syria.

‡ Evagrius, i. 13, ii. 3.

angels; from earth offering his intercessions on behalf of men, and from heaven drawing down upon them the divine favour;" but it is too painful to proceed with the tale of degrading superstition that could once delude great cities and sovereigns, and even impose on so learned a father as Theodoret. "Whenever," we read again, "any person approaches the spot where is deposited the precious coffin in which are the holy relics, he is filled with an odour surpassing in sweetness every perfume with which mankind are acquainted." What can be plainer than that we have here no apostolical tradition or inspired devotion, but simply a revival of the old national superstition of the country? According to the bold metaphor of Juvenal, "the Syrian Orontes had once flowed into the Roman Tiber." So now the whole Euphrates had poured into the Christian Jordan, and swept away pastors and flocks together.

No event of this period created a greater sensation than the discovery of the relics of St. Stephen. When discovered, they were guarded by two large serpents, tame and harmless, like the snake which appeared to Æneas at the tomb of his father Anchises.\*

But let us pass from these anecdotes of the fifth century to what may be seen every day in the churches of the Continent, and see whether the pagan element be not still unmistakably present in the unreformed part of Christendom.

The visitor, as he enters some great Roman basilica or Belgian cathedral, can no longer complain as the pagans used to do, "Why have these Christians no temples, no altars, no familiar images?" All round are chapels like the minor shrines which encompassed the temple of Capitoline Jove. Some are private *lararia* belonging to certain families, and containing their tombs before the images of their patron *divi*. Others are in honour of the special heavenly protector to whom the city or church is dedicated. For, as Tertullian remarks, "Every province or town has its own peculiar tutelary power;" and Ammianus Marcellinus shows how countries obtained their patron saints before the rise of Christianity, where he relates how the city of Mopsuestia was called from Mopsus, who lost his way when returning from the Argonautic expedition and died suddenly in Africa, where "his heroic manes covered by the Punic soil are very effectual in healing a variety of sicknesses."† All the altars are adorned with large candles, but the favourite image is especially distinguished by a multitude of wax tapers, the offerings of devout persons.

Thus the temple of Daphne is said to have taken fire from the wax candles which Julian's friend had left before the lofty feet of the image before retiring for the night—"accensis cereis ex usu cessit."‡

\* Sozom. ix. 17.

† xiv. 8.

‡ Ammian. xxii. 13.



"They light up tapers and candles before their idols," says the eloquent Lactantius,\* "though what can be greater absurdity than to imagine so to propitiate the Creator of light and of the sun? Leave we these follies to the false gods, which must needs be in the dark if we do not supply them with such artificial illuminations." A partiality for candles in the daylight is an infallible token of a superstitious taste. In many Roman and Greek churches there are to be found images, pictures, or relics, possessing miraculous properties. A chalice has been filled with blood instead of wine, as in the pious fraud of the Gnostics exposed by Hippolitus, or an image has sweated and leaped like the Palladium mentioned in Virgil, or winked like the "stones which are called living" that Heliogabalus carried off from the temple of Laodicæan Diana. Images wrought by angels, or painted by St. Luke and sent down from heaven, are not uncommon, and recall the *Διπτερος* of Ephesus, the image which fell down from Jupiter, mentioned in the Acts. If we may believe Lady Herbert, the practice of flagellation is still in constant use in Spain, and we all know that the small scourge called a discipline is an essential appendage to a strict Romish devotee. It is not recommended in the Bible or by the primitive fathers, but we find it in high esteem among the priests of Astarte, from whom, no doubt, its use was transmitted to the paganized Christians. Apuleius thus describes it:—

"The fanatics seize the scourge, which is their peculiar implement (*gestamen*), and lash themselves unmercifully with repeated strokes, being fortified against the pain with marvellous constancy. I was surprised on beholding their wounds, and the blood streaming on the ground, how the stomach of the foreign goddess could endure such a spectacle."†

The same author elsewhere presents us with heathenism under a more pleasing aspect:—

"I beheld," he says, "maidens strewing flowers, followed by a great number of persons of both sexes bearing wax candles, in order to propitiate the Lady Daughter of the Stars. Then came boys in white, chanting a melodious hymn, next a crowd of the religious, male and female, with pure white dresses; the women wearing white veils on their heads, the men in linen robes, with their hair shorn. Some beating their breasts, others bearing palms and pyxes, the mystic symbols of our Lady of Help. Finally, the long succession of images, altars, and sacred vases, is closed by a priest, from whose shoulders hung down to the ankles a precious cloak, embroidered all over with strange animals, such as Indian dragons and Hyperborean griffins, men call it the 'Olympian stole.' This priest carries on his happy bosom the ineffable and indescribable symbol of the Supreme Divinity. It was not like any living thing, not even like man himself, but was the inexpressible manifestation of the highest and most mysterious secret of the religion; in short, a small round urn of polished gold, exquisitely wrought."‡

After reading this account of the mysteries of Isis in the last age

\* vi. 2

† Met. viii.

‡ xi.

of paganism, we can be at no loss how to explain why the Host is carried in procession in a golden pyx or monstrance, on the festival of Corpus Christi in the modern Roman Church. In the primitive Church of Rome there was no Host at all. — *Hostias domino offeram?* — "Shall I offer victims to the Lord," is the indignant question of the Roman Christian in Minutius Felix, — when the victim as for sacrifice is a good mind, a pure understanding and sincere judgment!\*. The very shape of the consecrated wafer is borrowed from the round cakes of flour customary in the heathen sacrifices. Communion in one kind seems to have passed into the Church from the Manichean heretics, of whom St. Augustine says, "*vinum non bibunt*." If we may believe the same father, those heretics also entertained some very gross and carnal notions as to the corporal admixture of a divine substance with the bread in the eucharist, which may have suggested the idea that developed into transubstantiation at a later period. The words of the mass are, for the most part, the pious and scriptural prayers of the early Church, and as there is no reason why they should be kept secret, it seems strange that they should be read in an obsolete language, and muttered over so as to be unintelligible even to good Latin scholars. But the difficulty is explained when we refer to pagan usage. The Hymns of Ancient Rome were read, we are told, in an ancient tongue, "*scarcely understood by the priests themselves, but which a reverential scruple forbids to be altered*." An affectation of mystery was, no doubt, the cause why priests, enchanters, and other pretenders to the supernatural, endeavoured to conceal what formulæ they used. The Egyptian language was preferred by sorcerers, as we learn from Lucian,† and he tells us of a Chaldean enchanter who offered a long prayer to the rising sun, "*which,*" he adds, "*I could not well understand, for, like bad criers in the market-place, he pronounced in a hurried and indistinct manner, only he seemed to be invoking certain demons, and murmuring certain foreign, barbarous, obscure, and polysyllabic words.*"‡ This description applies to many of the devotions of the unreformed Churches, especially to the administration of baptism, which, to a stranger, has completely the air of an incantation. But let us turn to what is, after all, the most popular and characteristic part of the worship of modern Romanism. The high altar is by no means the most revered spot in the sanctuaries of the Continent. Behind that altar is a chapel, more richly decorated than any other part of the church, where a

\* The full text of the passage is "*Hostias et victimas domino offeram, quas in usum mei protulit, ut rejiciam ei eum muni! ingratum est; cum sit litabilis hostia bonus animus et pura mens et sincera sententia.*" Octavius, 32.

† Philopseudes.

‡ Menippus.



group of worshippers may generally be found even when no service is proceeding.

The object of this intense devotion may aptly be described in the language of Lucian, speaking of the image of the Syrian goddess:—

“We behold a majestic female, larger than life, all covered with gold, and precious stones, and rich attire. Its head is surmounted by rays, its hand bears a sceptre, and its eyes seem to follow every one who looks at it; beneath are placed numerous lamps, and votive tablets and wax models are hung around (precisely as in the chapel of the Virgin now), memorials of cures and deliverances wrought by the patroness of the sanctuary.”\*

The image of Juno at Hierapolis had some other noticeable points of resemblance to those of the Blessed Virgin in the south of Europe. Thus, when it was carried in procession to the lake near the temple, it seemed to guide its bearers, as it were directing them by reins; and it would sometimes refuse to stir till entreated by the high-priest himself, just as in the legend of St. Cuthbert's journey to Durham. “Now there were many fish in the lake, and for their sake great care was taken that Jupiter should not see them until Juno had first been brought down; for all the fish would die if his image were to draw near, but she, standing close at hand, keeps him off, and, by many entreaties, dismisses him pacified.” The student of art need not be reminded that this is exactly the part assigned to the Virgin in the legends of the Church of Rome, for she is represented in countless pictures as standing before her Son and deprecating his vengeance, on behalf of mankind. As the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary is every year rapidly on the increase, and threatens ere long to be the one religious idea of a large part of Christendom, it becomes a most interesting question to ask, whence it is derived. Scripture is silent. The fathers, even of the later centuries, were decidedly opposed to it. Everything proclaims it to be an inheritance from paganism. In all heathen systems a prominent share is taken by the worship of nature. Her various powers and aspects have been invariably personified under the character of ideal and mostly feminine being, to whom the imagination of poets has subsequently assigned fanciful names, and allegorical actions and offices. In the decline of the classical paganism, the old poetic legends of Greece, Rome, Asia, and Egypt were subjected to philosophic treatment, and the substantial unity of the various goddesses came to be generally recognised. Thus the devotee of Isis in Apuleius addresses his patron deity as follows: “O Queen of heaven, by whatsoever name thou art called, whether benign Ceres, or heavenly Venus, or sister of Phœbus, or awful Proserpine,”—and this, indeed,

\* *De Dea Syria.*

seems to have been the doctrine revealed to the initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis, but which moreover insisted much on the sorrows of the goddess, meaning, as is supposed, the grief of nature for the bloom of spring blighted by scorching suns and desert storms. Now with the public mind saturated with such notions as these, and inured by the habits of ages to the contemplation of womanly grace, purity, loveliness, tenderness, and, above all, maternity, what a void must have been felt on the promulgation of Christianity! Indeed, the writings of the fathers prove that this was the principal stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel becoming popular. A King of Heaven had been revealed, but where was the Queen? Her throne stood empty. The personified Church—"Jerusalem, the mother of us all"—seemed a cold abstraction, and failed to content the popular craving for the familiar form of the heavenly lady.

Men did not think of calling God our Father and Mother, as Theodore Parker used to do. The heretical sects again and again introduced some female saint or heavenly being, a Helena, or such-like imaginary creature, to the notice of the Christian public; but the void was not filled up, and the demand for a goddess was increasingly experienced, as ignorant converts pressed into the Church under the Christian emperors. At length, in some of the eastern controversies of the fourth century, attention was almost accidentally drawn to the position of the Virgin Mother. The subtle disputes about the nature of the God-man drew men's thoughts to Mary, and at once, just as in the electrotype process, the floating paganism, which hung diluted in the spirit of the times, precipitated itself around her figure as a centre, and overlaid the simple Mary of Nazareth, as she appears in the Gospel, with a gorgeous and elaborate chasing of variegated superstition. By a curious felicity every traditional feeling, every passionate longing of the old faith, found what it needed in some aspect of St. Mary. As Virgin, she gratified the admiration for maidenly purity expressed in the worship of Minerva and the chaste Diana, the latter resigning to her the crescent moon, which a happy misapplication of the Apocalypse placed beneath her feet. As Mother (*Theotokos*), she realised the aspirations of the devotees of Cybele, mother of the gods, and Demeter, the sorrowing parent, whose grief for Proserpine was perpetuated in her dolours at the cross. Like Vesta, she has priestesses devoted to perpetual virginity. A queen of heaven like Juno, she is like Venus Aphrodite, connected with the sea by a false etymology of her name. She has, too, somehow appropriated a star like the old Grecian deity, and is much worshipped by mariners as the star of the sea. Women bewail her griefs as they did those of



Venus Astarte for Adonis or Tammuz. As Spouse, by some wresting of the Canticles, she is no less renowned, and is as much worshipped in the Levant as ever Isis was; and here, too, the dolours find a place, for the sorrow of Isis for her murdered husband was every year commemorated by a solemn fast. Nor are howlings at night wanting to complete her resemblance to *Hecate*, as Ford has justly remarked in speaking of Spanish customs. This strange metamorphosis of the modest retiring woman Mary into a gaudy, bustling, interfering, spiritual potentate, delighting in fine clothes and coarse flattery, was first encouraged by a council at Ephesus, which had been for ages the seat of the worship of a virgin goddess, and it was finally sanctioned by another council held in Bithynia, the favourite haunt of the Idæan mother of the gods and her followers, the Corybantes. The time and space forbid me to bring forward other illustrations, with which all antiquity abounds, of the transition from paganism to corrupt Christianity.

It is by no means implied that *everything* pagan was on that account unfit to be incorporated in Christianity. Some of the usages referred to were simply the natural expression of devotion; others, as embroidered robes, chanting, and incense, had been sanctioned in the worship of the Hebrew Church. The object of this essay is merely to remove all mystery from the peculiarities of unreformed Christianity, and to show that it has nothing which may not be satisfactorily accounted for by natural causes. No doubt many pagan customs were adopted without any bad intention; or, as in the recommendation of Gregory the Great to Augustine of Canterbury,\* with the good object of winning the heathen to the Gospel. The ceremonial and legendary system of paganism had many romantic charms which are still retained by them under their Christian dress. But though some admixture of pagan ideas and practices might be innocently tolerated, it is quite another matter when we see a vast structure of errors, such as Apostles and martyrs died to withstand, superadded to the faith once delivered to the saints.† Tacitus tells us that even the ancient Germans thought it unworthy the dignity of heavenly beings to fashion the gods after the likeness of the human countenance.‡ It is to be hoped that no nation of Teutonic descent will voluntarily return to that half-Christianized paganism of Rome which its ancestors rejected.

N. G. BATT.

\* Bede, i. 30.

† "If I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor."  
—St. Paul, Gal. ii. 18.

‡ Germ. 9.



## ART AND CULTURE.

WE hope it is correct to call Art, like happiness, an energy of the soul of man : and that it may be worth attention if we make some attempt to throw new light on what its working has been, and may yet be, in the progress or culture of the soul. We use the word culture with the greater satisfaction, because it is now in the mouths of most thinking people ; and the author of "Culture and Anarchy" deserves our strongest praise for having brought the subject before men's minds, and forced a little unwilling self-examination on the British public. The definition in his lately-published volume is adequate enough when understood after careful reading of the rest of the book. Culture, he says, is a study of perfection (of the soul, the man and his life, and of men in their social relations) ; it is an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy. Elsewhere he maintains, as we understand him, that perfect culture unites the advantages and avoids the defects of what he calls the Hebrew and Greek spirits and methods of education ; that is to say, that it unites the prevailing and sustaining power, the earnestness, purity, and endurance of the religious spirit with the energetic use of the intellectual, or so to speak, secular gifts of the soul of man. To do right or well, and to think correctly or truly of what one is to do, and of other things—virtue and knowledge united—this seems



to constitute culture in its full sense. We cannot help thinking that his determinately intellectual view of things, and the studies of books and men in which his life has been passed, make Mr. Arnold rather underrate the importance of painting and sculpture for spiritual expression and instruction. He is, of course, far too good a Hellenist not to do honour in words to the effect of art on the Hellenic spirit, and through that on the modern spirit. But he seems not to dwell on the certain connection between Greek religion, such as it was, and Greek Art; or to call attention to a fact which he would surely admit, that the greatest powers of the human spirit were united with and served under the religious spirit, such as it was at the time, in the Art of Phidias and Æschylus. In the best Greeks his two elements of culture seem to have been united. He necessarily speaks as a scholar rather than an artist: we hardly know how far he has looked at statues, or how much he sincerely cares for them. And it must be said that the works of Phidias or of Michael Angelo, chief Greek and chief Teuton, are scarcely to be studied without both anatomical knowledge and practical labour in drawing them. Nobody can quite see the glory of form, or the honour due to its masters, till his eye has learned to value form by laborious effort to guide his copying hand.\* But we do not exactly want Mr. Arnold to take to drawing. His feeling and power of judgment are very great and refined, and we think that some observations from him on statues, such as the Theseus or the Torso, would have great value as the standard of literary or "unskilled" criticism. The readers of Lessing's "Laocoon" and the epilogue to it in Mr. Arnold's new poems will understand how essential it is that literature and artistic skill should combine without mutual infringement, or rather, since both are boundless, and set at all things, that they should seek the Infinite without getting in each other's way. Ripe and perfect literary criticism must stand first; the best matured thought of the best educated soul, best trained in feeling and reflection. For, after all, the public of our time requires protection from bad and false work, and instruction what to look for and look at, and literary criticism will do much for this. But high literary culture, when reached, will prove itself perfect by appreciating the terrible difficulty and hard-won value of great ideas expressed in form and colour without words. Nor will it miss their spiritual import. For in the view of the religious artist, of any artist who has any religion, his statue is a Signum, as Romans called it; a sign set up

\* "There is a synchronous exertion of mind and emotion, which accompanies the pleasurable exertion of hand, eye, and intellect in delineating a beautiful and function-expressive form." See "Hiatus, by Outis," an essay which may be difficult to read, but seems to us uncommonly well worth reading.

to men, that he who made it had also a Maker, who gave him his hand and eye and the might of his spirit. And the best among poets and workers in cunning words will best understand the spiritual significance of good works of art, done by silent cunning of hand; so with this addition, we accept the award of the "Epilogue to Laocoon" in favour of artists in sweet articulate words.

But there is, to our mind, another reason why a purely intellectual (we do not say Hellenic) way of looking at Art is imperfect or dubious. In the first place, the character or no-character of a work of art cannot be separated from the character or no-character of the man who did it—moral and emotional, as well as intellectual. In the second, Art, as we inherit it, began in connection with Religion, and always continued in that service till the late Italian Renaissance. We simply assert and postulate these two points. What Art has to do with morality and the soul is the vital question about Art, whether it be a good thing or a bad thing. It is not a mere dispute whether statues should have clothes on or not; nor is it a literary *skiomachia* to be ruled this way or that way, according to the creed or no creed of gentlemen on magazines. If there is a right, and if there is a soul, the former ought to guide the latter in sculpture and painting as in other things; and this we propose to assume. And it is matter of history, and not a question at all, that the human soul has thought it right at all times to connect the Art-work it has produced with the worship of the gods whom it has adored; or rather with the worship of God, by whatever form or name it has sought Him. As words written have been used to express man's sense of His greatness, or of any of the qualities by which He is known; so always and before words were written, Symbol has been used for worship and for instruction; to express before God, and impress upon man, the ministering workman's ideas concerning God. From the beginning of the records of the Mind it was so. Some other time we shall probably have to go into the great Mosaic recognition, the Divine sanction and religious office of Symbolic or Decorative Art. Let us only notice here how Hellenic Art rises along with Hellenic worship; as with Egypt, and Assyria, and Palestine in time past. Mr. Arnold's two elements of Hebraism and Hellenism meet, as he himself perceives, in men like Æschylus and Phidias. We suppose that no one will doubt that their art, in their minds and the mind of their race, was dedicated to Zeus, or Athene, or Dionysus, or Phæbus Apollo. Statue and temple, drama, pageant, and chorus were all part of religious worship, such as was possible for the Greek. The best men worshipped best. Many dwelt on the outside only; so they do at this day, when the things which prophets and kings and mighty



men of Greece most desired to see, are preached to them unregarding. But nearly all Attic ears were capable of high delight and ennobling excitement from the Æschylean drama. All men knew that their attendance at solemn tragedy was worship at the altar of Dionysus before them in the theatre. Many souls must have followed the poet in grave earnest where his choric hymn turns to speculative meditation on the all-ruling Zeus, in whom, and to whom, and of whom are all things, gods and all, Ζεὺς ὅς τις πᾶσι ἐστὶν. All souls alike must have felt awe and fear, according to their capacity, as the stern Eumenides magnified their office before them, and bade them know that for them, as for Orestes, Zeus was, and Right, and punishment ordained of old, and at last Divine deliverance from evil. An able writer has observed on the gloom and genuine awe and dread of the Æschylean tragedy. Hellenic cheerfulness, incapacity of terror and gloom are not conspicuous in it; nor human beauty, self-contented and self-contemplating. It asserts itself, it accounts for itself as dedicated to things and beings beyond man, and looks at man in his relation to them. In Mr. Arnold's words, Æschylus undoubtedly Hebraises, and Phidias's works were as entirely matter of Divine service as his were.

It is written in "Culture and Anarchy" that the Greek gymnastics attracted the love and praise of mankind, who give so little love and praise to ours in England at this day. Much of this love and praise turns on the statues of the gymnasts, on the vast effect on the world which the Greek form produced when displayed and represented in its greatest beauty. But the games in the Altis of Olympia, or on the narrow isthmus under the frown of Acro-Corinthus, were in solemn worship of the unknown giver of strength to man. Rightly or wrongly, they were a religious service, made joyous and ennobling. Neptune, as Pindar says, was seen once at the Nemean sports, reverend, no doubt, and jovial; present with his beloved, showing the *favour* or *look* of his countenance. *Caput egit honestum*, so Greeks believed; they thought he simply came up to see the fun. Asceticism cannot, and certainly ought not, to be separated entirely from Christian worship and service, since we know more of our own state, its dread gravity, and unknown possibilities. Yet it is right for us to know that there was a worship of heathen who knew not God, by which, as St. Paul says, they yet sought Him and felt after Him. They thought in their simplicity, in the childhood of their thoughts, that he might be among them, as a father among his lads, his young men risen to play before him. Of course the gymnastics of Greece were ennobled by such sanction; and their connection with art and religion accounts for the higher estimation in which all the world held them. The assertion that English field-sports and athletics produce no enthusiasm, or at least

good-will, in Continental minds towards England, may, we trust, be disproved in part by the Harvard race, and other contests of the kind which we trust may follow it. But of old, the personal beauty of the competitors and the artistic judgment of the spectators, greatly enhanced men's delight in them. The connection of Representative Art with the gymnastic part of Hellenic culture can never be over-rated in importance. Our system of bodily development is looked on out of England, as most English things are, as a thing of England, like rain, fog, and public meetings; good for the place which produces them, elsewhere hideous and unaccountable. When the sense of religion and of beauty, both world-wide feelings, combined to commend gymnastics to mankind, mankind of course admired a race of beautiful, powerful, and high-conditioned men. When an Oxford sculptor produces an Oxford Discobolus or Strigil-bearer, or Fighting Gladiator, the fame of the statue will bring fame to the artist and the university, and all the world will talk of the excellence of his models; out of the strong will have come sweetness. There is no artistic side to our bodily training; and the finest Gothic forms which ever were made out of dust pass away, like Michael Angelo's snow statue, unadmired because unrecorded. The complaints in "Culture and Anarchy" that we adore machinery, or regard means rather than the right end, are well founded. Doubtless our gymnastics are pursued mechanically, and without reference to an ideal. That is to say, they are pursued for their own sake. The Greek could pursue them for the sake of his gods, who regarded his skill and beauty, as he thought. He could also pursue them for the sake of beauty, which he loved to see in others, and desired to possess himself; and that is the real reason why his pursuit of them was ideal and noble, and ours is not particularly so. He was pursuing in them the first and second in place of all ideas which man is capable—Religion and Beauty.

We have not space, and we fail in vituperative power, to express our opinion of the state of mind to which the lower classes of the muscular persuasion bring themselves. But some effort, we trust, is already being made in schools to put some limit on the traditional games. Cricket occupies half the time of a good reading lad, and the whole time of an idle one, in its season. Then comes football: balls may also be knocked about, at fives and rackets, all the year round. And we wonder, if an hour of the long, idle afternoon were given to music, to drawing, to carpentry, to smith's work, how large would be the per-centage of lads who would leave school possessed of all the beginnings of an accomplishment or a trade—of tangible skill in something really useful, or ideal? We do not know exactly. Neither parents nor masters might like it on the



competitive system. Their social contract is, nowadays, that all capable little boys shall be trained continually with a view to their getting money. Play hours may be shortened enough already by the grinder. Still three hours' drawing a week would teach a docile lad a good deal by the end of the year; and is it better for him to have that, or to have made so many more runs, and raised his cricket average? Arrangements are made in favour of music and drawing in many schools, and we will hope that Mr. Whitworth's generosity and good counsel will soon establish systematic instruction in useful hand-work for the less artistically-minded. We think every gentleman should know something of an art or craft in these days. We do not deny that many games train the hand and eye well enough, but they only train it to unproductive dexterities. Carpentering and forging will teach a man the use of his hands to real purpose; and cricket is but cricket. Over-encouragement of this game, in particular, produces idleness within idleness. There are plenty of sham cricketers, in and out of all the seminaries and places of religious and useful learning where they teach cricket. Of the vast number of lads who make this game an idleness, how many become crack players or good players? How many university men all this summer have been devoting their money to bats and balls, long carpet-bags, and flannel trowsers, and whole days of their time to sprawling on turf, looking on, or shamming practice? sickening themselves with tobacco all the time, or macerating their unfortunate insides with that loathsome compound of malt and ginger-beer, which always fills the cricketer's cup of abominations? Every pursuit has its hierophants, amateur or professional; and of these the former only can ruin themselves by it. But both sit for awhile on the car which goes over the herd of weak young votaries. It is, unhappily, an easier thing to turn pleasure into business than business into pleasure; but the curious thing is, that when pleasure is turned into a business, a number of its followers seem at once to begin to pursue it idly and badly. There is an amusing and partially true generalization in "Sketches from Cambridge," about English lads. They are not specially vicious, but "afflicted with an awful and incredible ignorance." That is just it; living in Oxford, and moving elsewhere, one sees a great many of our young giants. As their fathers are, so are they. Not incapable of entertaining an idea, they never welcome one; a new thought is convulsion to them; they are terrified at the sight of mental food, as starved Mrs. Sliderskew was supposed to be frightened into fits by the unexpected sight of something good to eat. All processes of education with them have to struggle with the unconscious, yet dogged effort of the victim, to keep his mind vacant. Nothing can parallel his youthful terror at having an idea, except

the twofold determination of his after-life, when he has got one: first, to ride it to death; secondly, to have no other. It sometimes strikes us, we hope wrongly, that there is a new development of cynical determination in lads of the period to follow the lower pleasures, on presumption of the vanity of the higher ones; and that this produces idleness even in pursuit of pleasure. Everybody in our time wanted to do his diversions hardily and well; now the demand is for the greatest excitement with the least trouble. Witness battueing and pigeon-shooting. Not only is laborious honour generally exploded, but even laborious idleness; and the youthful ideal of life seems to be exactly the cabman's Paradise, where all is beer and skittles.

But let us take Mr. Arnold's definition of Culture. "It is a study of perfection: it is an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, light, life, and sympathy." Mechanical employment, or labour without thought, when the hands are busy and the mind is inactive, tells against it, in as far as it gradually narrows the mind within the limits of a monotonous occupation. But now as the business of the world cannot be altogether stopped, a vast amount of time and labour must be given to occupations which supply little or no culture. The object is to provide such means of escape from monotony—such stimulus to spiritual activity for all classes (since in all classes men want it almost equally) as shall give them a little more light of knowledge and sweetness of fresh thought, fancy, hope and light; of charity or tenderness. We accept the saying, that contemplation of religious subjects is not the only means of gaining such light and sweetness for man. Our author is careful to show that no real culture is to be hoped for without religion; but he well understands and asserts the difference between religion and theology. It is indispensable to contend for the faith, and that is the charge of the clergy. But vast numbers of Christian people have to hold the Faith implicitly, and as it is delivered to them: to live by their Creed rather than define its boundaries. The work of religion in the individual soul ought to find it far other employment than contending about non-essentials; and when the whole mental furniture and activity of either man or woman comes to consist of and be busy upon one or two doctrinal points, those points will necessarily overpower the rest of the faith in such mind; and there you have the sectarian or provincial type. Not but that that great study of perfection, which we call charity or the love of our neighbour, and which Mr. Arnold, in his intellectual but not irreligious view calls sweetness, often prevails with the sectary. We regret the sharp saying that there are two types of Sectarians, the smug and the bitter. It may be so in political



action. Charity must suffer, in common with all the other virtues, from the present working of our party politics, which might be thought to have attained the bathos of degradation, but for the singular power they display of always developing fresh baseness and evolving new hatred. We apprehend that in the heart of the man and of the matter sectaries are not unlike other men, and that the two types of them are really the charitable and the uncharitable. There is, it is quite clear, and everybody feels it in some form of thought, a danger in making religious thought your whole mental culture, when you have other *means given you* to use. There is consequently a wrong in letting other persons do so; or in failing to give them such other means as you can give them. This is confessed practically by Church music and decoration, and all religious use of or appeal to the inventive faculties. Almost all forms of faith which have really commanded attention at all have used the means appointed, and ruled men through their sense of beauty, moral, mental, or physical. The Spirit of God made men use perfect music of noble words in Psalmody and Prophecy, with decoration of metaphor and similitude—for just the same reason that He made Moses use purple, scarlet, and gold in the Temple: because of grandeur, beauty, sweetness in men's sight, and even by analogy, in His own. He has let men know that He is pleased to be pleased with these things. And we believe that one great standing labour of the Evil Principle and the Evil One in this world is in the separation of Religious Faith from the sense of Beauty. How else could the desire of the soul for its unseen Lord, the Source of all good and real things, be set in perverse opposition to the forces of its imagination, which ought to reflect Him; whose function it is to set before men visible evidence of spiritual gift? We most of us own in words that this Lord of all spirits and our spirits has given us spiritual powers, many and various; and that all are His. The tendency of our corrupt nature has always been first to misapply His gifts till they are totally unlike Him, then to deny them with Him. Men are permitted to misuse the chief gifts of Tongues, the great powers of self-expression, the chief means of communicating thought to each other. They use the tongue itself for blasphemy, and the hand for temptation, and the eye to give sweetness to temptation. Then it is asked, in shame and fear, is not the sweetness the evil; are not Beauty and Genius evil, because they are seen in and with evil things and men? And men seem often too alarmed or sick at heart to listen to the answer; that these gifts, observed in evil men, though degraded and abused, are still the best things left in such men; that whatever be the guilt, or the final end of the wretched rebel, men must needs remember him, in that God put His



strength upon him once. Saul lies self-slain and God-forsaken, but the man after God's own heart mourns for him. Of Byron thus much must always remain, that all true artists and true men will desire that the day may perish on which he was born.

Man is fallen, and his will or choice\* between good and evil is fallen with him. He is corrupt, spoiled, or tainted. It is in the mysterious scheme of restoration that great gifts, called in the Book of his history and guidance spiritual gifts, are poured into him; as into a vessel, tainted within. Though it retains some form and image of its Maker, still for a time and in a degree, "*quodcunque infundis acescit.*" Therefore, even the gifts of God Himself, portions of His Spirit, are liable to misuse and abuse in the soul by means of the evil choice, and come forth from it with impure result. It is thus that, as we are told over and over again, in works of terrible mystery, God the Holy Spirit is grieved, offended, done violence to, may be finally rejected and driven away by our sins, which misuse His gifts. And this constitutes, as far as we can judge, the greater responsibility of those who hold His greater gifts. When these are possessed and abused so conspicuously, there is something inexpressibly awful about the deed and the doer. Though common guilt is of the same nature, the special misuse of a special gift or grace is terrible to ordinary sinners: and often, indeed, to the possessed offender, who has given place to evil, and bears witness to the enemy with the gifts of his Lord. There have been, and are, men who seem for a time to do this almost willingly. Their whole soul is in rebellion; evil is contrary to the recognised state of things, and therefore evil is their good, and denial their leading fact. They seem to do their office as ministers of trial and punishment on earth; power certainly is given them to inflict; in all their various complaints against God and man, want of aggressive force can hardly be numbered. Their souls, like the Cenci's, are scourges. He who makes evil his good may calculate, at all events, on doing and having plenty of it. He will have the satisfaction, like Pashur, of flogging and pillorying the ministers of the other service; he may also deserve Pashur's new name—"The Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor-Missabib, Fear round about: I will make thee a terror to thyself and to thy friends!"

The effect produced on real Art and Thought, on the true love of Beauty and Honour, by men like Byron and Shelley, is like that of a poisonous blight or a barbarous invasion. It remains to this day, terrifying and driving away from the quest of Beauty those who would seek her best—the grave and pure of heart. To this day it alienates all Christian men from right use of their imagination; and makes the poet still half an exile in our Philistine

\* *Cf.* Scottice "wale;" German "wahlen" and "willen."



republic. Verse may be very good verse, men say, yet quite unfit for a woman of tenderness or a man of honour: we really are best without it. Accordingly, from Byron to Tennyson, we nearly did do without what is called a minor or lyrical poetry. The Christian philosophical school held its own with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and lives in Browning; the Satanic one survived in Moore and Landor, if anybody likes to call that life; but meanwhile the popular taste for ringing verse and lyrical song had been effectually poisoned by Byron and Shelley, and would have died out but for Scott and Campbell. Men and women were ashamed, as they grew old, of the accursed motives and morals of the intoxicating songs of their youth. Landscape feeling had not yet risen high enough to resuscitate painting, and popular Art flagged altogether. The rise of lyrical and didactic poetry in our own day is a happy sign that great part of the ancient poison is worked out of the public mind; and the fresh brew of the new Satanic school does not seem very strong at present; besides, it is offered us with warning loud and shrill. The non-moral or immoral school in poetry, painting, and criticism tell us what they mean. There is no God that they know of, there is no moral good that they know of, there is no Right or Duty—*i.e.*, conduct due to a God. Man, at least artistic and poetic man, is a quadrumanous animal, capable of secreting thought and beauty like a sort of cerebral civet. Beauty is what he likes. He must obtain it, represent, talk, and sing about it. Great part of such talk and song, &c., is called Art. The Beauty which man likes means mostly women. Art is, therefore, mostly concerned with them, also with homicide and strong liquor. The wise or able artist will pursue, enjoy, represent these things beyond all others while he can; then he will die, whatever that means.

We apprehend this is the view of the old Satanic school, as lately new-revived under the title of Sensational. It is a strictly logical view, and by us quite unanswerable; but somehow people don't like it, and they naturally ask for some other popular theory of the inventive faculties. Now we seem to have evidence—say in the works of the modern landscape schools—that works of art exist, in print and on canvas, which are not nasty, but lovely, and which produce emotions neither sensational nor quadrumanous, but delightful. This kind of search for Beauty, we think, can be pursued even by us of the exploded superstition. We have heard of ravens and lilies, with a certain respect, from a Person whom we cannot name except among ourselves, because to make our opponents speak of Him does them no good, and gives us extreme pain.\* We want to make our quest of Beauty, which we mean

\* I do not mean to defend theological asperity, or the use of any kind of harshness by Christian men. But I think it is often no more than human outcry under

to extend far and wide, and into all the world's ways, a part of His service, which we call our religious or spiritual life. Now is this possible, and has it ever been done before? Has the same attempt been made in other times, in elder civilizations, less complicated; under elder creeds out-worn, without open vision or special revelation of God as Man?

Of course it has. As soon as men began to express thought or idea to each other at all, they began to express what they thought of their gods, or invisible ruling powers. And they began to express themselves by means of visible symbols—we do not say *as soon as* by articulate words—but sooner than by written words. They carved, or drew, or painted all things; things concerning their gods they wrought with care proportioned to their devotion to those. What is called Religious Art begins with Religion, as a form of expressing it; just like religious conversation or instruction. It is simply a form of writing at first, and as it develops into beauty and becomes fresco or bas-relief on one hand, so it degenerates, or is utilized, into straightforward phonetic character, and then into cursive writing. The process has been already traced in this Review (vol. ii. p. 59), but it may be briefly repeated. First comes the articulate sound, the name of an object. That unwritten word or name has an initial sound—B or  $\beth$  represents the initial sound of Beth, house. How did it come to represent that initial sound? why does B mean B? Thus—there was first invented a picture or hieroglyphic for the name or thing Beth, or corresponding name in the original Semitic language. It may be traced in the letter as it stands—some rude sign of a booth, or of the flat goat's-hair or camel's-hair screen, which makes the Syrian shepherd's tent. The change from such hieroglyphic pictures to phonetic letters seems to have been effected by taking the picture always to represent *the initial sound of the name of the thing which the picture stood for*.  $\beth$  stands for Beth, and thenceforth for the initial sounds of Bara, Ben, “et omne quod incipit” in B.  $\gimel$  Gimel, once hieroglyphic of the camel's neck and fore-leg, is adapted from Gimel, and becomes the phonetic sign of the sound G

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the unmitigated distress which believers feel from the pungencies or condescensions of the negative side. The latter do not seem aware that what is fun to them is death to their opponents; that their negations take from us all hope in life and after it, and that their historical restorations and hypotheses, quite kindly meant, are often blasphemies which really make one's ears to tingle. This is their great power of infliction. M. Renan is a model of controversial amenity, and suffers in French opinion, we believe, for the mildness of his analysis of Christianity. He cannot understand the feelings with which his opponents read the hideous passage on the Agony of Gethsemane. The fact is that there is an atheistic asperity, founded on a secret belief in one's opponent's interested insincerity, as well as a theological one, founded on the opinion of his being wrong; and that just now the former can, greatly to its own satisfaction, give more pain than the latter.



instead of the animal Camel. The transition is, of course, of great importance, and resembles the advance from block-books to portable types; the block was a mere picture of the words; the movable letters stand for the component sounds, and may be used to form any other words.

It may be objected that a kind of Art thus existed which possessed neither beauty nor sublimity, that Art is the quest of beauty or sublimity, and that consequently such art is no art; that the feather-idols of the Pacific are a religious attempt to represent gods or objects of worship, but cannot be considered as art, and that no essential alliance between Art and Religion is made out by the fact of the one being applied to the purposes of the other. It is true; but, on the one hand, though early self-expression by picture-hieroglyph has no beauty, yet in progressive races it soon attains it, and is, therefore, rightly called the Quest of Beauty. On the other, the principle which induces the desolate nigger to skin parrots for his deity because their colours are beautiful, and therefore fit for dedication, is the root of the principle on which Phidias carved Athene, or Holman Hunt painted "The Finding in the Temple." Beauty, sublimity, and the like, are necessary consequences (properties we used to call them in the old days of Aldrich's *Logic*), flowing or resulting from human development: religion is the essence of human development. Art is almost the earliest flower of the spiritual spring, and grows naturally from the early warmth of religious feeling, which is the first and chief movement of spiritual life. Historically, and beyond all doubt, both Greek and Goth began carving and painting the first temples they ever built for worship, as Hebrews, Egyptians, and Assyrians had done before them; and as the savage does, according to his light. His light may be comparative darkness; this is not the place to ask what the devotion of the natural man may be worth; but it is his nature to represent that which he prays to with such attributes of beauty as he is capable of, and no good can come of despising him. Those who remember the passage on Hindu prayer in the preface to "Chips from a German Workshop," must see that it leads to a comforting train of thought in the mind of Christian charity. We do not suppose that Mr. Browning meant his speculative "Caliban" to express his own idea of the highest point of natural religion which a human savage can attain;\* and if he did, his monster's total ignorance of any difference between good and evil, cruelty or mercy, seems to deny the existence of any moral principle in the natural man—a desolating hypothesis, for which we simply do not care, and

\* It seems to mean superstition of idolatry, or the lowest form of natural religion, except fetichism.

we don't think he does either. Professor Müller's facts are more real, and far more pleasing.

But here we are led to make what we fear will prove a long digression. For, with the very beginnings of human self-expression by picture and carving, man's tendency to fetichism and idolatry seems to develop itself. And here lies the root in theory and reality of the Anglo-Puritan objection to the use of Representative Art, in churches or elsewhere. Like the Mahometan, the Philistine thinks Art idolatrous and Popish. There can be no doubt that in the course of the development of man's expressive or representative powers, he will try to represent his gods. And, moreover, his danger in this matter seems always increased by his sense of natural beauty or awe, and by the permitted development of that sense in all faiths. For while everything is forbidden which diverts the soul from its right direction of personal adoration of the One God, the Unity to us revealed in Trinity, special impressions of his Being and Presence in the visible world have always been sought and found by his chief servants.

Certain places and scenes untaught man is almost everywhere permitted to hold sacred; secret mountain-tops, caves of the earth with their mystery, great and green trees with their appeal to past time and symbolism of present life and power—these things are allowed to be to man for a sign. "Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy!" says the prophet, appealing to the awfulness of visible things to attest the greater wonder of the Unseen. Beth-el, Sinai, Sion, Beth-lehem—these are still God's chosen places; they are in a degree hallowed to this day, in the eyes of all men who can conceive of anything being hallowed. Scenes and places He allowed to be for a sign to His own people, though they were a people set apart from other men's idolatry; and He must have made the same allowance to others. In other words, He has in all times made the sublime of nature a sign of Himself to man; as at Serbal, the heathen "Mount of God," as at Delphi and Tænarus, as everywhere in the Greek world, down to nymph-haunted wells and dryad oaks. The place is made His house for the time in man's thought; He manifests Himself there, He allows men to think, unrebuked, that He is there with them in a special sense. This is virtually the root of the theory of building temples to His name.

But the representation of Him in any temple is forbidden to man. It would seem that man, longing for knowledge and thirsting to represent, cannot of himself find out this commandment, certainly cannot keep it. It is matter of revelation. One great idea shall always be kept apart from all others. All other fruit of the unresting mind of man he may gather as he will; this he shall look to from afar, but lay no hand on. There shall be signs for men of all other



things and thoughts; there shall be written letters, useful and ugly, for daily thought and common service. For imagination and delight there shall be the many-coloured tablets, bright with loves and wars, divers woes, and great triumphs, and all ways of men. All these he shall make to himself, but of his God he shall set up no visible signum or image which may lead to the thought that God is as man. Truly He is a God who hideth Himself. Man may not even strive to project on his own soul the sight invisible and the glory intolerable. In proportion as he does so, he assuredly leaves off seeking God, and makes to himself a god such as he has found. He makes to himself a god—a dismal contradiction in terms.

We are almost ashamed to go back to principles and distinctions so often stated, and in so many forms, here and elsewhere; but we cannot help noticing once more, how in the anti-idolatrous Hebrew system, allowing no image from any source whatever to stand for the Deity, the cherubic figures, personifications of His attributes, were allowed and prescribed from the first as symbols, not representations. In the tabernacle and the temple alike, not only decorative ornament, but significant and symbolical forms were undoubtedly used by Divine command. This fact may lead us to a distinction which seems to have been laid down for man from the beginning. Symbolism is permitted him from the first, even under special revelation, as a means of instruction, even on subjects of special revelation. The symbol is understood not to be *like* the Divine Being, but to present an analogy to some of His qualities or attributes. To speak in words of the Hand of God, of His Eye, and so forth, is exactly the same thing as using an eye for a symbol of His Presence in knowledge, or a hand with upraised finger for His Presence in blessing, as in old Byzantine work in Venice. That is intellectual representation, by analogy, to the mind's eye only, in order to carry man's comprehension of Divine things as far as it will go. Actual representation of the Divinity is forbidden by revelation of His Will, and where man has used it in ignorance he has only at best made reflections of his own powers and thoughts, which some heathen, doubtless, may have used as symbols, as reflections of Divine attributes, but which popular idolatry has used blindly and grossly.

Perhaps the old logical distinction between manifestative and vicarious signs may make this clearer. The manifestative sign informs the mind of something, the vicarious sign stands instead of that thing and takes its place, professing virtually to be it. A bunch of grapes over a house door manifests or indicates that wine is to be had inside, but won't do for wine; the five-pound note not only indicates the existence of five sovereigns, but passes instead of them. All symbolic forms are manifestative only, and go no further than

instruction to the mind. When the image is taken to be itself a Divine Presence, or to do instead of one, the Pagan's Progress is fairly entered on ; and it goes down straightway to winking images of saints, to talismanic relics, and, finally, as Dr. South says, to penitential tears drawn forth by smell of deified onions. From ancient Egypt to modern England, the distinction between symbolism and idolatry is practical and vital.

The cherubic form Divinely prescribed and sanctioned in Exodus xxv. seems, according to Dr. Henry Hayman's conclusions (see Smith's Dictionary, s.v. Cherub) to have been two-fold. Nothing is said of what the prescribed shapes on the ark were, except that they were winged, and their form was only known to the priests, as it would seem, since the ark was always covered three-fold, and by the hands of the priests, before it was moved (Numbers iv. 5, 19, 20); its bearers might not enter till it was covered. Josephus says no one is able even to conjecture of what form, *ὁποῖαι τινες*, the cherubim of glory were. This must mean those on the ark of the covenant, since the larger forms of those made by Solomon must have been seen by both Levites and people, as well as the cherubs carved on the temple doors, along with forms of lions and palm-trees, and those which supported the great Laver.\*

It is noticed in support of this view of a popular and a secret form of the Cherub, that though their forms are described in Ezekiel, c. i. and x., by a prophet who was also a priest, and who seems to have recognised their mystic shapes in vision;—and not as personifications, but as real and superior existences, creatures far above man—his description can convey no definite idea to man. No Hebrew or Gentile can ever frame, or record images in words, or on canvas, which shall give definite conception of the fourfold faces and wings, of the wheels in whom was the spirit of the living creatures—to whom was said, "O Wheel." The great cloud out of the north, the fire infolding itself, fourfold shapes penetrated with fire and lightning, the firmament above as the terrible crystal, the brightness of amber and fire, the likeness of a throne, and One sitting thereon ; the appearance as of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain—these are the expressions of a man, who, having seen the glory of God, finds every term and image in the language of his fathers fail him. But the vision of Ezekiel does certainly shadow forth the existence of chief ministering creatures ever present with God. They may have been seen by Moses in some form, always kept secret, and now unknown ; while, at the same time, men like Solomon, and others, were allowed

\* "Lions, oxen, and cherubim," 1 Kings, vii. 29. The connexion between these forms and those of the Assyrian bulls, the sphinxes of Egyptian temples, and the Lombard-Gothic griffin personifications of later days is universally known. The etymological connexion between the words cherub, gryps, and griffin is also given by Dr. Hayman, and, we think, acknowledged by Prof. Müller in "Chips," &c.



to personify God's power and omniscience in popular forms called Cherubic. How far these resembled the prophetic visions of spiritual creatures we have no means of conjecture.

Thus much for the Cherubic form; its use, so far as we know about its use, was purely symbolic; nobody prayed to Cherubs or through Cherubs. The passage before referred to, from Professor Müller, is from the mouth of an educated Brahmin; and it asserts the symbolic use even of actually representative images by thoughtful heathen. It puts the case of the image worshipper in pathetic and beautiful terms, and might be used with equal feeling by a Jesuit apologist; best of all, by a priest of the Greek Church. It pleads the use of the image as a portrait, disclaiming all fetichism or belief in the efficacy of the wood and stone itself: it is a portrait reminding one of a beloved friend.

The plea has much rhetorical beauty, and, no doubt, implies great excuse for the untaught; for us, it is open to the exception that a portrait is a record of the appearance, as seen, of somebody who has been seen of men; and is meant to assist the memory of his friends in the first instance; whereas, since no man hath seen God at any time, there can be no authentic record of any visible form of His; and that the idea of real resemblance even to saints has long been given up by the Western Church. Hence imaginative attempts at actual portrait resemblance are presumptuous and misleading. Thoughtful Brahmins, who could apologize thus for the use of their idols, would be able to dispense with them in prayer; while their followers might continue to worship in abject fetichism. And we except to the Hindu's distinction between his image worship and the common view of the grossness of Greek or Roman idolatry; or rather we object to that common view. The Greek images may have been personifications of Divine qualities also, and may all of them, Athena, Apollo, Dionysus, Heracles, &c., centred in the thought of the One Zeus, ὅστις πᾶσι ἐστὶ. Roman worship seems to have determined in the thought of one central Source and Sanction of duty to parents, wife, children, and the State above all.

There can be no doubt, of course, that Art has been associated with false faiths as well as true, because it has been associated with all faith. Man has always given a great deal of his best powers to his faith, and Art is one of his best powers, and one with which he becomes acquainted at his earliest period of development. It was as natural and human for the Lombard to carve the Chase of Theodoric, as for Phidias and his pupils to carve the frieze of the Parthenon. Both workmen, in conscious ignorance, made offering of their labour, as if they sacrificed their cattle or produce. Whatever the marble and the thoughts might be worth, whatever the bulls and goats might be worth, their dedicators gave them to

the glory of God, according to their light. We do not compare the Greek spirit of offering with that of the Gothic Christian any further, because it is impossible; seeing that the latter, wild and rude as he may have been, had a definite creed, fixed knowledge, hopes and fears, a real Object of Prayer, and Lord of Life, and the former had not. The lower frame and spirit of sacrifice, unhelped by revelation, is evident. The statue is a State offering for favours received and expected; its object is first patriotic; then merely ostentatious. The ivory and gold Athene was a political attention to the dread Glaucopis, by her favourite citizens. It was a sign of State alliance; and Athens felt that the great Agalma bound her goddess to a shrine so nobly adorned. It was not a popular habit, increasing in earnestness from age to age, to pray daily to the Queen of the Air for wisdom, and airy thought, and craft, and courage, and inner and outer graces. But within the Romanesque temples men and women learnt continually to ask for their own needs, for graces for themselves, and personal deliverance from evil. The visible difference between Heathen and Christian Religious Art is in the more abiding hold of religion on Art in Christian lands.

That service of both Art and song to God their giver, which may be said to have been repudiated but three hundred years ago, began with His revelation of Himself to Moses and Bezaleel, if not before. Their origin is not in man. But when we speak of poetic or creative imagination, here or elsewhere, as the gift of the Spirit of God, it is not meant to place it in the same category of gifts with those received by His Apostles for the preaching of His Word with power. Divine gifts may be distinguished without being opposed, as Bishop Butler says; and to all practical purposes the words greater and lesser gifts, natural and preternatural, will suffice for distinction. To form His visible Church, He enabled His followers to modify the operation of natural law, and work wonders. But to them, and to others also, heathen and Christian, and even rebels to Him, He also gives His gifts, enabling or compelling them to bear witness to Him as Father of their spirits, and Giver of human faculty, or greatness, or mightiness. It is not necessary to oppose the inspiration of St. Paul to the inspiration of Milton or Galileo, except as in indefinitely greater or lesser degree. On any hypothesis of theism they all come from the same source. But the degree, the power, and the objects of the outpouring of the Spirit on these men are indefinitely different. We honour the poet and the astronomer, on whom God put of His power for men. We obey the word of God put in the mouth of the Apostle.

We decline altogether to set up Hellenic Art and civilization against Christianity, as if neither had anything in common with the other. Non-Christians do so; and, accordingly, it seems to us that ancient



Greek work, and the Greek spirit, and all that is Old-Hellenic, is looked on with undue suspicion on the Christian side. Rather, for looked on with suspicion, we should say, refused due attention because of suspicion. This is due also to our injudicious use of the word Pagan. In plain words, to apply the term Pagan to the art of Phidias is a gross anachronism. His work may be called Gentile, or Greek, or heathen, or human; but a Pagan, in our use of the term, means one who rejects the Christian faith for Polytheism, having had it presented to him. We have no right to judge such persons, in our own day or any other;—that is to say, we have no right to condemn or acquit them. But the heathen of Pericles's day stood in a very different position from the Pagan of Constantine's, from the Christian point of view; he had not seen and hated. And to call Greek Art Pagan Art is, therefore, to throw an imputation on its character, in a real and practical sense. In the first place, it wrongly places the aspiration of the heathen in antagonism with the devotion of the Christian; and again, which is another matter, it confounds the higher and nobler Greek spirit of personification and picture with the lower efforts of the Hindoo Aryan in the same way.

Where have we got to, and from whence? We began with the terminology and the views of the able and brilliant author of "*Culture and Anarchy*." He says that Hebraism and Hellenism, man's development under religious motive, and man's development in the use of all the powers that are in him, ought to be united in human culture. We said, Very well, this union has been effected in one branch of human culture, in the development of Representative Art. Then we began to prove this by some slight historical observations on this development of Art along with religious and other thought; starting from the fact that man has always tried to inform himself and other men by pictures and writing, both of which originated together. We then stumbled on the first and enduring difficulty of full reunion between Hebraism and Hellenism; which is, that early Hellenism, (or human development, before there ever were any Hellenes), struck on the mysterious sin of idolatry; on the danger of setting up for itself (among permitted signs of facts) signs which are not permitted or allowed to man by his Maker. There are to be no representative pictures of Him; for that He will not allow man to conceive of Him according to human form, or thoughts, or ways. We saw that this shadow stands between Hebraism and Hellenism in Art and religion alike; that the suspicion of idolatry, and of various attendant and intolerable evils clings to the Greek, or artistic, spirit in the mind of modern Protestant Christians, in whom a strong infusion of the old Hebrew spirit remains; that it clings to the Roman Catholic Church, and that the Anglo-Christian still fears the giants Pope and Pagan,

though one be dead, and the other may have had a fit or two. Also it seemed that this dread of Greek Art, or learning, was intensified by wrongly severe and gloomy views of the nature of Greek religion and Art, in their best form. And now, lastly, we have to say, Is not this great Hellenic, or human spirit; that is to say, are not these great gifts and activities of the human spirit, God's gifts of grace or favour also? Surely, if He is the Father of all spirits, He distinctly claims these gifts as His, as manifestations of communication from Himself, in Holy Scripture. His apostles acknowledge all the gifts of the soul as His. Though His gifts of spiritual knowledge, and of personal devotion, or charity, excel all other spiritual gifts for men, ever so immeasurably, yet all others are still His, given not without purpose, given for use by man to His glory, to employ the spirit and personality of men, of each in his small degree, and for his little day. There are many energies and windy \* ways of men, all more or less ways of labour and sorrow; but these ways of inventive thought have in them a delight, mighty and pure, spiritual, and not earthly, though drawn from things of earth. Good and powerful men strive, with awe and difficulty, to give to God and feel as His, the forces of character, which are so absolutely their own as against all men. This is their wonder, that their souls rise up every now and then within them with strange vigour, which seems not to be either good or evil, but a certain *menos* of internal strength, their own. To learn to know that this is of God, and to give it back to Him, shall be their toil and great delight in this world; they may hope that hereafter it shall be their great reward.

We certainly entertain no hope of ever being able to speak or quote to this point better than the author of "Chips from a German Workshop," Pref. p. xxvi.:—

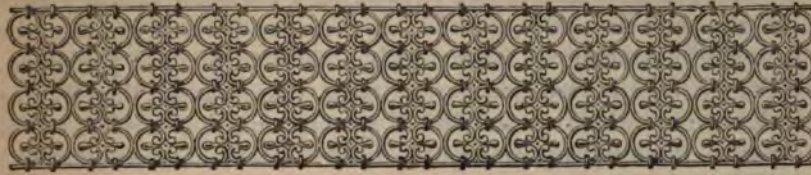
"To those who value the tenets of their religion as a miser values pearls, thinking their value lessened if pearls of the same kind are found in other parts of the world, the science of religion will bring many a rude shock; but, while a comparison of ancient religions will certainly show that some of the most vital articles of faith are the common property of the whole of mankind, at least of all who seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him,—the same comparison alone can possibly teach us what is peculiar to Christianity, and what has secured to it that pre-eminent position which now it holds in spite of all obloquy.

"The ancient Fathers of the Church spoke on these subjects with far greater freedom than we venture to use in these days. 'God,' says Clement, 'is the cause of all that is good; only of some good gifts He is the primary cause (*κατὰ προηγούμενον*), as of the Old and New Testament; of others, the secondary, *κατ' ἐπακολούθημα*, as of (Greek) philosophy. But even philosophy may have been given primarily by Him to the Greeks, before the Lord had called the Greeks also. For that philosophy, like a teacher, has guided the Greeks also, as the Law did the Hebrews, towards Christ.'"—Clem. Alex. Strom. I., v. 28.

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

\* Tennyson, "Vision of Sin." *ἀνέμοις φροῆμα*, Soph. Ant., 359 Bruck.





## SAINT HUGH OF LINCOLN.\*

1. *Magna Vita S. Hugonis, Episcopi Lincolnensis.* Edited by Rev. JAMES F. DIMOCK, M.A., Rector of Barnburgh. (Rolls Series.)
2. *Metrical Life of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln.* Edited by the Rev. JAMES F. DIMOCK, M.A. (Lincoln, 1860.)

THE satisfaction with which one naturally hails a contemporary biography of a man of note and mark of past days is very considerably diminished when the subject of the life happens to be a reputed saint. In that case we know, even before we open the volume, that there will be an amount of fulsome padding to the facts of the life and the real character of the man delineated, which will go far to disgust all who are not habituated to the somewhat nauseous compounds called "Lives of the Saints." The writer of the "Magna Vita" of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, may not be so broadly objectionable as some monkish hagiologists in his contempt for the true and the probable, but to say "that there is every reason to consider him a most truthful and accurate writer,"† is more than we should have judged possible for a careful and judicious editor in this nineteenth century to assert. Our opinion of him is somewhat different. We judge him to have been, during the life of his patron, a humble toady of the great man with whom he was associated, and after his death, a

\* An article on Hugh of Lincoln having appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, it is due to Mr. Perry to state that his paper has been in type for several months.—  
EDITOR, C. R.

† Editor's Preface to "Magna Vita," p. 47.

fulsome panegyrist. He had to describe a character in many ways striking and remarkable, and he has gone far towards spoiling the portrait by daubing on colour with a view to produce perfection. However, taking what we can get, and, indeed, being thankful for it, let us see what we can find of genuine and historical to tell of one who was certainly among the most eminent churchmen of the twelfth century.

That Hugh of Avalon was a natural son of Henry II. was, we are told by the writer of the "*Magna Vita*," a belief extremely prevalent in Henry's foreign possessions. The biographer himself, however, does not acquiesce in it, but tells us of his father, an ancient noble, Lord of Avalon about twenty-five miles from Grenoble, entering a religious house, together with his son, then a child of eight years old. As it is judged necessary in persons of high sanctity that every part of their life, even their childhood, should correspond to the perfect ideal conceived of their characters, we have it as a matter of course told us that Hugh was a faultless child, whose pleasure was to sit solitary, and who began to accomplish in those young days that *juge martyrium* to which his life was devoted. He is reported to have said, "I never sought the joys of this world, I never sought its amusements or pleasures." Now this may be all strictly in consonance with the orthodox view of a saint, but from what we read of Hugh afterwards, from the spirit which he often displayed, and the facetious vein which sometimes appeared in him, we do not in the least believe that he was a child of this painful austerity; and, moreover, had he been, we believe that he could not have turned out the valuable man he did. To one trait recorded of his childhood we are willing to give credence, as it does him much honour, and that is the loving care with which he tended the declining years of his father, and the watchful affection which made him anticipate all his wants. This we hold to be of far higher importance than the fact which is duly chronicled, that in singing the divine offices Hugh never caused a *morantia*, or hitch, but was always ready with his part. Of this youthful excellence the good bishop, when in after years he was put out by the carelessness of any officiating clerk, was very fond of boasting. At the age of nineteen Hugh was ordained deacon, and immediately began to be an energetic preacher to the poor in the neighbourhood of the religious house where he lived. This was a detached cell of an order of Canons Regular, and here the young deacon, having a simple and unlearned priest associated with him for the purpose of saying mass, seems to have spent his time most usefully. But this quiet and profitable life was not to last. There was no sentimental asceticism about it, nor any heroical conflicts against the powers of evil, the admiration of which was the bane and marring of so much genuine



religion in the Middle Age. Hugh was living a Christian life, but he was not a hero undertaking sacrifices beyond the powers of ordinary humanity, and triumphing in the conflict. Consequently he was not satisfied; and happening at this time to go, in company with his Prior, on a visit to the ascetics of the Grande Chartreuse, he was instantly captivated by the stern daring of their unnatural privations, and determined within himself to join them.\*

"He beheld," says his biographer, "and as he beheld he admired, that spot perched above the clouds, and nigh to heaven, far removed from all the disquiet of earthly things. He reflected how great an opportunity would there be given him of living all for God, a business which seemed to be helped by the rich abundance of books, the perfect facility for study, and the unbroken quiet for prayer. And in those who dwelt in that spot he observed their mortification of the flesh, their serenity of mind, their freedom of spirit, the cheerfulness of their looks, the purity of their discourse. Their rule provided for solitude, not separation; they occupied separate cells, but their minds dwelt together. Every one lived by himself, but he neither had nor did anything simply for himself. All were apart, yet each lived in common. Separate were they that they might avoid being any hindrance to one another, united were they that each might help the other. These things which he observed, and especially that careful guard and obedient discipline, the want of which is the destruction of so many, carried Hugh by storm." (p. 23.)

It was in vain for one of the older Carthusians, in the pride of the superior dignity of his long-practised austerity, to tell him, with somewhat of contempt, that such a life was far above his powers. Hugh was not to be discouraged. A more important impediment stood in the way. The Prior of the Canons would by no means consent to his leaving him, and so much did he work upon Hugh by his entreaties, that he induced him to take a solemn oath that he would not change his state. A notable instance here occurs of the way in which the worship of asceticism poisons and perverts morality and the true religious sense. Hugh deliberately broke his oath—a

\* The "Metrical Life," which is a very remarkable composition, and far above the average of mediæval poems, gives as the cause of Hugh's leaving his cell for the Grande Chartreuse, the reason that he was too much exposed to the blandishments of female society. In particular one lady is described with very great power of word-painting, as of surpassing loveliness, who ventured to raise her eyes to the saint, and was of course, ignominiously repulsed.

"Cui puer ipse Joseph non vota negaret amoris,  
Sed sibi donari supplex humilisque rogaret.—(l. 226.)

. Hugh, however, is of course far more immaculate than Joseph. The writer of the poem takes occasion to stigmatize the sex as "serpentum genus," and "mundi generale malum." We certainly do not get a very high idea of the "Sorores" (probably canonesses of the same order) who thronged the cell of St. Hugh, and led all the brethren astray—

"Sic Hugo, contemplans celestia, dum mulierum  
Vipereo nexu fratres videt illaqueari,  
Quos salvare nequit pereuntes deserit; unus  
Mavult salvari quam cum plerisque perire."—(l. 273).

proceeding which is referred by the biographer to the direct instigation of God, and which was always afterwards justified by the bishop as certainly the right conduct, because such great good came of it.

The record of every step in the life of Hugh is followed up by his biographer with somewhat of a nauseous laudation, and a quotation of Scripture texts, and things trifling in themselves, and to which we suppose every monk is more or less exposed, are elaborately magnified, in order that the required amount of victories over the evil one may be ascribed to the spiritual athlete. The only distinct idea we get of Hugh in his Carthusian life is, that he proved himself a good administrator in secular things, and a clever man of business; to which qualities doubtless it was that he owed his selection by Henry II. to be Prior of the Carthusian monastery of Witham, which the king had lately founded in England. It was evident that a man of business was required in this matter. Of Henry's new foundation of Carthusian monks in England, the two first priors had completely failed. They had been dismayed by the wildness of the spot, the strange and savage bearing of the inhabitants, who resented the importation of these foreigners to take away from them their lands and tenements, and to turn them out, without compensation and relief, to starve or struggle on in miserable penury. That this was the way in which a Norman king founded a monastery "to the honour and glory of God and the good of his own soul," we have abundant testimony in the life of St. Hugh; and greatly does it redound to the honour of the Burgundian monk, that, when translated, much against his will, to England, and made to take charge of this miserable struggling settlement at Witham, he resolutely and skilfully fought the battle of the poor dispossessed peasants, and procured for them full compensation from the king, who seems to have been amazed beyond measure that any one should dream of caring about such a trifling matter. Henry's views were decidedly in favour of founding the required amount of monasteries at the lowest possible figure. Thus he not only adopted the easy and simple expedient of giving away what belonged to other people, but also, when he had given it away and induced the monks to settle upon it, he quickly left them to themselves, to build their edifices as best they might, for no help out of the royal exchequer was to be looked for by them. Fair promises they might have in abundance; but as to stone and timber, or the means to purchase the necessary materials, they might find them how they could. Hugh had been brought out of Burgundy from his beloved abode in the mountains, where, without trouble, disquiet, or distraction, he could devote himself to his studies and his devotions. The king had made an immense point of having him, and had employed the Bishop of Grenoble to



persuade and even to command his coming; but when Hugh came at his wish to undertake the charge of Witham, not the slightest help did he experience from this inconstant prince. He bore this most unjust treatment with a meekness somewhat alien to his character, until one of the old monks of the house having delivered his soul to the king with a salutary plainness, Henry was at last moved to do some little for this house of his own foundation.

One more trait of Henry's method of helping monasteries which he had founded. So liberal was he with other people's property that, hearing that the foundation of St. Swithin's at Winchester had a beautiful Bible written in a complete volume, he sent for some of the monks, and informed them that he should much like to have the said valuable work presented to himself. The monks of Winchester dared not refuse, and the Bible was given to the king, who immediately bestowed it upon his new establishment at Witham. Hugh rejoiced in the treasure thus acquired; but when he heard of the questionable manner in which it had come into his possession, his conscience smote him, and he privately returned the volume to the original copyists, promising at their request that he would carefully conceal the matter from the king.

In all that we read of this his earlier life, we may discern that Hugh of Burgundy was above the spirit of his age; but in nothing does this appear more remarkably than in his dislike of dwelling upon the alleged miracles of saints—a dislike which his biographer records of him, while he himself evidently does not share in the feeling. Enough miracle for him, Hugh was wont to say, was his Creator's tender care for His creatures, and the wonderful proofs of His power which were spread before his eyes. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his character revolted from those artificial exhibitions of saintship which were in such high esteem, and he himself would have been the last to approve of the numerous ascriptions of miraculous power which were made to him. Despotic kings, who are fawned upon by so many, and so seldom hear the voice of genuine and truthful counsel, are often found to appreciate a simple and candid counsellor. Such appears to have been the case in the relations between Henry II. and Saint Hugh. The prior did not hesitate (if his biographer may be believed) to "rebuke the king most vehemently on account of the sees and abbeys which he kept vacant, often for a long time, and which were most evilly treated by his people. He also showed him that, in appointing bishops and abbots, he abused a power which had been usurped by his predecessors. All the mischiefs which befell God's people, he indicated, came from unworthy prelates; and great would be the punishment of those who were responsible for such appointments" (p. 78). Meantime, under

the vigorous administration of this high-spirited governor, the Priory of Witham flourished, and a perfection was reached there, we are told, not often realized in cœnobitic houses. Witham, under Hugh, may indeed have been an exception; but we have the very clearest evidence for asserting that these foreign establishments of monks, forced into England, to garrison it, as it were, against the Church of the land—as the Normans in their castles were garrisoning it against the independent spirit of the English yeoman—were for the most part disreputable and disorderly houses. The great prelate who some few years after Hugh filled the see of Lincoln, Bishop Grosseteste, visited with unsparing discipline these alien priories, and grievous were the scandals which he found in them. Witham indeed was out of his jurisdiction; but of all those which were comprised within his large diocese, or rather province, the worst account is given, and his vigorous and unsparing chastisement was urgently needed.

However, we are quite willing to credit Hugh with having done everything that could be done at Witham, not so much in reliance on the “accurate and judicious writer” who has compiled his life, as on a general estimate of what a man of his devout and energetic character would do. We take leave, indeed, to question the fact, duly recorded by the said accurate writer, that King Henry, in danger of shipwreck at sea, had only to mention in his prayers the name of Hugh, and to plead his merits, and the storm instantly ceased! One is pretty familiar with the device of appealing to saints dead and duly canonized, but we are somewhat doubtful of the orthodoxy of setting a living man on so proud an eminence as this, however much it may redound to his honour and glory. If Henry were indeed under the impression that his connection with Hugh was the source of such wonderful benefits to him, we the less wonder at his determination to promote this most valuable auxiliary to the vacant see of Lincoln. It is true that he might have made a good thing of keeping the appointment vacant by appropriating the ecclesiastical rents; but was it not a much readier source of power to have the increased intercession of the saint for an increased benefit, such as the princely elevation would surely be held by the poor monk at Witham? The Canons of Lincoln were therefore bid to attend the king at a council at Eynsham, and, arriving, were bid to elect Hugh the Burgundian to the see, which included nearly half of England. But the canons, who themselves in their state and revenues were equal to bishops, could not see the appositeness of this recommendation. How was this poor monk, a stranger, a foreigner, a man in no way famous for learning, or for any gifts of which the world was cognizant, to be held as fitted for this high and distinguished post? The canons were “terrified” at the notion, and received the king’s advice—“non sine derisionis cachinno.” But Henry II. had a



way of his own with churchmen, and the election had to be made. They chose Hugh for bishop, and, much to their disgust no doubt, were sent to tell him of the election, and to carry to him the letters of the king and archbishop. But in the poor monk whom they had despised they found a pride equal to their own. Hugh, we are told, always had a presentiment that he should be a bishop, and so was not steadfastly set to refuse the honour, but he would not have it except on his own terms. An election constrained, as the one that had just been made, did not please him. It was uncanonical, and degrading to Holy Church. He bade the canons return and elect over again. Pleased with the bold bearing of the Burgundian, and mindful also, doubtless, of the strong will of the king, they complied with his wishes, and again elected Hugh. But even this would not satisfy the Prior of Witham. He was a Carthusian monk, and he would show these proud seculars how a true monk valued his obedience beyond any honours which they could bestow. He would not accept the mitre save at the bidding of the Prior of the Grande Chartreuse. Messengers accordingly had to be sent, and at length all obstacles being removed, Hugh consented to be consecrated.

In the midst of the fast and furious laudations of his sanctity with which every page in the "*Magna Vita*" is crammed, traces of the proud and independent spirit which distinguished Hugh crop up most amusingly. He had to ride to London to receive consecration; but while the clerks who accompanied him were gorgeous with their trappings, Hugh resolutely chose to bestride an animal without any decorations, save the somewhat remarkable one of the mattress on which the monk was wont to sleep, strapped on behind the saddle. This curious appendage so scandalized the smart attendant clergy, that at length they cut it away, and stole it opportunely, before the cavalcade entered the great city. The Archdeacon of Canterbury, whose business it was to install the new bishop, humbly requested the accustomed perquisite. Hugh scornfully rejected him. "As much as I gave for the mitre, that, and no more, will I give for the chair." That this refusal of an accustomed fee was due to some sort of independent view, and not to the spirit of meanness, may be inferred from the munificent orders which the new bishop gave for his installation feast, ordering no less than three hundred does out of his deer park to be killed for the purpose. At this the king and courtiers laughed hugely, thinking that the simple monk but little understood the ways of the world. A very great mistake, however. In spite of the nonsense with which his biographer has surrounded him, we can see that Hugh was a keen, wise, and shrewd man; a man of a noble spirit and exalted views, but perfectly alive to the prudential ways of carrying out his views to the best advantage.

The excellent editor of his life hopes that in any representations of

him that may be attempted, in stained glass or otherwise, he will be accompanied by his pet swan. We are very far from agreeing with this wish. The pet swan, which is represented with all the accustomed hagiologist claptrap, as ever strangely ministering to the saint and predicting his death, indicates the legendary side of Hugh's character. What, it seems to us, should be our endeavour with him and other great men, who have been bespattered with feeble laudations so as almost to make them ridiculous, is to clear away these accretions of pious zeal, and to exhibit them, if possible, in their solid and natural lineaments. Hugh may have been fond of swans, as he was also of babies (and, miraculous to relate, the babies often smiled upon him and caressed him!)—we discern in this a fine trait of a simple and loving spirit, but we should never think of symbolizing the bold Burgundian by the feeble emblem of a semi-mythical pet bird.

How then did the Carthusian monk, suddenly drawn from his retirement, administer the great trust to which he had been appointed? Doubtless Hugh's intentions were excellent, his own life eminently holy and charitable, his spirit towards the king and other oppressors of the Church beyond praise; but as a bishop of the great diocese of Lincoln, we conceive that he was, as he must have been, a failure. That the diocese was in a frightful state of disorder we know, from the long vacancies which had existed in the see, and from the copious accounts which we have of Bishop Grosseteste's incumbency, who followed Hugh after an interval of little more than thirty years. But what did Bishop Hugh to abate the scandals which prevailed, or what could he do under the circumstances of the case? He was a foreigner, with no knowledge of the English tongue, the English habits and customs. He himself freely acknowledges his impediments in this way—his not knowing where to find men to help him, or whom to trust—when he sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, earnestly begging him to depute to him some wise English clerks to help him. Hugh, we are told, was specially remarkable for living in peace with all men, and with his Canons of Lincoln he never quarrelled, though his temper was "hot as pepper," and he often chided them severely. We infer from this that the bishop, seeing with his natural acuteness the impossibility of carrying out reforms, was fain to acquiesce in things as they were and to make the best of them. That the Canons of Lincoln did not need his correction we take leave to doubt, for the state of morality among the clergy of the cathedral at that period was, we imagine, not very high. A very few years after Hugh's death (1205) a foul murder, perpetrated by one of the cathedral body on another, took place in the cathedral itself, before the altar of St. Peter; whereupon the mur-



derer, who had slain the sub-dean, was torn in pieces by the enraged clerks and populace. Every year was celebrated at that period in the great church the Feast of Fools, when the clergy, in masquerade, gave themselves up to all sorts of licentiousness; and in the dispute in which the cathedral body was afterwards involved with Bishop Grosseteste, the Canons were certainly guilty of forgery and perjury. It can hardly have been, therefore, that there was nothing which needed Hugh's interference at the cathedral, though he was perhaps wise in not involving himself in the fierce struggle for visitatorial power, which Grosseteste afterwards carried to a successful issue. It was no want of courage which made Hugh shrink from undertaking the correction of scandals; but either he did not perceive them, or he did not see his way to removing them, and so prudently abstained from troubling the waters. His bold and independent spirit was one of the finest points of his character, and in this he compares favourably with Grosseteste, who is so much before him as an administrator. When the king's forester invaded the privileges of his church, Hugh at once smote him with the weapon of excommunication; and when Henry sent to him to request that he would appoint a certain courtier to a prebend, Hugh answered nobly, that Church appointments were for churchmen, and not to swell the revenues of laymen who did nothing for them. For these two bold acts, which were little expected by King Henry from the man whom he had so highly advanced, the bishop was bid to attend the king at Woodstock. The interview which took place between them is one of the most graphic passages in the life, and cannot fail to raise the bishop most highly in the estimation of all who read it.

King Henry was sitting in a pleasant spot in Woodstock Chase, surrounded by his courtiers, when the bishop made his appearance before him. He stood before the circle, but neither king nor courtiers took the smallest notice of his arrival. The bishop waited, but still silence was preserved. At length, taking one of the courtiers by the shoulder, he gently moved him aside, and himself quietly sat down next to the king. The silence was still unbroken. At length King Henry, calling for a needle and thread, began to stitch a bandage that was on his finger. His expression meanwhile showed that he was in high dudgeon. But Hugh, nothing abashed, merely said, "How like you are now to your cousins of Falaise." This was too much for the king; he burst into a laugh, and rolled on the ground in inextinguishable mirth. For from the glove-stitchers of Falaise had come the mother of the Conqueror, and the bishop's sally was well grounded. His merriment having loosed his voice, Henry now bitterly complained of the bishop having refused his request, and having excommunicated his forester. But Hugh replied nobly,

"In appointing me bishop, I know you desired me to perform my office well. It was to save your soul, for which I am bound to have a tender care, that I punished this oppressor of the Church, and refused a prebend to one who could not perform its duties. Truly I did not judge it needful to ask your excellency's license, seeing that as what I did was right, I was certain that you must needs approve of it."

This answer, in which boldness and deference are so happily blended, would perhaps have had still greater force had not the bishop afterwards insisted on having the unfortunate forester flogged. As it was, however, no more courtiers applied for prebends. Tact and shrewdness were, indeed, conspicuous in all the bishop's conduct. He gave very sage advice to Archbishop Baldwin not to anger the Canterbury monks by attempting a new institution of canons in honour of St. Thomas, just as he had the sense, when his own health required it, to break through the Carthusian asceticism, and to use a more generous diet. In compassion to the weakness of human nature, he would allow occasionally the introduction of musicians and players at banquets, and he even permitted an innovation on saintly strictness which was still more remarkable for the times in which he lived. He allowed, and even obliged, the priests who were to attend him on any long ceremonial, to take some refreshment before mass, knowing that excess of fatigue, combined with long fasting, often produced the most deplorable results. In all this we trace the tact and insight of a master mind, but when we have long pages dedicated to descriptions of the miraculous way in which babies recognised the saint by smiling upon him and stretching out their arms, we are inclined to lament that he has not fallen into the hands of a better biographer.

A strange practice is recorded of Bishop Hugh, of confirming any children who were brought to meet him on his journeys. He is commended for dismounting from his horse, and performing the rite in a seemly manner; whereas another bishop, it is said, whose name is not given, used to scatter his blessings without taking the trouble to leave his seat on his horse, the children meanwhile being in danger of being trodden under the feet of the horses of his suite. We have heard some complaints of modern English bishops as to a want of due solemnity in the performance of this function. We commend to the consideration of their censors this mediæval view of the episcopal act of confirmation.

We now come to that peculiarity of Hugh's conduct on which his reputation as a saint may be said specially to depend—namely, his intercourse with lepers. The terrible malady of leprosy was the scourge of Eastern England during the middle age, and the treat-



ment of the unhappy sufferers was in the highest degree barbarous and revolting. That the good bishop should have desired to protest energetically against this, and show by his own personal conduct that the Christian man ought not to shrink from any form of human suffering, was altogether worthy of praise. But was it only for these salutary purposes that Hugh was wont to make himself conspicuous by kissing and caressing the most suffering of the lepers, by eating from the same dish with them, and lying in their beds? We cannot help seeing in this something of the melodramatic ascetism upon which such great store was then set. It was held to be a sort of heroism (and Hugh's training as a Carthusian would make him earnestly adopt such a view) to face with eagerness all that was most revolting to the flesh, to execute, as it were, *tours de force* in the way of ascetism, and to go the most extreme lengths in contradicting nature. We are not aware that any Christian saint has succeeded in reaching such a height of triumphant devotion in this line as the Indian votaries, who swing by hooks fastened into their backs, or stand twenty years on one leg, or never rise from grovelling in the dust. Some of them, however, have doubtless shown wonderful power, as well as ingenuity, in devising and enduring tortures for their bodies. Now, whatever there was in Hugh's treatment of lepers that was not really conducive to the advantage or comfort of the leper, but was intended by him to prove his own powers of ascetic endurance of the horrible, we cannot say we value very highly; but deducting all this, there yet remains the fact, that a great prelate, who might well claim exemption from such duties by the pressure of multifarious and important labours, was yet willing personally to minister, with the most anxious kindness, to a most revolting form of human suffering. We cannot refuse, then, to admit, that, besides being independent, shrewd, and just, Hugh possessed in an eminent degree the spirit of Christian love for the afflicted. We are sorry to be obliged to qualify in any way our estimate of him in this respect, but his biographer has brought together so many stories of his smiting those who displeased him with a curse, that we can see his spirit was not all meekness and charity. The stories are told with a view of magnifying the bishop, by showing that on whomsoever he laid his curse he soon came to an untimely end—a frightful thought, if there were any truth in it, that a Christian bishop had thus been instrumental in sending souls to perdition.

In one of the cases mentioned we can see plainly enough that the bishop's temper had something to do with the punishment. The victim was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Hubert) between whom and Hugh there was no good feeling. As the archbishop absolves from the censure of his suffragan, the punishment is

repeated and increased by Hugh, the guilt of the criminal being held to be magnified by the fact of his being upheld by a prelate whom the Bishop of Lincoln did not like. In this there is certainly nothing of special sanctity, but it is another illustration of the independent and resolute spirit of the man. That Bishop Hugh should despise money we might expect from his ascetic antecedents, but that he should have the sense and right feeling to do away with the evil practice of commuting penance for a fine, redounds to his credit. He was told that Saint Thomas of Canterbury was in the habit of allowing fines for offences. "If he had done nothing better than that, he would be but a sorry saint," replied the spirited Burgundian. Some of the qualities which we have noted in Bishop Hugh were especially remarkable in one who had been trained as a Carthusian monk, for a true monk Hugh both was and remained. Unlike the great prelate who followed him after a short interval in his See and who had a special antipathy for monks, Hugh delighted in their society. "His glory," says his biographer, "was in the monastic order." He had indeed the candour to admit that it was not absolutely necessary to salvation that one should be a monk or an eremite, that there was such a thing as being a Christian without being either of these, and that the fundamental necessities were love, truth, and chastity. This is recorded as though it were somewhat of a concession for a strict Carthusian to make, as also we are told was the allowance which he sometimes extended to ladies to sit at table with him, even occasionally placing his hands upon their heads, or giving them a chaste salute. We suppose we must give the saint a little credit for this liberality of view, taking into account the abhorrence and contempt into which monasticism had consigned the female sex.\* But if he was somewhat beyond his fellows in these points, he was a genuine Carthusian of Carthusians when, in his frequent visits to his old home at Witham, he delighted in cleaning the scuttles and feeding on the broken and stale crusts left by the other brethren. We may estimate Hugh's real efficiency as a bishop by his delight to retreat once or twice a year, for a month or two months at a time, to his old ascetic life; to be nothing again but a plain monk, only distinguished by his episcopal ring, and to lead the strict regular life to which he had been trained. His face, we are told, shone with joy, his eye brightened, and his whole demeanour betokened delight when he approached the beloved spot. But how, meanwhile, did his vast diocese fare while its head was thus taking his pleasure in these ascetic joys? During these monastic retreats the diocese was practically without a head; and how could even saintship justify such an inconvenience as this?

\* Prof. Kingsley's "Hermits," Introd., p. 1.



Men were angry and indignant at these repeated absences, his biographer admits; but then, he says, it is better for a bishop to be in a religious retreat than to be hanging about the court of the king. True! but why need he be at either place? It was quite in accordance with Hugh's Carthusian tastes, which loved to dwell upon, and, as it were, forestall, death and decay, that the bishop should have been so devoted to the performance of the office for the burial of the dead. He actually issued a general order to the priests of his diocese that, when he was in a town or near at hand, no priest should venture to perform the funeral rites without first apprising him, and he would spend any length of time in the ceremonial. He is said to have kept both King Henry and King Richard waiting for the banquet while he was occupied in this employment, on which he set so high a value. It is harder to trace in this, than in the kissing of the lepers, any distinct exercise of genuine Christian charity; but in both these is that homage to the decay and misery of the body which is very characteristic of the school to which Hugh belonged. The really astonishing part of his character is that he should have combined with these ascetic habits that keen insight into affairs which we are wont to designate worldly wisdom, and that simple boldness in his intercourse with the great and powerful, which never failed to gain its object and to prove successful. We have seen how he exhibited this in the case of Henry II., who, though able to resist the haughty bearing of Thomas à Becket, was conquered by the simple determination of the Bishop of Lincoln. A more remarkable instance of it still is recorded with regard to Richard I., a prince who was ready to go to any extremities of savage despotism to secure the wealth which he coveted for the prosecution of his wars. "As a dropsical man thirsts for water," said Archbishop Hubert, "so does King Richard thirst for money." But Bishop Hugh vanquished him even here, and that in such a bold and telling fashion that it is well worth narrating. King Richard had demanded the performance of an old kingly claim, viz., that the barons of England should furnish him with three hundred men-at-arms for his wars for the space of a year. A meeting was held at Oxford to consider the demand, but Hugh at once declared, that, though, as Bishop of Lincoln, he was bound to his share in the levy, yet that the see was only lawfully called upon for military service within the realm of England, and he utterly refused to contribute anything for foreign wars. Following his bold example, the Bishop of Salisbury said the same. The archbishop stormed and threatened, but to no purpose. Hugh was firm, and so much was his malediction dreaded, that though the unfortunate Bishop of Salisbury was at once exposed to violent reprisals, none dared to lay

their hands on anything belonging to the See of Lincoln. It would have been like their death-sentence, says his biographer. But violent seizures being threatened and urged on by the archbishop, Hugh determined to go to the king. He found him at Roche d'Andeli, hearing mass on St. Augustine's day, and entering the church and saluting him, he was received only with an indignant and fierce look by the angry monarch. The bishop demanded the kiss of peace. The king refused. "Give me the kiss," said Hugh, seizing the king by the cloak and giving him a hearty shake, "I have come a long way to visit you." "You do not deserve it," said Richard. "Yes, indeed, I deserve it," replied the bishop with a still heartier shake. "Give me the kiss." Richard was not proof against this, which so well agreed with his own impulsive and impetuous character. He smiled, and gave the bishop the desired salute, and soon afterwards showed, by presenting him with the Pax, that he was completely reconciled to him. After the service Hugh expostulated with the king for his threatened confiscation of his goods. Not a jot would he bate of the rights of his church, and the king acquiesced. More than this, Hugh even utterly refused to be the bearer of letters to England demanding subsidies, and the king suffered him to depart with an earnest request for his prayers, remarking that if all bishops were like him no king would dare to raise his head against them. Before his departure, Hugh had given the king some salutary advice as to his moral conduct; and, indeed, if the interview be not highly coloured by the bishop's biographer (which is probable), it is one of the most remarkable instances of the ascendancy of the spiritual power, when boldly used, over the temporal, which history records. Richard, foiled in his attacks on the property guarded by the intrepid bishop, now bethought himself of the revenues of the rich Canons of Lincoln, and sent an order for twelve of them to be despatched to him, to serve him as envoys and diplomatists at their proper cost. But here again the bishop met him. None of his Canons should go, he declared, or if they went, he would go with them. Again Archbishop Hubert storms and orders the goods of the bishop to be seized. Hugh simply gives directions that wherever the officers appeared they should be excommunicated, and puts the matter off his mind; only he is heard in his sleep to murmur Amen more frequently and loudly than usual, this being a constant practice with him. This great withstander of kings was yet to be brought into contact with another of a different character, and still more difficult to be influenced by such power as he wielded. John received the news of his brother's death with a sort of childish joy, and as a child, conscious of not bearing a very good reputation, he eagerly promised during the first three or four days of his reign to be a good boy ever after. But Bishop Hugh distrusted him, and plainly told him so. At the



Church of Fontevrault he led him before a picture of the Last Judgment, and showed him where the wicked kings were being carried away to be tortured. On Easter Sunday he preached him a sermon of extraordinary length on the duties of kings, during which the king sent three times to request the bishop to draw to a conclusion, as he was particularly hungry for his dinner; but the inexorable prelate caused him to hear it to the end. Hugh's temper was probably somewhat excited by the extraordinary behaviour of the king at the offertory, who, when the gold pieces were brought him for the offering, instead of giving them, chinked them in his hand, and looking fondly at them, said, "Only a few days since, the offering I should have made of you would have been to my own purse." But it was a harder task to drill John into anything like decent behaviour than to withstand the exactions of Henry or Richard. He was a scapegrace without faith or morals, and he did not care, after his first attempt, even to pretend the contrary. Thus in the solemn service at Rouen, in which he was invested with the Duchy of Normandy, hearing the tittering of his old boon companions, he himself joined in it, and threw down the lance which conveyed the investiture in the midst of the church. The bishop, with his keen insight into character despaired of doing him good, and when in his last illness John visited him and sat long conversing with him, Hugh would scarce answer him, being utterly hopeless of his words having any good effect.

Of this man, with so remarkable a force of character and so many noble qualities, we have said that as a bishop he must be estimated as somewhat of a failure. Of this no one was more conscious than himself. He lamented most bitterly the distracting occupations of the Episcopate which continually engrossed the time he would prefer to have given to solitude and devotion, and he even appealed to the Pope, praying to be relieved from the burden of his office:—a request which was received with contemptuous indignation at Rome. The very fact of Hugh's high reputation increased his labours, as every one was desirous of bringing their cause before this just judge; and, as the bishop never learnt the English language, his hearing of suits must have been made more difficult and prolix than would have been the case with a bishop familiar with the tongue and manners of the country. His sighs for relief from uncongenial cares, and his longing again to visit the sacred spot of his first enthusiastic devotion, led Hugh in the last year of his life to re-visit the Grande Chartreuse. It is superfluous to say with what honour he was received there, how he was feasted by the Bishop of Grenoble, the number of miracles which he performed, and the holy shrines which he visited on his way. Very remarkable stories are told as to his biting a piece out of a bone of St. Mary Magdalen, at the Abbey of

Fescamp, in Normandy, and of cutting off a portion of St. Oswald's arm at Peterborough. Hugh, it seems, thought himself justified in adding to his collection of relics in this unceremonious fashion; but, considering the very high market value of such commodities, it was rather a dishonest proceeding. The bishop was attacked with a fever on his homeward journey, which, being badly treated, laid hold of his constitution, and gradually brought him to his end. The greatest devotion was, as might be expected, shown by the bishop in his last illness; but one characteristic trait is recorded of him which proves that the independent and defiant spirit was by no means extinct. Archbishop Hubert, visiting him on his sick bed, suggested that among his items of penitence he should not forget how often he had provoked his spiritual superior and primate. Upon this, the suffering bishop immediately fired up. "I have, indeed, to repent that I did not provoke you much oftener; but, if my life should be spared, be assured this fault shall be repaired."

It is remarked by all the biographers of St. Hugh, and by all the mediæval chroniclers of these times, that as the saint had in his lifetime been specially devoted to the pious taste of burying the dead, so in his own funeral, there was a special recompense made to him by the singular honour which was accorded to it. Just at the period of his death a meeting had been arranged at Lincoln between King John and the King of Scots, and a large number of prelates were in attendance on the kings. It chanced, too, that all the abbots of the Cistercian order had repaired to Lincoln to meet King John, and remonstrate with him against the exactions he had laid upon their houses, which claimed Papal exemption.\* Many foreigners, also, who had followed the king from abroad, hoping probably for some spoil in England, were there. Thus the funeral of the saint was celebrated with exceeding magnificence. Two kings and three archbishops meeting the body at a distance from the city, bore it on their shoulders to the noble pile, of which Hugh had already completed a great portion. Fourteen bishops, more than a hundred abbots, and a vast number of barons, joined in the funeral office, which was twice sung; and the immense concourse of people testified by their tears their deep sorrow at the loss of their high-spirited and loving father in God. Hugh, indeed, was a great man, and the greater that he was hampered and tainted with a miserable system of morals and religion. When we have his biographer exultingly declaring that in his last moments he was laid to die on a cross made of ashes which had been blessed, or when he gives us a long and circumstantial account that the saint in travelling never raised his eyes from the mane of his horse, and was utterly unconscious of where he was

\* V. *Chronicon de Melsâ*, and *Capgrave*; also, *Ann. de Waverleia*.



going, and of what was on each side of him, we are struck with amazement at the vivacity and earnestness with which Hugh, in spite of this atmosphere which he was breathing, nevertheless mingled in the affairs of the world. We do not like to read of his powerful curses, and of the effects which are said to have followed them; and we are almost inclined to regard the saint, from expressions used by his biographer, as not only of a hot temper, but also of somewhat an unforgiving disposition. But if in some cases of flagrant evil his wrath was not easily abated, yet for the most part he was certainly gentle, tender, and loving; the foe of oppression, the just judge, the defender of the poor, the single-hearted priest of God, a man above his age and above his order.

We cannot conclude without saying a word of Hugh's great and noble monument, the proof at once of his taste and his munificence—the cathedral church of Lincoln; the greater part of which, even as it now stands, was built by him, or from the plans which he sanctioned. The writer of the "*Magna Vita*" is so busy with a number of childish details about the bishop's obsequies, and his resemblance to St. Martin of Tours, that he tells us absolutely nothing about his building, save that the architect was Geoffrey de Noiers, who, though his name has a foreign sound, yet, according to the best architectural authorities, was without doubt an Englishman.

The metrical life, however, makes up for this omission, and devotes 140 lines to the description of the building and the symbolism of the different parts. We are told that Hugh even laboured at the work with his own hands:—

"Mirà construit arte  
Ecclesiæ cathedralis opus; quod in ædificando  
Non solum concedit opes, operamque suorum,  
Sed proprii sudoris opem; lapidesque frequenter  
Excisos fert in calathò, calcemque tenacem." (840.)

The description of the grand features of the Gothic building is very ingenious:—

"Nam quasi pennatis avibus testudo locata,\*  
Latas expandens alas, similisque volanti  
Nubes offendit, solidis innisa columnis,  
Viscosusque liquor lapides conglutinat albos  
Quos manus artificis omnes excidit ad unguem—  
Et paries ex congerie constructus eorum,  
Hoc quasi dedignans, mentitur continuare  
Contiguas partes: non esse videtur ab arte,  
Quin a naturà; non res unita, sed una." 863—871.

The memory of St. Hugh is not likely to die out of the land so long as the noble fane which he reared remains to glorify him.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

\* "*Locuta*" is printed, which is either a misprint or a mis-reading.



## HEGEL AND HIS CONNEXION WITH BRITISH THOUGHT.

### PART II.

THE doctrine that matter is essentially a phenomenon, which doctrine forms the staple and basis of British metaphysics, and which now no\* metaphysician controverts, is almost entirely unknown to our German neighbours as originally a British doctrine. It is not easy satisfactorily to account for this. The doctrine itself they have common enough among them, but apparently without the least knowledge,—certainly without the least recognition,—of the source from which they have derived it. It is true that, when Berkeley originally propounded this grand view of nature to the world, the intercourse between the two countries was inconsiderable. The doctrine has been, however, amply discussed and adopted since, although without the author's name, by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, as a portion of their respective systems, and has thus passed into the prevailing metaphysical theories of their country. Why Berkeley's name was suppressed in connection with it, does not appear. Although the four writers just mentioned speak for the most part disparagingly, in some cases unaccountably so, of this great man, they none of them seem unconscious that they were incorporating

\* One exception requires to be mentioned. Professor Ueberweg, in the present number of the *Halle'sche Zeitschrift* and in his recent translation of Berkeley's "Principles of Human Knowledge," throws down afresh the gauntlet of this controversy,—but in terms which greatly simplify the question.



his doctrine into theirs. In fact, Hegel's account of the doctrine ("Gesch. der Phil." Vol. III. Art. *Berkeley*), notwithstanding the very large amount of disparagement combined with it, and one or two inaccurate expressions, shows at once that Hegel understood perfectly well what Berkeley taught upon the nature of the material substance, and that he himself entirely assented to it. None of the other German historians of philosophy (except Kuno Fischer, if we may speak of him as a historian who is more truly a deep and eloquent expounder), whether they themselves accept, or not, the phenomenal nature of matter which they find in the writings of their own leading metaphysicians, seem to be aware that this is what Berkeley taught. We accordingly find them all, with these two exceptions, attributing to him tenets of a totally different character,—and, although themselves enlightened metaphysicians,—such tenets as imply the lowest possible estimate, upon their parts, of metaphysical enlightenment,—such, in fact, as no one enlightened metaphysician could well attribute to another. This misapprehension, which began with Tenneman, takes large proportions in Schwegler, and is to be found, I regret to say, even in the new and important edition of Erdmann's critical History of Philosophy. We may hope, however, that all this misapprehension will soon disappear; for, besides other favourable influences now for the first time in operation, the elaborate Oxford edition of Berkeley, by Fraser, in four volumes, can be looked forward to next year, and already the first translation of Berkeley's chief work into German has just been made by Ueberweg in a very cheap form, with the accuracy and clearness for which this writer is distinguished.

As Schwegler's account of Berkeley's doctrine is the most explicit, and his history in most general use, I subjoin here a list of his errors on this subject, and upon comparison with the German text, it will be seen that almost every one of his statements is an egregious error.

1. Berkeley does not deny, either wholly or in part, the existence and reality of the material world external to our bodies; nor does he deny its permanence and its substance.

2. His doctrine is not only a complete Realism, but shows clearly that that is precisely what the doctrine of his opponents is not.

3. He nowhere says that material objects are mere imaginings of our own, or imaginings at all. He says the contrary everywhere.

4. He nowhere denies the reality of the objective sensuous universe outside our bodies. That is the very universe of Matter and material and external objects whose existence his opponents deny and he defends.

5. It is not true that he considers, or that anyone considers, anything to be harder, or heavier, or more real, or more substantial, than a phenomenon can be;—than a block of granite for instance, or a bar of iron.

6. According to him such expressions as those here imputed to him, "mere phenomena," "only phenomena," are senseless expressions—as senseless as if we spoke of people as being "only" alive and happy, or as being "mere" rational creatures, or of some one as being "only" starved to death, or as being "purely and merely buried alive," or of sugar as being "merely" sweet, or of bread as being "merely" nutritious and good. According to him this is only the language of idiots. He never used it.

7. He nowhere says that our sensuous perceptions are entirely un-objective. He says the contrary. He says everywhere that they are entirely objective.

8. He does not say that when we experience or perceive external objects, such as colours, sounds, weights, &c., we are deceived. He says the contrary everywhere. He says that these are the real things.

9. He nowhere says either that our sensations do not exist, or that they are not some of our most real things. It is his opponents who deny the reality, externality, objectivity, substantiality, &c., &c., of what we see and feel, or, as they express it, of what is "*merely*" ("*purely*," "*only*") seen and felt, and they hope by imputing this denial to him to avert the odium of it from themselves.

10. It is not true to say that it is peculiar to his doctrine to hold that we do not see what we hear or feel, nor feel and hear what we see. No one thinks we can hear the weight of a house, or feel a colour, or see a sound. Berkeley only drew attention to this fact.

11. He nowhere says that we do not see the shape and size of things—of the chair before us, for instance. He everywhere insists upon it that we do—that we see and feel the qualities that inhere in our sensations *quite as well as* our sensations themselves.

12. It is not true to say that it is peculiar to his doctrine to hold that the shape and size seen at one distance only enable us to *infer* what shape and size we should see at another distance. It is not correct to say that anyone denies this.

13. It is not true to say that it is peculiar to his doctrine to hold that we do not see, but only *infer*, the distance between objects in the line of sight. There is nobody who thinks that we *see* this distance. He only drew attention to the point as a fact in physics, already well known in his day.

14. It is not true to say that it is peculiar to his doctrine to hold that we infer the visual shape and size from the tactual ones when we are blindfold, or those that are tactual from those that are visual, when we merely look at the wall or door. It is not true to say that anyone now denies this, or ever denied it. Berkeley only drew attention to the fact.



15. It is not peculiar to his doctrine to hold that we, in no sense of the words, go out of ourselves to perceive things—either out of our bodies or out of our minds. No one supposes we do so.

16. He nowhere says that our sensations are affections of what perceives them, *i.e.*, of what we call “ourselves.” They are, according to him, as distinct from the Ego as any one of them is from the other, or as any one thing can be distinct from another thing; the body itself, or organ of the body, being, according to him, only the condition under which the Ego or Spirit perceives them.

17. He nowhere says that all Ideas are Sensations, although he says that all Sensations are Ideas; neither, however, are affections of anything percipient.

18. He does not deny either that one Sensation can be outside another, or that one Idea can be outside another.

19. He nowhere says that the Spirit (or Ego) has any Inside or Outside connected with it. On the contrary, he denies that it has either. When therefore he speaks, in popular language, of things as *in* or *outside* the Mind, he does not ever mean *locally within* or *locally without*, but merely figuratively so. He means, strictly and scientifically speaking, IN RELATION TO the Spirit, or NOT IN RELATION TO it.

20. He nowhere says that the animal body is, in any case, the percipient. He distinctly says the contrary. He is therefore as far from saying that it has sensations within it, as that it has ideas of any kind within it.

21. He does not say anywhere that material things, or other real things, like sound and pain, exist only in our imagination. He explains at great length that this is not so, and that this is not ever what is meant when such things are called phenomena. Everybody knows that a bad toothache is a phenomenon; yet nobody thinks that a bad toothache exists only in our own imagination.

22. He nowhere says that the Spirit creates or imagines the real material objects which it perceives under the condition of the senses. No imputation could be more preposterous.

23. He nowhere says that the material Universe is not outside the animal body. On the contrary, he everywhere explains that it is. He merely says that it exists and has all its vast reality IN RELATION TO the Spirit, and through the fact of its being in this relation.

24. It is not true to say that he denies the existence of Matter—of the Matter which we see and feel. He only denies the existence of occult or transcendental Matter—of the supposed Matter which no one under any circumstances, even if it were before our eyes or in our hands, could ever see or ever feel. This Kant knew well.

25. He nowhere says that phenomena do not exist. He says, on the contrary, that they do;—not only the material phenomena, such

as hard things and heavy things, and things large and small, but also mere thought-phenomena, such as mere ideas of the sense-phenomena which we retain after our experience of the sense-phenomena themselves is over.

26. He nowhere says that a phenomenon is a part or a state of the Spirit. He says distinctly that it is neither one nor the other.

27. He nowhere says that only spirits exist. He everywhere asserts the contrary. He everywhere asserts that material things, *i.e.*, sense-phenomena, exist as well as Spirits; and that other phenomena exist also. It is only in Germany that there are writers who hold that a phenomenon can be a portion of a Spirit, or a Spirit a portion of a phenomenon.

28. He nowhere says that it is through its faculty of Imagination that the Spirit perceives the Material Universe.

29. It is not true that he was the first propounder of the doctrine in Metaphysics that the Universe was made and is maintained by God—by a Spirit or Ego—a personal, perceiving Spirit, with thoughts and volitions; nor that this metaphysical doctrine is, or ever was, peculiar to him.

30. It is not true that he is the first propounder of Moral Causation—of the doctrine that nothing can be strictly and unmetaphorically regarded as the Cause or Origin of anything whatever except of that which it intends doing. Nor is the doctrine now peculiar to him. All other "Causes," as they are called, are occasions only and conditions; and are admitted to be so by all who profess to explain what they mean when they use that term.

31. It is not true that he is peculiar in holding that nothing can know what it is doing and intending to do, except a Spirit.

32. Nor is it a peculiar tenet of his that nothing but a Spirit can have thoughts, and that therefore nothing can present its thoughts to one Spirit but another Spirit. There is hardly any one who would not be ashamed to dispute such things.

33. He nowhere says that the pain and other sense-phenomena which are produced in (in relation to) the human Ego, exist, as such, in, or in relation to, the Divine One. He says exactly and emphatically the contrary. He says that the Supreme Spirit knows all things, and knows of the bodily pain we suffer, but does not suffer it.

34. He nowhere says that the objects of our dreams or other mere subjective imaginings have any reality, nor that any interpretation of nature can give it to them. They are unreal objects—and he constantly says so.

35. He nowhere says that we must not express ourselves in the figurative language of Physical Causation. He frequently says the contrary, and frequently himself does so. He merely suggests that we should never allow ourselves to forget its figurative character.

36. Finally, it is entirely inaccurate and most unjust to say that



he professed to hold this phenomenal nature of matter *because* it exhibits the utter groundlessness of Materialism and Atheism. He distinctly says that this was not so. He distinctly explains that his sole ground for holding it was that it is founded in fact and reason; and that it is so, has (senseless as this may appear) been frequently admitted even by those who have refused to adopt it.

It seems but fair to all parties to put forward these corrections of Schwegler's childish statement, while we are engaged in a comparison of British and German Metaphysics. It would, however, also be unfair to all parties to omit stating here that Kuno Fischer,\* Professor of Philosophy at Jena, has given various excellent summaries of Berkeley's doctrine to the German public, one, the longest, in his work on Bacon, and others in his exposition of Kant in two vols.; both which works have been translated into English (Longmans), but not with complete justice to these summaries.

### III. HEGEL'S DOCTRINE AND HIS DEMONSTRATION OF IT.

I now proceed to Professor Hegel's doctrine, to his mode of establishing the truth of it, and to the difference between it and ours.

His doctrine is, as I have said, identical in all respects with that of Professor von Schelling, viz., that the All of things is Thought; that every object of sense—every millstone—is as completely a phenomenon or thought, as what we call a mere idea is, or as pain is; it being a well-understood fact that nothing can be harder or heavier, or more real or more entirely apart from the animal body, than, in certain circumstances, a thought or phenomenon can be.

This, as I have also mentioned, is, with the exception of one extremely important peculiarity, the dominant doctrine now among us in these islands—the doctrine which Berkeley was the first to expound, after the Greeks had done so, nearly a century before either of these German writers taught it. The exception I allude to is that whereas Berkeley said, All things are thoughts, *EXCEPT* that which thinks; Schelling said, All things are thoughts, *EVEN* that which thinks. *And in this most important point of difference from Berkeley, Hegel follows Schelling.*

Hegel's doctrine, then, is this remarkable point of difference from Berkeley, *plus* the first of the Greek correlations explained in the commencement of this article (Unity of Being and Thinking), and adopted after Berkeley's time by the metaphysicians of Great Britain; which two tenets together constitute the doctrine that everything which exists, and every part of everything, is a phenomenon—a self-producing phenomenon, as well as, at the same time, a self-perceiving

\* This distinguished writer has also given us expositions which are really complete reproductions of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Fichte in separate volumes, and is now writing one of Schelling, to be followed, probably next year, by his exposition of Hegel, to which we may all look forward with confidence and interest.



one. Professor Hegel does not, however, use this word "phenomenon" when he requires to speak of the universal element in question which consists of Thinking and Being. He uses the word "Idea" for the purpose, as Berkeley himself often does; but in order to distinguish his own use of this word from the ordinary meaning of it, the Professor speaks of "THE Idea," not of "Ideas," and not of "an Idea." He says everything is "the idea"—"the self-perceiving and self-producing idea." This is the Self-related or Absolute—the sole element of all things. There is no such thing at all, he says, as a Spirit Ego, person, or percipient distinct from this phenomenon. Matter is this, Spirit is this. The whole of the Immaterial Universe, as well as the whole of the Material Universe, is this. History is this; Art is this; Life and Knowledge are this also; in short, everything is this. Now, it is only when the Professor says that the Ego consists of, or rather contributes to constitute, this "Idea," as he calls it, that Berkeley and the metaphysicians of Great Britain differ from him. We hold that nothing that is an idea could think—nothing that is of the nature of matter could think or perceive anything.

But what does "the idea," or this universal phenomenal concrete unit itself, consist of, which is thus supposed to constitute all things? In other words, what does a phenomenon—a thought—consist of? Professor Hegel answers this question as Schelling did, as Berkeley had done, long before them, and as every one in Britain now answers it. He says that it consists of two abstractions, two elements, neither of which could exist except in correlation to the other. These are abstract Being and abstract Perceiving—the abstract Object and the abstract Subject. Pain, which is one of our most real and least disputed objects, illustrates this clearly. It consists of abstract pain and abstract perceiving, neither of which could exist, as a reality, without the other; but, when they are combined, both exist *in rerum natura*, and as *two* distinct realities. This is commonly called "The Unity" of Being and Knowing; but is, more distinctly expressed, their Correlation, or correlative and interdependent existence. It really amounts to saying that every object that exists for the Ego or Spirit, exists as a thought; and, if we take strict account of the facts in simple and obvious cases, such as pain, sound, colour, &c., we shall, as I have already observed, be the better able to comprehend it in the less obvious and more complicated cases, such as a History, a Poem, a Nation, or a Mountain; each of which objects essentially consists of the above two abstractions, viz., of the abstract object itself, supposed to be of the same nature as when it is perceived, and of the abstract act of perceiving, supposed to be able to take place even without there being any object to be perceived. These two things may be supposed and spoken of as apart, but cannot, it is evident, exist except together—any more than the two pages of a leaf in a book could exist except together.



I have thus far stated what Professor Hegel's general doctrine amounts to. It is the same Correlation of Thought and Being as Schelling's. I have also stated in what it differs from Berkeley's. It regards the process of thought as that which thinks—the process of perceiving as that which perceives; whereas Berkeley does not. Let us now follow the Professor a little into his employment of this doctrine that the Whole of Being is phenomenal—consisting of the process which we commonly call Thought or Thinking, and which, from the self-development that he assigns to it, we may call Phenomenalization. It is Thought in action, but without any other Thinker except itself—without, therefore, anything except itself that can either intend anything or perceive anything. With this doctrine he solves, he tells us, what had been hitherto for him an inexplicable problem, viz., the position in which the related stands to the unrelated (or absolute), and in which the individual (or finite) Phenomenalization stands to the one which is universal (or not finite).

He employs the doctrine first on the material universe of sensuous phenomena, and then on the immaterial universe of unsensuous (supersensuous) phenomena; or, as he generalizes it himself, first on the world of matter, and then on the world of human conduct and of human thought. I do not intend to imitate him or his commentators in calling thought misleadingly either the "consciousness," or the "conscious mind," or the "Spirit," or the "Ego." It is none of these. Why, therefore, should it be called so?

In each of these two departments he indicates three stages of this Phenomenalization (or Thought in action)—three stages of the Phenomenal, or "the Idea," as he himself quaintly calls it—three in the Sensuous, and three in the Supersensuous.

In the Material or Sensuous Universe we have these phenomena, or thoughts, unrolling themselves, or developing themselves, *first*, in the form of unorganised phenomena, and, *secondly*, in the form of organised phenomena. Again, we have the latter—the organised phenomena—subdivided into, 1st, those of the vegetable class, and, 2nd, those of the animal class; the more complicated phenomena of the animal class developing themselves, or unrolling themselves, into the reasonings and institutions of individuals and communities.

In the Immaterial or Supersensuous Universe—the universe of thought and feeling, in the ordinary sense of those words—constituting, we are thus told, one portion of the animal phenomena, we have the Phenomenal ("the Idea") unrolling itself into unsensuous phenomena, in contra-distinction to Matter, or the sensuous phenomena. And here we have it also unrolling itself—we must not forget that it is the Phenomenal itself ("the Idea") that does everything, as well as being that alone which perceives what is done—we have it unrolling itself, under this head of the Supersensuous

Universe, into three subordinate classes of phenomena. We have it *first*, as what the Professor calls "subjective" phenomena, or what we should call the mere ideas and feelings of individuals—all their various acts of perceiving and of preference. We have it, *secondly*, as what he calls "objective" phenomena, or what we call civil and political institutions, with the history of them; and, *thirdly*, we have "the Idea" unrolling itself into the phenomena which the Professor calls "unrelated" or "self-related" (absolute) Phenomenalization. These belong to what we comprehend under the names of Art, Religion, and Philosophy—Philosophy being that union of concrete life and concrete knowledge which comprehends all the rest—which comprehends the whole universe of Being, of Thought and Matter, of the Sensuous and the Supersensuous—in one combined system of Phenomenalization, or self-developing, self-producing, self-perceiving phenomena—a thing, or view of things, not easily expressed in any one word or phrase, on account of the novelty of the generalizations, but expressed, for the understanding of an Englishman, in, perhaps, the vaguest, most inaccurate, and obscurest manner possible by the worthy Professor himself, as "THE SELF-THINKING IDEA."

Let the reader here take minute account of what has thus far been laid before him. It is neither more nor less than the substance of Schelling's doctrine, adopted and taught by Professor Hegel, that the All of things is concrete Thought—that all material and immaterial things that exist, consist of that alone, nor is there anything that the Professor has oftener or more distinctly repeated than that this was what he aimed at establishing. He is not responsible for the vast struggle that some of his admirers have had to make, in order to get at this fact. His doctrine was always well-known to be this, and in itself very clearly, very unmistakably, amounts to this. It is thus far, moreover, that he and Schelling were together, and wrote together. But here those inexcusable jealousies upon Schelling's part began, which terminated in their entire alienation from one another, not only in all the rest of their philosophical researches, but even in the working out of this main principle—the one upon which they were both agreed. "What," asked Hegel, one ill-starred morning, "is the proof of our doctrine? What are the *a priori* grounds for our holding that Matter and Thought are things of the same nature? We know, of course, that it is so. We know, of course, that Matter is as much a phenomenon as the mere Thought about it is—that neither of these is, in itself alone, a phenomenon—that they are both correlatives subsisting in the same phenomenon. Nothing," said Hegel, "can be clearer than this is. But it is not enough to say that this is so, nor even to see that this is so. It is not enough to make an axiom of it, as we have hitherto done with regard to it, and as we still do with regard to the fact that the whole is greater than its part. We must," said the Professor, "offer proof of it. We



must exhibit the *a priori* elements of the undisputed fact. We must show that the essential elements of Thought, and of what we are accustomed to think of as Not-thought, are the same." Upon all this, and upon his brother metaphysician, after this, Schelling, without a quarrel, turned his back. Schelling saw no necessity here for a statement of *a priori* elements. George William Frederick Hegel, therefore, henceforward, works alone; and his whole work, thus alone, is the drawing up of this *a priori* basis, or demonstration, the import of which is all that it now remains for us to consider. It is not a doctrine, as some have mistakenly described it, it is only the demonstration of one, and the Professor himself called it nothing more.

Why Professor Hegel should have thought any proof here requisite beyond the mere intuition of the intellect is not clear, unless we suppose him occupied with the professional distinction which would result to himself from its indication. He certainly does not seem to have effected much more by "his Philosophy," as his admirers call it, than this distinction, nor even to have himself laid claim to more. He explicitly says that his only merit lies in this indication of the *a priori* basis, which belongs to Schelling's doctrine; and he himself attaches great importance to it as a demonstration. It is, however, but too evident that it has really not answered the purpose of one, and that it has left Schelling's doctrine, even for most Germans, not only not wholly exempt from doubt, but far less so than the doctrine was before.

The obscurity of some of the language in which he expressed this demonstration, and which some of his commentators seem to think a sort of merit—something to be proud of—an important portion of the work, and to be carefully preserved in every translation, as well as in every comment, was probably forced upon him by the complications of his position, in antagonism to Schelling's followers, and appeared, I doubt not, to that high-minded man, as it does to most people, a mere disgrace, discredit, and defect, to however limited an extent it exists in what he has written. It is what no sincere interpreter of nature, which Professor Hegel assuredly was, would willingly either sanction or descend to, much less be proud of. To say that this obscurity, such as it is, was necessary for the demonstration, even in so clear a writer as the Professor, and is in the thoughts themselves, quite as much as in the language, is to say what everybody acquainted with the subject knows not to be the case, and what is abundantly disproved for the British public by Mr. Harris's admirable chapters of clear and simple English, upon the leading points of this demonstration in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*,\* now edited by him at St. Louis, (U.S.), and the only journal exclusively devoted to Metaphysics now published in the English language any where;

\* Trübner, London.

as also by Dr. Sloman's excellent summary in English, clear and classical, of what Professor Hegel has written upon ordinary Logic, involving, however, the whole of the Professor's demonstration, as well as the doctrine, in a condensed form.

The proposition itself, of which Professor Hegel undertook to show the *à priori* character, was, as I have had occasion so often to remind the reader, that Material Nature is dependent for its very existence upon the Nature that is Immaterial—that, in fact, it is, itself, but a portion—a very small and unimportant portion, of this Immaterial Nature, a very small and unimportant portion even of that Thought, or Thinking, which Schelling and Hegel regard as the Whole of what is Immaterial, but which in Britain we regard as, itself, but a very small portion of the Whole. I have been compelled to keep these distinctions the more steadily before the reader's mind, and to dwell the more upon the precise proposition which Hegel had to deal with, in consequence of the complications and suppressions introduced by those who either do not understand the point at issue in Hegel's writings, or who oppose it.

Now, no one denies that there can be no thinking without something to think about; but as anything will do to think about, quite as well as a material object actually present, it follows, and no one denies, that as far as objects are concerned there can be thinking without a single material Object in existence. We can thus see at once that the Immaterial Nature is independent of the Material Nature. What requires to be shown is that if there were no Thinking, no Perceiving, no Immaterial Nature, the Material Universe could not then possibly subsist; that, in other words, the Material Nature is entirely dependent for the mere condition and possibility of its existence upon the Immaterial Nature, however much this may appear otherwise to those who have not reflected on this subject. Here, then, was Hegel's proposition—that the Whole of Objective Being consists of Thought in action—of concrete Thought; and by whatever process he establishes this, he establishes, also, that even "Matter" is this Thought in action; this latter being the only point respecting which there ever was, or could have been, a question.

The only evidence which Berkeley had adduced of this proposition was (as I have already said) contained in the statement that Matter is a phenomenon, an idea of sense. In other words, he had merely pointed out that as there are no other ideas possible for us except those which we think of as being what they were while they were being perceived, so there is no other matter possible for us except that which we think of as being what it was while it was being perceived; that in both cases the *esse* is the *percipi*, and the *percipi* the *esse*. This is what is meant by saying that Matter is a phenomenon; and this is all that Berkeley considered it necessary to say about it.

The same fact may be thus otherwise stated. A phenomenon



consists both of thinking and of the object of this thinking. It consists of neither of the two elements alone. Either of them alone would be a mere abstraction. There can be no thinking except when there is its Object, nor its object except where there is the thinking. The real thing is that in which these two elements are united; and that is the phenomenon, whether it be a sense-phenomenon or not, *i.e.*, whether it be a material object or any other unperceiving thing. We may speak of the two abstractions as *an sich*, as potentialities, as things in themselves, &c., but they are really things which not only do not exist at all apart, but cannot even be imagined to exist so. They are, each, a self-contradiction, and are thus less than what we mean by "Nothing." So far Berkeley.

Professor Hegel effects his demonstration of the principle before us, in point of fact, very much in the same way as Berkeley here does; but in point of form and language he expresses himself very differently indeed from Berkeley—not, however, in the utterly grotesque manner in which some of his admirers describe him as expressing himself. The utmost that can be said against his demonstration is, that it makes a mountain of a molehill, and conceals from himself the fact that it does so, under the mask of some new phrases. He points out that we can know of nothing except such things as have been—either themselves or others similar to them—the immediate objects of our thinking process, but that, in every case, the object and the thinking (each nothing whatever by itself) constitute together that whole which we call a phenomenon, and which can obtain the name of either abstraction. It can be called either an object of thought or a thought, inasmuch as it is really, at once, both or either, according to the point of view from which we regard it; just as the same degree of temperature is called either hot or cold, according to the degree which we may have been previously experiencing, or from which we regard the new one.

To make the matter clearer, however, the Professor applies to it the language of ordinary logic, pointing out that all thinking as well as all being consists of the Universal and the Particular as correlatives, which two characteristics constitute together the whole individual thinking in each case of thinking, and the whole individual being in each case of being,—that the Universal is nevertheless, as it were, the characteristic which represents, or belongs to, the mere thinking (the subjective element), while the Particular is the mere being (the objective element); and further, that each of these two correlatives, the Universal and the Particular, is so completely bound up with the other, and inseparable from it, even in the minutest detail, that we can speak of either as being of the same Thought-nature or Being-nature as the other, and as being, in fact, that which the other is.

This correlation of the Universal and the Particular constitutes a



large portion of the Professor's demonstration. It needs, therefore, to be closely looked into. Neither the Universal nor the Particular can, it is obvious, exist or even be conceived without the other; *i.e.*, except as defined and made intelligible by the other. Like all other correlatives, they imply each other, and can only be thought of as the parts of a Total, which is called the Individual or the Singular. In some sense, then, each of them exists within the other and through the other,—is part of the other as well as part of the Whole, and is the other. Strength and Weakness, or Heat and Cold, or any other correlation, exhibits the same facts, however little we may have been accustomed to think about them in this light. The Universal and the Particular are thus both in the concrete unit (*i.e.*, in the Individual or the Singular). They constitute its existence, and the concrete unit is in both of them—as well as they in it. These three terms, then, are indissolubly united, and either may be named the other, and really is the other, in one of its states or aspects.

Now if we attend closely to all these interrelations among the three terms of this correlation, we shall find that they describe exactly the relations subsisting between the abstract thinking, the abstract being, and the concrete or unabstract phenomenon which contains these two abstractions, and which the Professor himself calls the Absolute. There is no difficulty whatever in the whole matter—no difficulty whatever in seeing that it is in this way that all our thinking is carried on, and in this way that all our objects are related to this thinking. There is a subjective thinking, and an objective thinking always in every separate case of thought; and when we see how and where the objective thinking stands to the whole of each thought, we have no difficulty in seeing what is meant when we are told that the subjective thought turns into the objective thought, or is correlative to it, and cannot but pass into it—cannot but be interwoven with it; and, *vice versâ*, that the objective thought turns into the subjective thought, and cannot but be part of the same Total. The meaning here is that the subjective thinking (the Universal) cannot exist concretely except as the correlative to the objective thinking (the Particular), nor the objective thinking exist concretely except as correlative to the subjective thinking. Thus, in the case of a pain perceived, there can be no mere perceiving without the pain, nor can there be mere pain without the perceiving-process as its correlative. Each alone is abstract; and it is only when they are combined in the individual phenomenon that they reach their reality and concrete character.

All this is clear enough and simple enough; but we cannot help asking, In what is it clearer or simpler than Berkeley's single remark, that Matter is a Phenomenon, or, as it was expressed in his day, that Matter is an Idea? Berkeley himself has called it "an Idea of sense."



Not content, however, with the obviousness of the doctrine, either in itself or in the foregoing mode of making it obvious, Professor Hegel seeks to establish it by the following expedient, which, to our English instincts, partakes largely of the naïve.

In order to demonstrate, as he undertakes to do, that objective Being and subjective Being are one and the same, which is the only point whose demonstration is in question, the Professor at once *assumes* as true, without saying one word about what he is doing, this very proposition of Schelling's, the *à priori* grounds of which he has undertaken to indicate. He assumes that objective Being and subjective Being are, as of course they are, one and the same thing, constituting phases of one and the same whole. He assumes, in the most unequivocal and open manner possible, in the very first section of his voluminous demonstration—"Die Logik"—that the object of the consciousness (the objective Being) and the consciousness of the object (the subjective Being) are of one and the same nature, or rather, are one and the same thing. He assumes that the blank or abstract consciousness (*das leere Anschauen*) of the individual thinker is the whole of what we call abstract objective Being (*das leere Sein*), and that every characteristic, therefore, which we discern in connection with anything objective, is the characteristic, and can only be the characteristic, of that one thing which we call by these two names—of that one thing which we call not only "empty Thinking" but "empty Being,"—not only the Thinking which is supposed to be carried on about nothing, but the Being which is supposed to be the Being of nothing; and in accordance with this preliminary assumption of this identity he uses the term Thought-limitations (*Denkbestimmungen*) to denote the attributes of objects, *i.e.*, of all objective Being.

Having completely surrendered himself to the illusion that there is in all this no *petitio principii*—that he is not, in this, assuming the correlation which he had to prove (for we cannot and do not here impute to him the consciousness that he is doing so)—the Professor is led to assume even more than was necessary. He assumes even unrelated sameness (*Einerleiheit*), where the sameness of correlation (*Identität*) is all that is required, and all that we have. He assumes that unconsciousness and consciousness are one and the same thing uncorrelatively, instead of merely assuming that they are correlatively so.

He accordingly next proceeds to point out all that there is *à priori* in the nature of objective existence—in its qualities, its quantities, and its essence—and then applies this nature to that Blank, which he calls not only blank Being (*leeres Sein*), but blank Consciousness (*leeres Anschauen*—*leeres Denken*) also; by which means he of course at once obtains the desired result—*viz.*, that the tree in and out of consciousness is precisely one and the same thing, being, in both cases, nothing more nor less than a phenomenon—one and the same



phenomenon, and what may with equal accuracy be called an object or a thought—an objective tree or a subjective tree—but can, therefore, be exclusively called neither one nor the other.

I again repeat, and cannot too often repeat it, that the truth of this doctrine—of the fact here inferred—is now disputed by no one. All careful thinkers in this country have held it under some one expression or another ever since it was first propounded by Berkeley. All that can possibly be objected to in the whole matter is the illusory method of establishing it which Professor Hegel has here so unconsciously incorporated with his demonstration.

Nor is there anything whatever to object to or to puzzle any one in the great Metaphysical correlations, first pointed out by the Greeks, which the Professor has employed throughout this demonstration. These relate to the metaphysical composition of what we call an object, and are mainly the following four of the ten described in the first portion of this article, viz. :—

That every object (rock, tree, or animal body) consists of that, in it, which is Uniform or Universal, and of that, in it, which is Various or Particular.

That every such object consists of that, in it, which is Essential, and of that, in it, which is Unessential.

That every object consists essentially of Quantity as well as Quality, and of its Qualities as well as of their Quantities.

That every object consists not only of Being, but of Not-Being—not only of *being* what it is, but of *not being* what it is not; i.e., has its existence through what it is negatively as well as through what it is positively.

The characteristics involved in each of these four principles constitute, in each case, a correlation, just as the characteristics Strength (or Force) and Weakness, High and Low, Heat and Cold, do; and each of the four correlations involves, essentially, not only one and the same correlative nature, but one and the same import, viz.,—the union or undivided being of that which differs and of that which does not.

That each pair of these characteristics constitutes a correlation has been already shown, and is, in itself, evident, since a correlation is that sort of mutual relation between two things, sides, or compartments, in which neither compartment can exist, nor even be imagined, without the existence of the other compartment. If either can exist without the other, there is no correlation. Heat cannot exist nor even be imagined except as the absence of Cold, nor Cold except as the absence of Heat. If there were no Heat to be absent, there could be no Cold. If there were no Cold to be absent, there could be no Heat. The two form but one thought, and it is as this thought in a different aspect that each of them is contemplated. So, if there were no Particular, there would be no Universal. If there were no meaning for the word “Unessential,” there could be nothing to be called “Essen-



tial." If there were no Quantity there could be no Quality; and if there were nothing that an object were not, there could be nothing that such an object could be. All which is, in all cases, *vice versa*, equally true.

The correlative nature, or nature of correlation is, as has just been said, always essentially one and the same, however various the cases may be in which we find it. The three elements of it in any object, or in our thought respecting any object, are, *first*, that which is the various or different, in a tree, for instance, whether we compare it with other trees, or limit our comparison to different portions of the same tree; *secondly*, that, in it, which is the uniform or the one, whether our comparison is here also limited to a single tree or extended to several; and, *thirdly*, the united being of these two confronting elements blended into a Total—viz., the actual object, or singular and individual thing itself. What it is here chiefly important to bear in mind is, that all this is true and undisputed, and has ever been so, whatever use Professor Hegel may have made of it, or may have wished to make of it—that he himself had nothing whatever to do with the originating of it, nor with the explaining of it, nor professed to have, and that it is all found in the metaphysical conclusions and researches of nearly two thousand five hundred years ago.

I have thus far only indicated, in outline, the substance or subject-matter of the demonstration by which the Professor shows that all Being consists of Thought, and the metaphysical correlations of which this substance or subject-matter has been made to consist. But that is not enough. The *sequence* or *successive* interconnexion assigned by him to all the foregoing correlations and others similar, is the principal point in the materials of this demonstration which the Professor worked at. It is requisite, therefore, to state more fully what this part of the performance amounts to. For this purpose it is requisite not only to indicate the *a priori* tie found to subsist between the successive principles employed, but also to exhibit the order in which the principles here employed succeed each other in this *a priori* manner.

This correlation, then, or *a priori* nexus of antithesis or contradiction, as in Heat and Cold, which has so long been known to exist in each of the foregoing principles of human knowledge, and in several others can be also shown to exist even *between* some of these correlations or principles themselves; not indeed so that each is correlative to every other, nor even that in any case the whole of one is correlative to the whole of another; but so, that one element or side of each correlation has this *a priori* nexus of antithesis or correlation with the whole of the correlation which precedes it; or, in other words, that each correlation has this antithetical or mutual relation, this correlation or *a priori* nexus with one of the correlatives in the correlation which succeeds it.

The details of the concatenation thence resulting—the principles whose order of succession is thus regulated, are divided by Professor Hegel into three groups:—first, those which relate to Being as it is immediately perceived; secondly, those which relate to mediate Being, *i.e.*, to that which is Essential or Unessential in immediate Being; and, thirdly, those which relate to Thought. How irrelevant and worthless, notwithstanding their truth, all these portions of the demonstration here are, after the *petitio principii* already indicated, is clear. Nevertheless, as the concatenation in question constitutes the Professor's own and only contribution to the Metaphysics of Schelling which he professed, and the only contribution to them which he himself claimed to have made, I shall give a concise sketch of the statements contained in each of the three parts of what he calls Logic, and shall do so in the order in which he has given these parts in his two treatises on the subject, merely premising that the effort of the worthy Professor to get into a new world of terms in order apparently to escape from the vexatious\* criticism of his contemporaries is a proceeding in which it can be no part of my aim here to imitate either him or those who imitate him.

To begin then with this part of our subject, we have to consider, first, what the Professor states under the head of "Immediate Being" in the First Part of each Treatise; secondly, what he states under the head of "Mediate Being" or "Essence" in the Second Part; and, thirdly, what he states under the head of "Thought" in the Third Part of each Treatise. I would merely add that the sole aim of both treatises is the same, *viz.*, to point out the nature of concrete existence, by pointing out in detail all the correlations of which it consists, beginning with the most abstract characteristic of all, *viz.*, with Being, and terminating with that which is the most concrete—beginning in fact with what we call nothing, and terminating with the Phenomenon (whose *esse* is *percipi*), a process with the elements of which the Greek principles already indicated will have familiarized the reader.

In the *First Part* of both "Logics," the Professor begins with Heraclitus. He begins with τὸ εἶναι, the correlative or entirely opposite of which is τὸ μὴ εἶναι, which are two non-existent abstractions until they are united. When united, however, they constitute the movement or first phase of defined existence τὸ γίνεσθαι, transition, change, or, as the Professor calls it, "Werden," becoming. Thus Being and Not-Being constitute that contrast or change which we call "a something," "a quality," "what a thing is," &c.

The correlative or opposite of "What a thing is," is "What a

\* Whether it was among the causes or the consequences of this conduct upon his part, that some of his opponents called him "a charlatan," it is not here necessary to inquire. It is enough for us to know that a more honest man than Hegel never lived.



thing is not" (its other). These two correlatives, when combined, constitute Independent Being, or completed Quality—what the Professor calls "*Fürsichsein*." They are in precisely the same relation to each other as Being and Not-Being are, and are also in the same relation to Independent Being (or *Fürsichsein*) as Being and Not-Being are to Change or Contrast, *i.e.*, they constitute it.

The next correlation he speaks of is Quantity and Quality. His mode of reaching this is peculiar. It is this. He regards completed Quality or Independent Being as a unit—a singular, and then of course the correlative or opposite of the singular is the plural, which two correlatives form Quantity. Here also, then, Quality and Quantity stand in the same relation to one another as Being and Not-Being. Neither could exist without the other. When united they make a third, which we call Proportion (*das Mass*). This, then, is variable Proportion—the Proportion of what we have seen to be constant change—constant transition. Thus far we make no inference. All that exists is immediately present, and this is called Immediate Being (*das Unmittelbare*).

In the *Second Part*, we ask what is the correlative or opposite of the variable Proportion at which we have now arrived, and we find it of course to be the Fixed, the Permanent, the Uniform. This is what some writers speak of as the "Essence," others as the "Substance," &c.; but what would in any case be only an abstraction, a thing that could not exist by itself. The Professor calls it, therefore, the "Essence as such" or the "abstract Essence." Compared with it, the Variable of the First Book *minus* this abstraction, would be Unessential or mere appearance. But the Professor here reminds the reader that neither of these things exists at all separately—that the two abstractions (the Uniform without the Variable on the one hand, and the Variable without the Uniform on the other) must be put together to make the Actual, being either of them alone even inconceivable. When combined, however, they constitute two separate existences with the Actual in each of them and each of them in the Actual. They then stand to one another in the same relation as Being and Not-Being stand to one another, and they stand in the same relation to the Actual as Being and Not-Being stand to Change. Thus the main aim of the second portion of each Treatise is to exhibit the amalgamation of the Uniform and the Variable under the names of Essence and Appearance; to show that, rightly understood, the whole essence is in the appearance and the whole appearance in the essence, just in the same way as the Whole is in its Parts, and the Parts in the Whole, and to show that this is in reality the same correlation as is supposed to subsist between the Grounded and the Ground, the Form and the Matter, the Accident and the Substance, the Physical Cause and the Physical Effect; in short, that existence consists of correlation not only between all

the elements of Immediate Being as shown in the First Part, but likewise between all the elements of the Being that is Mediate, *i.e.*, inferred or implied, as the Essential or divided Nature is which is described in the Second Part. We must here take great care not to confound the correlation which subsists between the subject of the First Part and the subject of the Second—or between undivided Being and divided Being, on the one hand, and the correlation which subsists between the abstract essence and the abstract appearance, on the other hand. The latter correlation results in the Actual, as explained above. The former correlation results, it will presently be seen, in Abstract Thought.

In the *Third Part* of each Treatise, our first question is, What is the correlative or opposite or negative of this essential nature—this Mediate and double nature which has been described in the Second Part? and the answer obviously is, that its correlative is the undivided, uninferred Nature, described in the First Part. This, then is here the correlation to be first attended to, *viz.*, the Mediate and the Immediate, or Essence and Being, that which is divided and that which is not, the Particular and the Universal; and here as in all correlations, the opposite sides or elements not only make only one thing, but each of them is what the whole is. In this case, the whole is the process which we call Thought. That which constitutes all Being and all Essence combined is that which constitutes all Thought—Thought as it is described in ordinary Logic—Thought consisting of the Universal, the Particular and the Individual. In other words, Being and Essence together amount to this. Being separates into independent sides or elements, each side identical with the other and with the whole. But this exactly coincides with the description of Thought as Logic describes Thought. The Professor holds, therefore, that Thought stands in the same relation to Being and to Essence or to Mediate and Immediate Being as *τὸ γίγνεσθαι* stands to *τὸ εἶναι* and *τὸ μὴ εἶναι*.

The next question is, What is the correlative of abstract Thought—of Thought as such? and we find this to be the abstract Particular, just as we find Thought itself to be the abstract Universal. But the abstract Particular is the abstract object—that which distinguishes one act of Thought from another, or Thought, in one case, from Thought in another. As, then, neither the Particular nor the Universal can have any sense or existence without the other, and as, when combined, each is the whole, we can see at once that this is the correlation, between Thought *an sich* and its Object *an sich*, to which correlation in England we give the name Phenomenon—that whose *esse* is *percipi*—the concretest of all concrete things, and what the Professor calls the Idea. It must not be forgotten however, as I have already mentioned, that when he calls the Phenomenon the Idea and the Absolute, he means, what he says frequently in the beginning of



all his treatises, that there is no other Thinker but Thought—no other Ego but the Act of Thinking; and that, therefore, all the Thinking that there is is carried on by the Phenomenon, the Idea, which is thus, according to him, the Universal which perceives itself—"thinks itself," as he expresses it, and by this Perceiving, this Thinking, makes itself a reality—the most concrete, the only concrete reality.

Such then is the concisest possible summary of this demonstration. In what I say of the second part of it, I omit, as calculated only to divert attention from the main point before us, all that the Professor says about "Causation," "Substance," "Ground," "Necessity," and other such expressions, to which each writer attaches his own interpretation, and too often, as the Professor has done, without saying definitely what that interpretation is. I need only remark here that he fully accepts the principle that that which acts, self-compelled, is free, the word "free" having never here had in any writer any other meaning attached to it; and that that only is not free which is compelled to act by something not itself. I have also omitted, and for the same reason, what the Professor says in the Third Part, explanatory of the extent to which the universal principle of correlation pervades all the facts of Mechanism, Chymistry and Adaptation. What he says upon this subject is nevertheless extremely interesting.

There is one other point in the Third Part of each treatise to which I wish more fully to advert. The correlation between Being-characteristics and Essence-characteristics, which constitutes abstract Thought, is mentioned by the Professor as the point in his "Demonstration" which it is the most difficult to make clear; and certainly it must be admitted that, as he expresses himself respecting it, altering the ordinary meanings of most words, it is very far from clear. In itself, however, and especially in connection with his peculiar premisses, it has no difficulty whatever; being, in point of fact, assumed in the premisses and the central point of the whole question before us—viz., How can it be shown that Matter is a Phenomenon? or, How can it be shown that every immediate object consisting, as it does, of a divided and an undivided nature is a Thought?

In connection with the Professor's premisses this result is clear in two ways:—

(1) In his premisses, in the first pages of his Demonstration, under the head of Being, we have, as already indicated, *first*, the abstract Being of all things—of the Essential and the Unessential—of the Mediate and the Immediate, and *secondly*, our own abstract Thought, or abstract Consciousness of these things, set down, both of them, as one and the same thing under two different names. Where then is the difficulty in seeing that abstract Being of all kinds—Mediate as well as Immediate, Essential as well as Unessential—has abstract Thought as that which unites its elements, or that in which these elements are united; as that which gives them truth and existence,

as that of which they consist, as that in which they inhere; and this, to the same complete extent, although not in the same way, as the abstract Being and the abstract Not-Being of Heraclitus have abstract Change as their uniting or welding Third?

(2) Again, in his premisses, all the forms of Being (*Seinbestimmungen*) which he speaks of, he speaks of also as forms of Thought (*Denkbestimmungen*). When, therefore, he has catalogued all possible abstract (*i.e.*, merely objective) Being—the Mediate and the Immediate, the Essential and the Unessential, the Real and the Unreal, &c.—has he not also catalogued all possible abstract Thought? Do not the abstract forms of Mediate Being, as described in the Second Part of his Treatises, and the abstract forms of Immediate Being, as described in the First Part of his Treatises, thus necessarily and obviously constitute together all abstract Thought? Here also then, upon the premisses laid down, abstract Thought (*i.e.*, Thought *an sich*, Thought as such) is the obvious and natural result of the Correlatives Being and Essence (*Sein* and *Wesen*) in the sense in which the Professor understands these terms, just as τὸ γίγνεσθαι is of τὸ εἶναι and τὸ μὴ εἶναι, but not upon the same principle.

It does not then, after all, appear so very difficult, with the Professor's premisses before us, to show that, as Change results from Being and Not-Being, as Temperature results from Heat and Cold, and as all other correlations consist of two opposites of some kind, so here also what we call abstract Thought, or Thought as such, consists wholly of Mediate and Immediate abstract Being, as the constituent correlatives of it; nor so very difficult to see that, with such premisses, this is thus not less effectually and far more promptly shown than by the circuitous process of pointing out that there can be a sense given to the words "Being" and "Essence," according to which, not only in the two correlatives taken together—"grasped together," as the Professor says—but also in the alleged result of them, the Universal is passing into the Particular, and the Particular into the Universal, to the constant production of the Singular; which is the description of Thought in Logic.

Such then is a short sketch in outline of the Demonstration through which the Professor supposed that he had proved all objective existence as well as Matter to have Thought in it, as its Nature; and that he had placed Schelling's doctrine on a firmer basis than any one had previously placed it; and I must repeat that, however much we may deny that the foregoing principles afford anything like a clear demonstration of what they are here supposed to demonstrate, we cannot deny that the principles themselves are true, nor that the doctrine respecting the Nature of all objective existence is so, whose demonstration these principles are supposed to effect with so much greater clearness than our mere reflection on the nature of things effects it. That, however, they neither demonstrate the



Spirit (the Ego) to be Thought or Phenomenal, *i.e.*, of the same nature as Matter, nor even touch that part of Schelling's doctrine at all, however much Professor Hegel himself seems to have imagined that they did so, is a fact too evident to make it necessary to enlarge upon it until some Hegelian, *i.e.*, some one who *entirely* adheres to Hegel's views, not only denies it but undertakes to state his reasons for denying it. No such writer has yet done this.

In conclusion, it is most desirable that there should be a clear distinction here drawn between British metaphysics and that portion, just alluded to, of Schelling's doctrine which pretends to analyse Spirit into Thought. Whether we are right or whether we are wrong in this respect in the judgment of others, we have nothing of the kind—let us still say it, with pride and boldness—we have nothing so childish, nothing so senseless, yet in British metaphysics. Almost every particular in which we dissent from the Professor (whom we esteem as a deep and careful thinker, more highly than most of his own countrymen seem to do), is something which results from this solitary radical point of difference between him and us; and at the risk even of some tedious repetition, a recapitulation of these particulars is, on account of their philosophical importance, here offered to the reader.

We deny that Thought can think or perceive; or that that which thinks is what it thinks. We deny that there is any correlation whatever in any case between the Agent and its actions. A relation there is, but not a correlation. In other words, we deny that the Ego consists of a Thought or of any imaginable number of Thoughts. In other words, again, we deny that the Spirit consists of the same nature or essence as Matter does. We deny that the Ego or Spirit is material. We deny, therefore, that the Spirit admits of the disintegration or decomposition of which matter admits. We deny, therefore, that it is not, in its nature, inaccessible to the body's death.

We deny that the Ego or Spirit is not a Person, and essentially different, not only from every Ego beside itself, but also from everything phenomenal.

We deny that there can be such a thing as a Universal Person or Spirit, any more than a Universal Triangle. We deny that a Universal Ego could think, or know, or intend anything. We consider it simply a misuse of language to speak of such a thing. A Spirit, and the Acts of a Spirit, are things totally different from one another. The mere fact that Thought is universal, and in each case the Act of a Spirit, does not authorise us to speak of a universal Spirit.

We deny that that which is Universal in things has, in any case, more importance or more truth than that which is Individual in them. We deny that the Individual Ego can be absorbed in a Universal one, or ever is. We deny that the Individual is not that for which the Universal exists, and whose interests alone it is that give to the

Universal any consequence or truth whatever, either in a state or in a universe, or in an object of any kind.

We deny that there is no Causation, in the true sense of this word. We agree with the Professor that there is no such thing as Physical "Causation," in this true sense of Causation. We agree with him that a physical "cause" is only an occasion, a condition—or, rather, only a combination of occasions and conditions; but we deny that there is no moral Causation. We deny that there is no such thing as an intending cause. We deny that an abstract, or universal, or impersonal Spirit (if such a thing were conceivable) could be an intending cause of anything, or could possibly intend anything. We deny that anything at all can be done, or any change effected, without an intending cause. We deny that anything whatever can be its own cause. This is, we hold, always *à priori* impossible.

We deny that there is immediate evidence for any of us of more than one Spirit. We deny that the Ego knows of other Egos in any other way than as an *inference* from the phenomena presented to it; and we deny that the Ego, in any case, infers its own existence. It is conscious of it.

We deny that the terms "internal" and "external" have any other but a figurative meaning when applied to the Ego. We deny that they then denote anything but "in relation to" or "not in relation to" the Ego, the Ego being (in a literal sense) entirely exempt from space, either *inside* or *outside* it.

We deny that a Spirit is developed out of Matter, or dependent for its existence upon Matter, or that it is, to any extent whatever, except conventionally, and in compliance with *non à priori* laws, dependent, even for its consciousness, upon Matter. We deny that there is any analogy whatever between the life of a Spirit and the life of a plant or animal body.

We deny that when the Ego perceives a phenomenon, what it perceives is itself, or any part or state of itself, or that, to any extent whatever, it is qualified, modified, determined, conditioned, &c., by the qualities, modifications, determinations, conditions, &c., which it perceives in objects.

We deny that a Spirit may not be omniscient, omnipresent, and occupied in the minutest details, with the well-being of the Spirits that are not so, without its being either abstract, or universal, or absolute, or unconditioned, or impersonal. We deny, on the contrary, as already stated, that this sort of thing (for a Spirit it could not be) would be able to know anything or act anywhere either for good or evil.

We deny that there can be the least religion connected with a doctrine in which there is no personal Immortality and no personal First Cause. Hegel explains nowhere to us upon what grounds he attributes these two tenets or either of them to his doctrine. But he everywhere does so, and was himself both too devout in his convic-



tions to make it at all credible that his doctrine was inconsistent with them, and too frank in his nature to make it at all possible that, if it was inconsistent with them, he would not have said so. Yet we are at present without the means of seeing how he connected in his own mind these tenets with what he taught. No writer who identifies himself wholly with what Hegel taught, explains this point to us. We refuse, however, to accept the interpretation of those who, under the name and in the language of his philosophy as well as under the name and in the language of the Christian Faith, teach, as his, the opposite most unphilosophical tenets, an impersonal First Cause and an impersonal Immortality. We may be sure that Professor Hegel intended nothing of the kind, and that those who so interpret him have as little to warrant them in their conclusions as those have who ignorantly assure their readers that the "Logic" was expressly written to restore the two great religious principles to mankind. It is difficult, I repeat, to see how Hegel made his religious convictions accord with his Metaphysics, in the absence of all effort upon his part to explain this matter to us. But if no other explanation of it is possible, it will be found to be nearer to fact and justice to regard the incongruity as something of which he was as yet unconscious. We must remember that the Identification of Thinking with that which thinks (from which alone the whole difficulty I here allude to follows) is a current unexamined notion among German writers, and passed into Hegel's language without a comment. He has nowhere written upon it nor sought to justify it.

This point however, taken as he has left it, combines with the rest of the doctrine, as given in the following summary with which I conclude this article.

The main proposition is that all things are thoughts. This he proves by showing that all things are correlatives of Thought as well as that they consist of subordinate correlations within themselves, which rise in succession from the most abstract correlation, that of Heraclitus, to this of Parmenides, the most concrete of them all, that Thoughts and Things are correlatives.

Hegel makes no distinction between one thought and another, but tacitly regards all as proceeding from one centre of Thought,—all as the development of that centre. He makes, therefore, no distinction between the thoughts of the Supreme Spirit and the thoughts of finite spirits, nor in fact any between a Spirit and its thoughts—*i.e.*, between that which is perceived and that which perceives it. He makes no distinction; but he can hardly perhaps, with strictness, be said to deny such distinctions; for where does he do so?

In the application of his doctrine he shows, as I have already pointed out, how this Thought-development is carried on from its earliest condition in unorganized matter to its most advanced stage in the attainments of Metaphysics.

T. COLLYNS SIMON.



## GREGORY THE GREAT AND PIUS IX.

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“Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre  
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote  
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!”  
DANTE, *Inferno*.

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WHEN the Benedictine Fathers, at the beginning of the last century, published their edition of the “*Patrologia*,” and in it the works ascribed to Gregory I., they dedicated the fruit of their labours to the then reigning Pope, Clement XI.; and in their dedication, regardless of the profound humility with which they credit him, they have drawn a comparison between the renowned Roman patriarch of the sixth century and the living idol of their flattery, not to the disparagement of the latter. In patrician rank, early piety, and learning, they pronounce him equal to his prototype; in skilful conduct of the secular power in times of disaster and war; in the infirm health, which neither of them allowed to subdue their activity and zeal; in private virtues, of course; in political relations, especially in maintaining the friendship of the French king; and in hospitality to exiles and strangers. How far the worthy Fathers were justified in thus recognising a second Gregory revived in Clement, history has left it doubtful, and we have no concern to decide. A newer interest claims our attention. After the lapse of one hundred and seventy years, the circumstances of the present Pontiff’s eventful career carry back our thoughts again to that



chapter of history out of which the Benedictines drew their parallel, and suggest a like comparison, or contrast, as the case may be, between the occupant of the Papal chair in the nineteenth century, and him whom the Roman Church has canonized, and the world has honoured with the title of "Great."

So flattering a tale, however, we are not prepared in this instance to repeat, not even if these pages were addressed, like theirs, to the foot of the Papal throne itself. But we take another example. One of the earliest biographers of Gregory, in presenting his work to Pope John VIII., with more regard for his own sincerity or for the Pope's modesty, spares him the invidious comparison, contents himself with holding up the portrait of the saint for the imitation of future Popes, and pronounces that no chief shepherd who walks not in his blessed footsteps can be owned as a pastor, or even be numbered among the flock. Happy would it be for Rome and for the Christian world, if this antiquated picture of the venerable Pontiff, long laid aside and forgotten, could be set on high in the council hall; if in those courts where his music still resounds, the spirit of Gregory could revive in the hearts of the assembled priests, and subdue the pretensions of pride and folly by his dictates and example of moderation and humility, of charity and common sense. The greatness of his title is derived, not from the attributes with which clerical adulation and superstition have encumbered and obscured his history: the honoured position which he holds, he earned and maintained by the force of his own personal character: by his own merits, and by legitimate means, he reached as high a pitch of greatness as any of his successors have attained by all the devices and efforts that unscrupulous ambition could employ.

The fantastic pen of the writer of the ninth century, who, in relating Gregory's life, has sadly marred the reputation of an honest man, has preserved for us, with greater fidelity, no doubt, the personal features of the saint. Let us glance at them in passing. It is always satisfactory to know what our hero was like in the outward man; it removes him out of the halo of a myth, and places him before us in the flesh, as a living fact. The original portrait of Gregory has perished; but in the time of John the Deacon, A.D. 880, it was to be seen in the monastery of St. Andrew, at Rome, probably in the quaint fashion of the Greek school, with the characteristic long-pointed feet, and singular disregard of perspective. The worthy deacon tells us (for Gregory had piously preserved the portraits of his parents, in the same style as his own) that his father had a long face, his mother a short one: Gregory's was compounded of them both. His beard was small, and of a reddish tinge; a fine forehead, upon which two thin locks curled, and were brushed to the right side; a becoming quantity of dark hair partly concealed the ears,



and left visible a round and ample crown; the eyebrows were long, arched, and delicate; dark pupils, not large, but open; what might be called *éveillés*; a fulness under the eyes, indicative, it is said, of musical talent; the nose—it is not easy to describe, and must have been difficult to paint; the curve of the eyebrows is prolonged, and descends in a straight line to form the nasal ridge; broad in the middle, slightly *retroussé*, and with expanded nostrils; the lips thick, red, and open; chin rather prominent; complexion dark, but not sallow, as it afterwards became from ill health; fair and delicately rounded fingers; the stature, moderately tall, was adorned with simple and modest apparel; and the expression of the countenance was benevolent. No tiara marks the dignity of his official functions; and the absence from this picture of the dove, which Peter, his deacon, assigns as the constant companion of Gregory in his solitary hours, discredits the legend. There is a natural propensity to invest the memory of deceased friends with attributes they never really possessed; and perhaps Gregory's mysterious visitor may belong to this region of affectionate romance; though, indeed, the same ominous vision astonished the credulous in 1846, and inaugurated the predicted election of Giovanni Mastai, on his journey to Rome to join the College of Cardinals upon the death of Gregory XVI. The monks of St. Andrews were accustomed to light up this effigy of their founder, and recalled with reverential awe the austerity of his rule.

It is not, then, in personal lineaments that we trace any resemblance between the two prelates whom we bring together on this page, except that both of them are destitute of the peculiar expression and features which to the fancy of female devotees compose the beauty of holiness. If the health of Pius at one time failed under the vexations and danger of his position, his complexion in more tranquil hours retains no trace of suffering: the fair, close-shaven face seems ready to relax, and indulge in the humorous play of words, which is one of the Holy Father's favourite amusements. His expression reminds one of a late pun-loving prelate of our own country, whose puckered mouth was wont to foretell the latent joke. Gregory indulges sometimes in a play of words; but on paper his conceits are wearisome, and have scarcely a touch of humour in them. With regard to costume, the simplicity which he studied has long been discarded from the papal wardrobe; but it would require an advanced Ritualist to translate correctly the terms in which his biographer describes the Pontifical vestments. The humility of Gregory would have rejected the oriental pomp, the elevation, the peacock's feathers, the armed array of war, which in these days announce the entrance of the Holy Father into St. Peter's, as energetically as he disclaimed for himself and for every other



patriarch the arrogant title of Universal Bishop. In his anticipation of the vexation and division which such assumptions would occasion, he little thought that not Constantinople, but Rome, would be the source from whence these waters of bitterness would overflow the Church.

Employed in his earlier years in the Civil Service, his inclination for a devotional and quiet life soon led him to desert it, and to bestow the wealth which on his father's death came into his possession, in providing for the repose of himself, and others of the same mind, in the only way which seemed in those turbulent times to afford any hope of tranquillity, by founding monasteries. His admiration for the monastic life was so exalted that, like all enthusiasts, without regard to circumstances or consequences, he would endeavour to inspire others with the same devotion, but not always with success. He induced three ladies of his family so far to submit to the religious rule that they lived secluded from the world in their own house. Two of them died in the odour of sanctity; so persistent indeed had been the piety of Tharsilla, that when she was laid out for burial, her knees were found to have become callous, like a camel's. But poor Gordiana, the youngest, was of a different turn; she had more regard for her knees, or less inclination to the exercises of devotion, and delighted in the society of girls like herself; and though she listened to the solemn lectures of her elders, she resumed her gay smiles and chatter as soon as the scolding was over. Such wanton worldliness ended, as one might expect: "*excrevit ejus pravitas*," as Gregory sorrowfully relates; and Gordiana, "forgetful of the fear of God, of modesty, and reverence," actually married the superintendent of her estate.

With such sentiments and predilections we are not surprised to hear the lamentations of Gregory when his reputation for piety and learning, or perhaps his wealth, attracted the notice of Benedict, and drew him forth reluctantly from the retirement he loved, to submit to the sacred orders pressed upon him by the Pope.

As to his reputation for learning, the laudatory terms employed by his flatterers to excite our admiration lead us rather to form a poor estimate of the erudition of his contemporaries. He was ignorant of Greek; the style of his composition, destitute of polish from the literature which he affected to despise, and the study of which he even condemned, is encumbered with offensive barbarisms, and laboured till it becomes obscure; while the matter of his expositions and treatises indicate that he had few other resources besides the fantastic workings of his own brain, to supply him with matter, or correct his imagination. His industry in producing so large a quantity out of scanty materials is the more commendable, or the more deplorable, according as we are disposed to admire the man, or



to regret the wasted labour. Yet in his own time his works were esteemed and used. The "*liber vere aureus*," as ecclesiastics have agreed to call it, of the Pastoral care, reads like a catalogue, and is untranslateable in its uncouth affectations. If the Dialogues ascribed to him are not altogether a forgery, or the greater part of them interpolations of a later workmanship, we must exclaim in the words of the pious deacon, though with different sentiments, as we read the puerile and blasphemous fables put into the mouth of Gregory, "*Perpendo, et obstupesco*." We may well be astonished to find the sound practical sense, the clear and almost crafty judgment of Gregory prostituted to the propagation of such monstrous and absurd stories, under pretence of exalting in the estimation of his young auditor, the renown of the Fathers of the Roman Church. Is it possible to credit that a man of ordinary intelligence (and Gregory was above the common level) should gravely recount, with the intention of imposing upon his hearers, such tales as those of Dial. I., where a miracle protects the cabbages in the convent garden; where the devil lies hid in a lettuce, and is inadvertently swallowed by a girl, who forgot to make the sign of the cross; a thieving fox, at a bishop's prayers, brings back the fowls he had stolen; a broken thigh is set by a sprinkling of holy water; and a pious horse refuses the indignity of a woman's seat, after he had been honoured by the holy burden of a Pope; bishops continue to protest against heresy after their tongues are cut out; the devil, thoughtlessly invoked by an irritable monk, vindicates his personality by unlacing his sandals with invisible fingers: but poor Basilus turns out to be the devil himself, and is forthwith consigned to his proper element, being actually burnt at the stake by the zeal of the Roman Christians. The folly and cruelty of this story, unhappily, have not the rarity of a miracle. We blush to own the innumerable parallels which history furnishes too near our own times. In a later and more corrupt age of the Church, ignorance and credulity engendered, and avarice or malice often fostered, the growth of a ludicrous, but sanguinary and merciless superstition, on which it fed and fattened. But at that time the Christian Church had not embraced, and her liturgical literature bears no trace of a belief in the reality or possibility of diabolic compacts, or personal appearances of Satan. Among the eccentricities of our complex nature, we are accustomed to see men lay aside their habitual common sense, when they come to deal with subjects of religion; but it would be difficult to believe that a man whose sound judgment determined so many intricate questions in a sensible and practical manner, could give credit to such absurd stories, or lend himself to the sanction of such cruelty. The Benedictines are compelled to admit that some of the miracles personal to Gregory rest on no foundation; some are



"mira et stupenda," and have only Paul the deacon for their voucher, his copyist John not venturing to repeat them. But possibly some solution of the difficulty may be found, short of rejecting the whole volume of the Dialogues as spurious (though indeed its loss would occasion no regret, except as putting criticism at fault), and may be found in the volume itself. First, it is observable that Gregory does not vouch for the tales; they were related to him. Those for which he pledges his own experience, or his own belief, are no miracles at all in the proper sense of the term; they are such as we should now describe in the current phrasology as "providential" occurrences; not intending to imply that the divine power has directly interposed to bring about a particular result; but as it is believed that all things happen under a supreme direction, so when some extraordinary event occurs beyond human expectation, it is said to be "providential." Gregory, in the language and according to the notions of his day, calls it "miraculous." For instance, the sudden recovery he experienced from a state of syncope, so that on a particular occasion he was surprisingly enabled to indulge his earnest desire to fast; he calls it miraculous, but at the same time, consciously or not, he supplies a key to the mystery, when he adds that so long as he was busy about the affairs of the monastery, and his mind occupied, he had no return of the attack, and the emptiness of fasting ceased to produce the usual stomach-ache. Or again, when Maximian, bishop of Syracuse, was returning from Constantinople, to which place he had accompanied Gregory on his mission to the Emperor, he was "prensus ægeo," or rather in the Adriatic, by a violent storm. The waves broke in, the vessel was filled up to the deck, and the crew prepared themselves for imminent death. On the ninth day they reached a port, and no sooner had they jumped on shore than the vessel sunk in the harbour. It was a providential escape; a miracle Gregory calls it, that a boat should have so long sustained the weight of his episcopal friend, the crew, and the water, yet sink when relieved of their burden. Under either appellation, it resolves itself into the probable explanation that as soon as they reached the shore they ceased to bale. In the same sense, though scarcely with the same innocence of intention, modern miracles are asserted, and turned to account. The escape of the present Pope from the ruins of a rotten floor which gave way under the weight of a crowded assembly, is easily understood by the simple consideration, that the corner of the room where the Pope stood was unencumbered by the crowd, who gathered at the lower end, and were precipitated by their own weight. But the "miracle" supplies a fair occasion to that pageant-loving city; makes another holiday for an idle people; a subject for the artists; and brings substantial profit to the See, in the presents with which

the faithful pay their court to the holy Father, and celebrate the anniversary of his deliverance.

Fond as Gregory was of a mystic and metaphorical style, we may suppose him delighting to tell these tales in the ears of his simple-minded deacon, just as we might awaken the interest of a child by means of Æsop's fables, and, through the entrance of the imagination, instil a moral lesson. Indeed, he himself appears to intimate as much. When Peter is gaping at a wondrous tale, and pondering whether it was the merits of one holy man, or the prayers of another, that had produced the supernatural results, Gregory advises him to attend rather to the moral truth he has been illustrating, and learn from it the great value of humility. When Peter, with the eagerness of a child, implores him to tell another miracle, Gregory replies, perhaps somewhat impatiently, that the virtue of patience is better than miracles; and then he relates some ordinary occurrence to illustrate the sober lesson. We are vexed to find him sometimes sinking to the level of his contemporaries; talking immeasurable nonsense about relics; and sending filings of Apostolic fetters as sacred amulets to ladies and bishops more silly than himself. After all that can be said, Gregory was a monk, and a zealous one,—in an age when, if all within the convent walls was not virtue, there was little security elsewhere for peace or innocence. The concourse of men in idleness and seclusion was producing its inevitable fruit of mental imbecility and carnal profligacy. But Gregory was no dupe. His character is strong enough to repel the imputation of combined credulity and imposture, which unscrupulous forgers, by corruption and interpolation of his writings, have attempted to fasten upon him. Strange unconsciousness of the inevitable progress of the human intellect, pleasing and wearying itself with the delusive labour of exalting the glory of the Roman See, by representing to posterity its best ornament as an impostor and a fool. The acclamations which greeted the election of Gregory testify to his merit in the eyes of his fellow-citizens; nor is there any reason to suspect his reluctance to accept the dignity of being otherwise than sincere,—unless, indeed, the extravagant expressions of self-abasement and unworthiness for an office which nevertheless he accepted, repeated *ad nauseam*, should be thought to afford some ground for the accusation of insincerity from which he did not entirely escape. There was little to tempt a man of infirm health and studious habits to expose himself to the restless turmoil of a station which imposed in such times the invidious office of mediator between domestic factions at home, and between the empire and its foreign foes, in addition to the care of a large portion of the Christian churches. At the beginning of that century the streets of Rome had been stained with blood by the fury of partizans, contending for



rival Popes. The factions of the circus still paraded their colours in the streets. If in the present day an unguarded display of hostile red provokes a quiet admonition from the papal sbirri, and an "exeat regno" for the contumacious liberal who exhibits the Garibaldian hue in the face of the Papal bull, a blue or green cockade was of more dangerous consequence in Gregory's time, and implied nothing less than mortal defiance. The existing names of the ancient gateways of Rome—the Flaminian, the Prænestine, the Pincian—seem to fill again in our imagination the plain of the Campagna with the hosts of Gothic besiegers, and revive with new interest the story of Belisarius and his gallant defence of her walls. Fresh in the memory of that generation were the horrors of the siege, and not less grievous was their conviction of the futility of their valour and endurance. They had, indeed, shaken off the not intolerable yoke of one tyranny, but only to open the way to a more irresistible thralldom. Rome could not stand alone and maintain her freedom. The Emperor was too careless or too feeble, and the Exarch too corrupt to protect the surrounding provinces, or to assure tranquillity to the city. Experience taught them that the barbarians might be more reliable defenders of their gates; as subsequent history has shown that they may be, in their unintelligent amazement, more reverent guardians of antiquity and the treasures of art than enlightened and avaricious ecclesiastics. The ruthless vengeance of a Christian prince in the sixteenth century, provoked by the meddling ambition of a Roman bishop, has almost blotted out the remembrance of Gothic devastations. Popes and cardinals have done more for the spoliation of Italy, and the ruin of her antiquities, than all the violence of war. "Quod non fecere Barbari, fecere Barberini." It is a foreign monarch who at this moment is disinterring the palace of the Cæsars; and though the Papal government is dredging the bed of the Tiber for marbles which will well repay the cost, a cardinal is at the same time rooting up the foundations of ancient Tusculum, and carrying off piecemeal, without further investigation, vast stones of admirable workmanship, which have formed the basement of some important structure anterior to the Roman age.

If Gregory is justly accused of indulging his fanaticism in the destruction alike of sculpture and of books; if the irreparable loss of the Augustan Library is to be laid to his account, we must speak leniently in condemnation of his error, in an age when classic genius had scarcely yet been enlisted in the service of religion, lest we should have no terms severe enough for the reprobation of modern bigotry, which still deems the interests of Rome to be best served by crushing human sympathy and extinguishing freedom of thought. While we absolve him from the sordid avarice which has instigated



the ravages committed by his successors, we must regret that this least commendable part of his proceedings has been chosen for imitation.

Towards the middle of the sixth century Rome had seen her monuments undermined by inundations, and shattered by earthquakes; her population decimated by the plague; discord and violence made life insecure within her walls; while on the outside the country was plundered by Lombard marauders, who devastated the Campagna, and commenced the ruin which papal factions and tyranny completed in the middle ages, by reducing it to a pestilential marsh. Amid such events as these Gregory was born A.D. 540, and it is not surprising if, with his disposition, he sought such precarious repose as the seclusion of a monastery could afford. His first appearance in public life is as ambassador, in deacon's orders, from Pope Pelagius to Constantinople, to solicit food for the starving people, and troops for their defence. There he was not unmindful of his proper service in the theological camp; and so warmly was the contest carried on between him and the Byzantine bishop, that, after a long discussion, both of them took to their beds; and the unfortunate bishop actually died in that inglorious field. Gregory's conduct in that embassy recommended him to his fellow-citizens for the promotion which followed upon his return to Rome, and secured the approbation of the Emperor. The mode of election to the bishopric combined the popular voice with the imperial will. Upon the Pope's decease, the custody of the sacred office devolved upon the archpriest, the archdeacon, and the first notary: by them the event was announced to the Exarch of Ravenna, as representative of the Emperor. After the funeral rites and a three days' fast had been disposed of, the election was made by the clergy, the chief citizens, the people, and the soldiers of the imperial army. The next step was to obtain the Emperor's approbation of their choice.

The Benedictine editors, better informed, or more honest than Baronius, acknowledge that the imperial fiat was essential to the validity of the election. The first act of the new bishop after his consecration was to send a circular to the churches, containing his confession of faith. Gregory was content to exhibit his orthodoxy in a recapitulation of the articles of the Nicene Creed; and in an encyclical letter to the four patriarchs he professes his acceptance of the decrees of the four general councils, equally with the four Gospels; and his adherence to the fifth or second of Constantinople. This council, it is observable, had been assembled by command of Justinian, without the concurrence of the reluctant Pope, who did not preside in it. This profession of faith, and his denunciation of all who dissented from it, was considered satisfactory: if there were any who viewed his elevation with dislike, they were not those of his own household. No triple crown announced as yet the intrusion of



a dominion of this world into the spiritual kingdom of Christ, to the confounding of the conflicting claims of civil and sacred functions : there were no apprehensions lest their bishop should exchange the crosier for the sword. If, in the exigences of the age, Gregory appears in the official robes of a civil magistrate, it is rather in the exercise of a voluntary jurisdiction for the common welfare, or as negotiator of peace. If his belief in the spiritual primacy inherited from St. Peter had degenerated into a vulgar ambition to extend the prerogatives of his see, facts were too fresh in the memory to allow unfounded pretensions to pass without opposition. But his conduct in the superintendence of the Church is singularly free from sinister or mercenary aims ; nor is it just to ascribe to mere jealousy his warm resistance against the pretensions of the see of Constantinople. He is always ready to admit the equal claims of patriarchs and bishops, co-ordinately with those of Rome, and is as earnest in disclaiming the title of universal bishop for himself, as in refusing it to his brother patriarch.

"Is it my own cause," he asks, "that I am defending, when I refuse to address him by this new and profane title? Is it not the cause of the whole Church? Peter, the prince of the Apostles, never assumed to be universal bishop. O tempora! O mores! In consideration of the primacy of Peter, that title was offered to the Bishop of Rome by the synod of Chalcedon; but be it far from every Christian heart to admit of a title so blasphemous, which would imply the degradation of every other priest."

To John, the offending patriarch, he writes.—

"Peter himself is a member of the universal Church; Paul, Andrew, John, are all heads of Churches, but all members of one body, under one head. But you, deceived by flattering tongues and a perverse ambition, take the devil for your pattern, who, trying to rival God, lost his divine likeness, and fell into perdition."

If any farther disclaimer of such pretensions were needed, we find yet stronger language in a letter to Eulogius, Patriarch of Alexandria:—

"You say that you have obeyed my commands. Pray don't use such expressions. I issue no commands. I know myself and you: you are my brother, and I only recommend what seems to me good for the Church. You give me the title of universal bishop, which dishonours me, in diminishing the dignity of the order to which I belong. You know it was offered to my predecessors by the Council, but none of them would accept it, persuaded that they would best preserve their own honour by maintaining the equal privileges of their order."

In the use of the spiritual office, the moderation of his pretensions was as remarkable as the humility which refused to permit acts of personal homage to himself.

When the Empress' lady of the bedchamber desired him to solicit on her behalf a decree from the tribunal of heaven, and informed him that she would never let him rest till he had assured her of the forgiveness of her sins, he replies:—

*"What you ask is both difficult and useless: difficult, because I am not worthy to have such a revelation made to me; useless, because you cannot be secure from sin until that last day of your life, when you will be able to repent no more: till then continue always on the watch, and repent daily."*

The lady's lot was cast in an unpropitious age: she should have been born in modern Rome; there she would have found herself solicited to seek what Gregory was so unwilling and unable to bestow; there, placards crowded upon the church doors and corners of the streets, with promise of abundant indulgence and plenary absolution, leave no want unsatisfied for those who, by such means, can quiet an uneasy conscience. Such a modest appreciation of his privileges and powers is, of course, utterly inconsistent with the existence of any latent notion of infallibility in any of the various modifications of it. Though he sometimes claims for himself the merit of uniting the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, his sincere mind could never have originated, if even he could have comprehended, the subtle reasoning which, in the face of opposing facts, arrives at the doctrine of the Pope's immunity from error, in any sense of the term, or in either province of faith or morals. It is true that in the contest about Pope Symmachus, a zealous advocate of his cause had declared the Pope to be impeccable, and irresponsible to human judgment; but this was regarded merely as the extravagance of partizanship and flattery, and no evil consequences were apprehended. If we could imagine it possible that such a belief could be the growth of one mind, or of one age, yet Gregory's whole character, writings, and acts absolve him from all suspicion of admitting those principles of papal superiority, which are made by logical deduction to culminate in the assumption of infallibility.

The machinery of the court of Rome was not yet adapted or formed to dominate over councils, and to crush the independence of other Churches: some of them showed themselves ready and able to resist such minor encroachments as were attempted; and if any such dream of exalting the papal office had been entertained, facts were too strong against it. Not long before, rival Popes had fought in the streets; one had been banished from Rome for treasonable correspondence with the enemy during the siege; Vigilius had bought the succession to the chair, and, vacillating between the council and the court, about five times changed his creed, and died excommunicated by the African Church.

But Gregory, though free from ambitious schemes of exalting the papal throne, regarding such pretensions as criminal in others, and repudiating them for himself on the highest ground of certain tradition and divine truth, had no misgiving about exercising the spiritual jurisdiction which he conceived to belong to his see, and to be derived from the acknowledged primacy of Peter among the Apostles.



He claimed no more; and if, in the execution of these powers, he had not gone beyond the moderation of his claims, we should not have had to lament in his administration the germs of that persecuting theory which grew into the tyrannical and sanguinary doctrine of the Romish hierarchy—"All that opposes the Pope is heresy; all heresy must be exterminated by fire and sword." His letters generally recommend lenient and persuasive methods in dealing with unbelievers; but the zeal of the priest gets the better sometimes of the milder disposition of the man, and the Emperor Mauricius is obliged to call him to order, and require him to leave schismatics in peace.

To the gout, perhaps, which habitually tormented him, or to the provocation of Arian heretics who were protected in high quarters, we may ascribe the less amiable temper which occasionally breaks out towards the Jews. In the case of obstinate unbelievers, he advises the imposition of heavier taxation, and even more extreme measures. The manners of that age admitted and required violent remedies, and could see without disgust or emotion an erring deacon stripped of his office, publicly beaten, and transported. When the State, as Gibbon describes it, was abandoned to the eunuchs, the Church to the bishops, the provinces to the barbarians, it was natural that the functions of the magistrate should fall into their hands to whose office the correction of morals specially belongs; grants from the Emperor, and the necessity of the case, combined to throw on them the judicial burden, as, on the whole, they were the best qualified to bear it. The cognizance of ecclesiastical suits was claimed for the bishops; the secular arm was appealed to for enforcing episcopal sentences, though suits against bishops might be heard by the lay judge, or by arbitrators selected by the parties, with his approval. The abuses of vicarious jurisdiction arose out of the same exigencies, when the administration of justice in the provinces was precarious, and suitors preferred the tribunal of an officer of repute and responsibility before the doubtful partiality of a local judge. Hence arose the contests for the pallium, as a credential of a delegated power; and all the corruption and disorganization produced by the legates superseding the episcopal authority, and carrying appeals to Rome. At first an object of ambition to provincial bishops, it became afterwards an ensign of tyranny and oppression, till the very name was odious, and the wolf in sheep's clothing was with good reason generally suspected under the woollen tippet, which was supposed to be significant of the shepherd carrying the lost lamb upon his shoulders. A tradesman finds it profitable to establish his own agents in distant quarters to solicit custom and vend his wares: so when Rome has wares to sell, it is manifestly her interest to intercept the local traffic, and draw it directly to herself. Gregory was innocent of such schemes. His regimen was salutary under the

necessities of his time, and he was unsuspecting of the terrible abuses that were to be developed out of it. His zeal was for religion's sake. If he asserts the prerogatives of the See of Rome, it is that she may hold her place as the first bishopric among the Churches, and that all other bishoprics, equally with her, may maintain their proper dignity. We are surprised at the extent of his influence beyond the pale assigned to the Roman jurisdiction, in an age of anarchy, when resistance would have been easy and successful; but he issued his mandates with an assurance apparently unsuited to his position, yet justified by its success. Justice, he advises, is to be executed upon the persons, not upon the goods of offenders, so that the Church may be free from suspicion. If perverse men will not obey the truth, they should be compelled to come within the Christian pale, so that their children at least may be honestly baptized, and one, if not both of them, be secured. He directs these measures, not without hesitation and contradiction of himself, yet unconscious of the inevitable tendency of principles which differ only in degree from the tooth-drawing practices of a later age, and all the horrors of the Inquisition. To converts especially he is lenient; their habits are not harshly to be interfered with; some of the heathen customs even may be usefully adopted into the Church; and he checks the officiousness of his own missionaries, who would have reduced everything to the Roman standard. The difference between the Roman and Gallican ritual in the celebration of the mass he esteems of no importance, so long as the unity of faith is preserved.

In the musical services he endeavoured to introduce some method and uniformity; and foreigners were brought to Rome to be instructed in Italian chaunt and song. But his patience was tried, and his purpose almost defeated, by the levity of the Gaul, and the rude organs of German and English pupils, whose harsh and guttural voices were incapable of the nice inflections of the musical scale, and exasperated the ears of the audience whom they were intended to attract and sooth. He contrived, however, to reconcile the delicacy of his ear with the claims of humanity, and by dint of perseverance subdued the irregularities and modulated the discordant notes of his choir.

His charity was unbounded. A portion of the revenues of the Church was paid in kind: a time-honoured custom, which still furnishes one of the sights of Rome, when on the birthday of the Holy Father, contributions of every kind of provision are poured into the Vatican, from barrels of wine to baskets of eggs, together with the fowls that produced them. No sooner did these cargoes arrive in Rome, than they were distributed to the famished people. He was sorely taxed to supply the wants of wandering bishops, whose sees had been plundered by the barbarians, and of strangers who



flocked to Rome for protection. Yet the revenues of the Church were large enough to excite envy, and detract from the merit of his liberality. A hermit, who prided himself on the sanctity of poverty and dirt, and had renounced all earthly possessions except one favourite cat, was greatly discontented when it was revealed to him that a place was reserved for him in heaven by the side of Gregory. "Is that all," he exclaimed, "I, who have renounced everything, to fare no better than the Pope, who enjoys his good things and all the revenues of the Church!" "How dare you," replied the divine messenger, "compare yourself with him, who gives away such riches, and reserves nothing for himself, while you keep that cat entirely for your own pleasure, and give away nothing?"

In regard to marriage, both in the general question of prohibited degrees and the celibacy of clerics, great latitude was allowed. Biassed as his own mind was in favour of a rigid monasticism, he was disposed to enforce upon the clergy the abstinence, to which from his ill-health and sufferings he himself felt no reluctance, and in the observance of which he found no personal inconvenience. But his letters are full of facts in evidence of how impossible it is to make chastity commensurate with enforced celibacy. Errors of this nature were visited with disproportionate severity; a bishop who had beaten a woman to death is sentenced to suspension for some months, while incontinency is punished by total suspension from every sacred function. Yet Gregory was forced to temporise and mitigate his decrees, and tacitly to confess that nature, though subdued by artificial force, will rebel against unreasonable coercion, and vindicate her rights. The moral conduct of the clergy, and the signs of a worldly spirit among them, was a subject of unceasing anxiety. One bishop fails to defend himself from a charge of living too freely, by interposing the example of Lot, whose open hospitality was appreciated by angels: and by the dictum of St. Paul, "Let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth." Gregory replies that he is not one of those who eat not, and therefore is not disqualified for the office of censor; and the story of Lot is to be understood, not in a carnal sense, but mystically. Bishop Paschasius incurs a severe reprimand for amusing himself, and spending his money in building boats, and for going down to the shore daily in working dress, with priests as idle as himself.

But graver cares than these harassed and oppressed the watchful shepherd of the Church. The distracted state of Italy; the apprehension of another assault upon Rome; the distress and slaughter of the Christian people by the barbarians; the starving condition of the citizens.

Amid such anxieties, after thirteen years of active service, worn out by disease and care, he sunk at length into the long-desired

repose. For two years and more, his letters had been filled with expressions of patient suffering, and craving for rest; yet his dying hours must have been cheered by the extant proofs of a course bravely run to its close, under conditions which might have excused despair. He had sustained alone, without court or college (and it may be, better because alone), a burden of distressing duties, which might bear comparison (except, perhaps, in the minor ingredient of personal peril) with the Apostle's summary of hard work and meritorious endurance. Rome was preserved from pillage, a regimen established in the Church, and unity in the faith, so that for a century after him no great scandal arose, no changes were introduced to disturb her peace. The Latin and the Greek, East and West, alike acknowledged his extraordinary merit, and deplored his loss; most of all that Church which in every honour she now pays to the memory of her saint reproaches and condemns herself. We should have been able to sympathize with him more heartily in his troubles if he had described the facts of his position in plain language, instead of enveloping them in mystic phrases, borrowed from Ezekiel and Job. He accuses the hardship of the times, and the negligence of the Emperor and his officers, who leave to him the burdens of the State, and distract him from his proper functions. The office of a bishop, he says, requires tranquillity, and freedom from worldly cares. Sensible of the fallibility of human judgment, and painfully suspicious of his own, the creation of a dogma would have seemed to him as impossible a feat as the wilful teaching of heresy would be a sin. He was earnest in the propagation of the faith. England testifies to his zeal: but it was directed to the bringing unbelievers into the bosom of the Church, not to the enforcing of obedience to Rome. If he accepts the charge of civil government, he laments the incongruity, and longs to free himself from a position which nothing less than the interests of humanity, identical with those of the Church, could justify. If any of his successors have perceived the inconsistency of the double burden, and have felt the weight of crimes perpetrated under their authority and under the sanction of a sacred name; have even, while groaning in reckless slavery to a corrupt system, despaired of the possibility of a Pope's salvation; yet few have made any attempt to put off the trammels of a yoke which, even in its youth and innocence, pressed so heavily upon his conscience. "Sit ut est, aut non sit," is the fatal maxim which makes the abuses of the papal system as lasting as itself, and prescribes the one only efficient remedy. But in his case, the exercise of the temporal power was no choice of his own; the force of circumstances involved him in secular affairs; the baneful character of the imperial grants had not yet discovered itself. Rome was grateful to him for his self-devotion; for the enemies that threatened her were the foes of her



freedom and her religion; the Pope and the citizens fought for a common cause.

It is singular that the name of Garibaldi should occur in the history of that time as father of the lady who shared the throne of the Lombard king the conqueror of Italy, and who became Gregory's faithful ally. From the friendship of two queens, Brunecchild and Theodelinda, of the Lombards and the Franks, it happened that the best results ensued for the interests of Rome and of the Church. Female influence has not always been advantageous to the Papacy or to religion; its support must be at best precarious; and we may expect that the success of that policy will be of short duration which has made Italy again the scene of sanguinary rivalry between Transalpine powers, and has inflicted upon Rome the miseries of another siege, directed by a Christian nation, for the sake of maintaining, in defiance of his own people, a temporal crown upon the head of a bishop whose personal character and policy would have recommended his government to their obedience and affection if anything could avail to reconcile modern progress with the domination of the priesthood.

The sketch of Gregory's character and times has left little space for the companion portrait. The incidents, however, of the career of Pius IX. are fresh in memory, and we might amuse ourselves at some length in discovering points of contrast and resemblance, fanciful and real. The family of Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti is, as was that of Gregory, of noble rank. He also was from his earliest years initiated into the troubles of life, and learned by the experience of his relatives the miseries inflicted upon Italy by the French Revolution and Napoleon's merciless persecution of the Court of Rome. That he held a commission in the Pope's body-guard is denied; indeed, the ill health which almost prevented his admission to the priesthood would seem to contradict it. The gentleness of his character may lend greater probability to the stories of his sensibility to the affections of love, and of his having sought a remedy from disappointment in the bosom of the Church. He served in the Church Militant in South America; and survived the dangers of a storm at sea, to show a life-long gratitude to his negro preserver. As director of a house of charity in Rome, he found occasion to emulate the administrative ability of Gregory, and to practise a benevolence not less exhaustive of his resources. He might have sat for the original of the charming portrait of the bishop in "*Les Misérables*," in which Victor Hugo has illustrated the extravagance of benevolence. In his bishopric of Imola he showed by his treatment of political offenders that he rightly appreciated the different functions of a prelate and a prince, and astonished the police agent by putting into the fire his list of conspirators, with the words,

"My good man, you have mistaken your office and mine: when the wolf wants to devour the sheep, he should not come and tell the shepherd."

But all that has changed. The obstructiveness and tenacity of ecclesiastical tradition defeated his intentions and disappointed the hopes of Italy; the Romans expressed their comprehension of the better disposition and helpless bondage of the Pope, from whom they had expected too much, in a good-humoured pasquinade:—

"Pio nono: bello e buono;  
Ma—stai."

If Pius IX. still retains in his heart the sentiments of Giovanni Mastai, the inevitable system has nevertheless drawn him under the bonds of inexorable necessity, and obliterated all resemblance between Gregory, the pattern bishop, and Pius, the asserter of new dogmas, the champion of infallibility, and of the claims of Rome to implicit submission and unqualified conformity. "Barbarians are even now devastating Italy" (thus writes a biographer of Pius IX.); "they are advancing again upon Rome, and Pius, successor of Leo the Great who arrested the fury of Attila, defends against their attack Italy and the Christian world." But he forgets that the challenge to which Rome is now proclaiming her defiance comes from no foreign invaders; it is the voice of the Italian nation: the advance against which she is arraying all her real and imaginary forces is the civilization of an enlightened world.

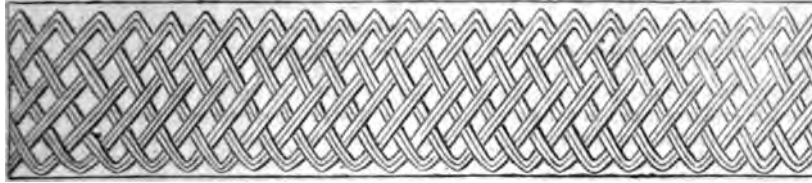
"The word of the Church," writes the same author, "whether it come from the holy Father himself, or from a council of bishops under his authority, is always the sword of the archangel, drawn against the dragon. Peter has convoked the bishops, and the beast roars, for the council menaces the beast with a mortal blow. The Gallican Church is provoking its own condemnation; the council will anathematize all abominable doctrines of the age; after that there will be a great and universal calm."

"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

Look on this picture and on that, and say whether the Church and the world have been in error in according to Gregory the titles with which they have respectively honoured him, or whether it is not Rome that is in the wrong, in departing so widely from his principles and his example; whether she is not responsible for the evils which have already been experienced from a divided Church, and for those which have still to grow out of the substitution of doubt, suspicion, and fear, in the place of a simple, trusting faith and truth, which she has, for a time at least, made almost impossible.

G. F. GODDARD.





## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

### I.—THEOLOGICAL.

*Prophecy a Preparation for Christ.* Bampton Lectures, 1869. By R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

**T**HERE is certainly nothing, in the Bampton Lectures of 1869, of that excess of academic stateliness and reserve which render some of the volumes of that venerable and useful series rather monotonous reading. Professor Payne Smith writes with an out-spoken individuality, and is so anxious to let the reader know his opinions, and to convince, that although his tone is sometimes a little too dogmatical, it is impossible not to like, and to feel interested in the lecturer. He is always ready to turn aside and give his opinion on general questions. Thus, when speaking of the interference of the Hebrew prophets in politics, he takes occasion to remark that the British Government of to-day "attacks morality indirectly by its method of licensing beer-houses." Again, when discussing the cycle of doctrine in the Book of Psalms, he gives us his idea of what a hymn, or psalm, properly is, remarking: "A doctrinal hymn is a hymn that has mistaken its vocation, and congregations are sorely to be pitied who have to sing them." These aside remarks and allusions to present times, give animation to the lectures, while they do not diminish their value as a theological treatise. The object of last year's course, as the name indicates, was to show that Hebrew prophecy was a preparation for Christ. The function of the prophets was not only to be the advisers of kings and people, to be the teachers of a pure morality, and to come forward as national reformers in times of national degeneracy, but to prepare the minds of men for the coming of Christ by directly prophesying of Him who was to come. The lecturer endeavours to show that the prophets, to whom this great work was entrusted, were more of a regular order, and an organization, than is commonly surmised. Most of them received in the prophetic schools a training which, while it did not convert them into prophets, which the call of God alone could do, yet laid those foundations of character and knowledge which supernatural grace afterwards laid hold of, and used for the prophetic work. There is, he maintains, in the prophets, a similarity of phrase and thought, not to speak of the exact quotations by one prophet from another, which makes it evident that they had some centre, "some head-quarters, where they met, and where the young were educated, and the inspired writings of the great prophets made available for general use and

study." The activity of the prophets was, too, according to Professor Smith, something more regular and organized than is commonly supposed. The Apostle says: "They wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins." But the Professor considers this a wrong translation: "The word *περιήλθον* refers to no purposeless wandering, no restless wandering, but sets before us the picture of a calm and regular, but never ceasing, activity. So Samuel, *περιήλθε*, went about on circuit to judge the people." The last clause, however, "being destitute, afflicted, tormented," rather invalidates such an application of this particular verse, however true the view may be in general. The lecturer's strong point is statement, not argument, for which he seems scarcely to possess sufficient patience. But his statement is often very forcible, and of great apologetical value. And a careful perusal of his lectures will have the tendency to strengthen the conviction that one spirit moved "the goodly fellowship of the prophets," and that their inspiration and animating ideas cannot be accounted for except by tracing them to a higher source than the atmosphere in which they lived. There is a dogmatic spirit in Professor Smith's book, although the dogmatism is not of the most unpleasant kind; a tendency occasionally also to cut knots, rather than to take the trouble to unloose them, which some will regard as scientific weakness. Although the author occasionally takes notice of the views of the more eminent German critics, especially of Ewald, this part of the book is not satisfactory. Like Dr. Pusey, he appears to entertain for these writers a sort of impatient contempt, which will not allow him to enter upon a fair examination of their positions. Take the following as a specimen:—

"Never were there writers whose style is more exactly marked than the prophets, and the idea that large interpolations are possible, and that you may pull a prophecy to pieces and divide its dismembered limbs among a heap of other writers, simply means that people know so little of the subject that they suppose that Hebrew literature is unlike every other literature. If I were to affirm that Horace wrote considerable portions of Virgil's *Georgics*, the assertion would be treated as ridiculous, not because it is more ridiculous than what has been said about Isaiah, for instance, but simply because men generally know enough of Latin to be able to form a judgment upon the subject. If a man makes a similar assertion as regards the writers of the Old Testament, he can always count upon the ignorance of his readers."

Now, seeing that he is here dealing, not only with a brilliant guesser like Ewald, but with views held by the cautious and judicious Bleek, it is probable that something more detailed, as well as more courteous, would have served better the end which Professor Smith has in view, although it is not to be denied that superciliousness has been shown to quite as great an extent from the other side. Besides the eight Bampton lectures, an additional lecture is added, on the sentiments of the Jews regarding the Messiah during the four hundred years in which the voice of prophecy was silent. During that time Jewish theology divided into two great schools, that of Palestine and that of Egypt. According to the former the Messiah was to be a man, a warrior-prince; according to the latter, he was an allegory, an idea only, and not a reality.

Of this latter school Professor Smith writes:—

"Gradually their Messiah ceased to be a person with a real existence. He became a mere abstraction, a phantom. Thus Philo teaches that the Jews are to be delivered solely by their own virtues. Their heathen masters will grow ashamed of keeping in slavery people of such extraordinary merit. And as they return to their land he describes them as 'guided on their way by a kind of human figure, more divine than nature, invisible to the rest but visible to those who are being saved.'"

Both schools of Jewish theology having thus, in different ways, departed from the prophetic teaching, "the preparation for Christ," they only helped to prepare the way for the rejection of the Redeemer by his own nation. J. G.

*The Perfect Man; or, Jesus an Example of Godly Life.* By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick Street. Rivingtons.

It is always a pleasure to meet Mr. Jones on ground of this kind. He is fresh and even racy in thought, brusque and original in expression. His pages are what we may venture to call "bracing" reading. And, of all subjects which want treatment right out of the heart, that of this little volume is the foremost. Let Mr. Jones tell us one of the reasons only:—



"To many of us the Son of Man and his companions seem to live and move in a strange and peculiar world. They were poor and despised in their own day, but now their history is associated not only with the gathering of councils, the construction of world wide creeds, and the growth of the Catholic Church with its imperative claims and manifold influence, but with high art, social refinement, and luxurious expenditure. When we think of Jesus now we are in some measure compelled to retain these things in view. We see Christendom and its history when we try to look at the Christ of Galilee and Judæa. From the beginning to the end we are met by intellectual and artistic renderings of his life. It is the Paradise of Milton, the Madonna of Raphael, and the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The very sick and beggars whom Jesus healed and comforted, and the sinners whom He received, seem to belong to a race which has passed away. They are not men and women, but models for the artist and the sculptor. Jesus Himself appears on canvas as a sort of Christian Apollo. The Apostles stand around Him in graceful pose and appropriate drapery. If they are represented as fishermen they look like fishermen on the stage. The Publicans are all like Matthew and Zaccheus, full of devout impulse. The harlots are Magdalenes, piteous and tearful, repenting themselves in postures of beautiful remorse. The audience of Jesus groups itself with artistic effect. Sinners are converted, hypocrites unmasked, and the unrighteous rebuked with conspicuous accompanying testimony of attitude and feature. The common people devour his words with parted lips and brimming eyes. The Pharisees scowl and clench their hands aside in dramatic discomfiture. All are picturesque, intellectual, or interesting. Thus it is hard for us to have a true vision of Jesus as He was. But I am sure that it is a blessed work to try to travel back through the mist of centuries, that, standing in the fresh field of history, we may fill our lungs with the keen morning air of Christian truth. We should sometimes put out of our minds what we have learnt from poets, painters, and commentators about the life and death of Jesus, and strive to see Him as He is in the very Gospels themselves. We are aided in the attempt by the reflection that the old world must have been like the new in the main. Then swaddled infants cried, children played, lovers wooed, men sweated at their work, the old nursed themselves in the noon-day shine and at the evening fireside. Then the sun scorched the face, and the road blistered the feet. Then sores and rags were foul, and vice impudent or loathsome. Then the fisherman's boat was wet with scale and weed. The multitude was the mob, and the judgment hall the magistrate's court, with the vulgar atmosphere and unfeeling presence of criminal and warder. Then the scene on Calvary itself was a public execution with more shame and suffering than is put upon a felon now. The Christian cross was a heathen gibbet.

"In reading the Gospels, then, we should strive to see what they show us with our own eyes, and not through the haze of accumulated ecclesiastical refinement, or the spectacles of religious romance. Thus and thus only can we look upon the 'Perfect Man' who belongs to us and our latest days as truly as He did to those of old time."

The following specimens are in Mr. Jones's best manner:—

"There is a characteristic of some modern Christian work which is sometimes painfully obtrusive. There are persons who can never help a man, especially a poor man, without giving him some advice about his soul. Some, indeed, venture on this only with the poor, as if they were necessarily farthest from the kingdom of heaven. They are either afraid to say to their equals or superiors in rank what they say to a sick labourer, or they conceive that the gift of some money or food buys a right to add a few words about religion. They give a ticket and a tract to the pauper, at a venture, not knowing whether he is good or bad. They bow and smile when 'my Lord' shakes hands with them, though they may know him to be one to whom godly advice might be useful, though not acceptable.

"I do not, of course, mean to imply that they are bound to take upon themselves the office of public censors, either of rich or poor. I only protest against a one-sided caricature of the Christian rule, that in our work and conversation we should look more to God's honour than human convenience and courtesy.

"Our example, Jesus, the Perfect Man, though He came, and openly professed that He came, to do God's will, was frequently content to perform a good deed, and let the good deed speak for itself. Nay, when He spoke of God, it was often rather when He received, than when He conferred an obligation. He taught the Samaritan woman, whom He asked to give Him drink. He rebuked Simon the Pharisee when He sat at his table. But it is remarkable that in many cases He did a kindness, and then left those whom He helped to learn the lesson which it might teach them. When He healed a leper He did not moralize on the analogy between leprosy and sin. When He raised the ruler's daughter He commanded that something should be given her to eat. When He cured the impotent man by the pool of Bethesda it was not till afterwards, when He found him in the temple, that He said unto him, 'Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'

"There was in Him a conspicuous absence of that immediate accompaniment of pious language to good deeds which sometimes characterizes the religious philanthropist."

"As one overstrained by the scenes and toil of London life escapes gladly from its iron hum and atmosphere of wakeful intelligence, and, may be, walking alone in the pleasant places of the country, or sitting on the rounded shingle by the drawl of the dying tide, feels his mind uncoil and gather health no less than his body, so do we get refreshment from the Parables of Jesus when we have been grinding at the mill of ecclesiastical religion."

"In these days the cross is an ornament. It is now jewelled, gilt, pretty. It tinkles among the trinkets of the mincing girl, who hangs it round her neck before the glass. It is worn by the painted harlot as well as by the simple nun. We forget its rudeness, its burning, blushing shame. We cannot call up the scene in the guard-room, when the rough-handed, loud-laughed soldiers 'took him aside,' and the slaves found One whom they could insult without rebuke or stint. They might let fling their vile sport upon Him now. He was beneath respect. They gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers. They had Him to themselves for a time. They stripped Him. We cannot realize that scene. When they had done He was too faint and sick to carry His cross. No one it seems would touch the vile thing, perhaps already stained with use. They laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, 'coming out of the country,' and on him, a frightened peasant, sunburnt and sandalled, they laid the cross to bear it after Jesus. We cannot fully apprehend the scene when his friends stood afar off beholding, and the greedy staring mob alone closed round the soldiers who stooped down about their work. We cannot picture the naked shame of those hours when He was lifted up, and they who loved Him most could only creep to the foot of the cross, in tear-blind impotent distress.

"And yet all this at which we glance with sickening awe, and had sometimes rather clothe in pathos and sweet sentiment, is intended to shed upon our life a stern sense of work to be done and pains to be borne. The Cross is the emblem of our faith: not a faith which lets us sit apart in smiling cushioned ease while the rough sacrifice is wrought outside by a devoted substitute, who calls in to share the sweets of triumph when the strife is over and the battle won. No: if we suffer we shall also reign with him. The bitter death of Jesus on the cross is an eternal protest against that tender love of peace and comfort which so often dims the Christian's sense of duty and devotion. It is well to fix that scene of agony in our minds that the sight of it may shame our nicety and daintiness. How can we scheme for ease and praise alone in this short pilgrimage of life? We profess to be followers of Jesus, and then we shrink and wince at sharp work, or complain because we are misapprehended or overlooked, or we smile at vulgar flattery. Dare we in the face of the cross, and the tempting sweetness of sin, suppose that it is easy to do God's will? Dare we think that He who set up a living crucifix before a sensual world in teaching it the highest aims and hopes of man, is so pleased with our petty performances and feeble benevolence that when He sees one of us moderating his desires, or making some safe protest for the truth, or of his abundance giving more largely than others to some good work, He at once sheds the peace Divine upon that man's life? No, indeed. The Christian's course is a strife throughout, in which the soldier learns to hold his life in his hand, despising those little triumphs of success and stings of disappointment which he meets with day after day. His aim is distant and high. He feels that he cannot take his armour off as long as he can strike a blow. He can never say that he has finished his work on this side of death, or death-like incapacity. When that comes it may find him as it found Jesus, more lonely and sorrowful than ever. He may feel his toils and grief and shame accumulate with growing force up to the last moment, when he bows his head, and gives up the ghost. That may be the passage of the noblest Christian through this world; and yet we are plied with pretty modern pictures of Christian progress, as if the ideal life were marked by comfort and material success. John Bunyan knew better than that. He makes his hero step into the dark river with his harness on his back, and 'when he addressed himself to the water, he began to sink, and a great darkness and horror fell upon him so that he could not see. Yes, sometimes he would be quite gone down.'"

H. A.

*How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England?* Third Edition Revised. With Two Articles on Ultra-Ritualism, from the *Quarterly Review* (1867-9). By J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, &c. London: John Murray.

Most clergymen have at some time or other found it necessary or convenient to adapt to some new occasion a sermon first written for another. Of course the thing can be done after a fashion. A few sentences or paragraphs left out, and a few lines added here, a new allusion there, a new beginning and a new



ending, will render it difficult enough to any hearer on the second occasion to guess what the first may have been. But somehow the preacher, and even the hearer, will generally be left with an uncomfortable feeling of the want of unity, and therefore of efficiency in the result. The attempt, if not so dangerous, is almost equally difficult with that which tacticians account one of the most hazardous operations in war, a change of front when actually engaged with the enemy.

We think that readers of Mr. Robertson's very learned and able volume will feel something of our supposed hearer's dissatisfaction. About two-thirds of the book of which the title stands at the head of this notice, consists of a republication, with some additions and corrections, of a volume first published in 1843, with the same title. The original volume dealt, very effectively for its purpose, with the then existing state of the controversy which called it forth. A numerous and energetic party was agitating for strict conformity to the Rubric. Many who did not belong to the party and had little sympathy with its ostensible aims, and none with the ulterior purposes charged upon it by opponents, were perplexed by the question whether they were not bound in conscience to adopt many of the numerous changes which the party demanded in the manner of performing the services of the Prayer-Book. The prevailing practice seemed to be quite at variance, in many points of greater or less importance, with the letter of the Rubric. Could men who were bound by solemn engagement to conform to the Liturgy be satisfied in conscience while such a discrepancy existed? Were they not bound in honour as well as by law to bring their own practice into agreement with every Rubric? Had they any right even to ask the question whether conformity was expedient? Was not the path of duty clear? Could a conscientious man plead the unpopularity of change, even the possible mischiefs of a change, as an excuse for disobedience to a law of which the meaning seemed clear, and of which the observance had, in some former day, been almost universal, and could not be alleged to have become absolutely impossible.

Those English clergymen who are old enough to remember well the years from 1840 to 1845, will admit, we think, that we have truly stated the questions which once distressed many of themselves, and to which it was by no means easy even for good and reasonable men, not specially informed upon the subject, to find a satisfactory answer. The episcopal charges of the Bishops of London and Exeter in 1842, bear witness of the shape in which the question of ritual then presented itself, and which gave practical aim to Mr. Robertson's treatise in its earlier form. Its object then was to show on historical evidence that exact conformity to the letter of every Rubric had never existed in fact, however it might have been enjoined by the letter of the law; and to build on this fact the inference that no clergyman who conformed to the Rubric as closely as he could without startling his congregation by adopting practices, certainly long and generally disused, and probably never at any time usual, need be troubled in conscience by the variance.

The argument is, perhaps, not altogether satisfactory. No argument can quite counterbalance the strong presumption which lies against all attempts to make the non-observance of a law suspend its obligation upon men who (*primâ facie*, at least) have promised to observe it. The author himself seems conscious of the difficulty. His own modest statement of the conclusion to which historical investigation has led him is only—

"That the Book of Common Prayer is to be regarded as setting forth that which is for the present the ideal of the Anglican system, rather than anything which has been generally realized; that while a conscientious clergyman will strive to realize it as fully as possible, he is not bound to put everything in practice at once . . . but is at liberty to go to work gradually and cautiously; and that those who are in authority over us in the Lord have an authority . . . sufficient to warrant us in any such variations as do not contradict the spirit of the Prayer-Book; in variations which proceed, not from any unwillingness to conform, but from a desire to work prudently and effectually towards a conformity entire, general, and lasting." (Introduction, p. 8.)

Few men probably will hesitate at the present day to accept, for whatsoever reason, this very sensible conclusion. The attempt to observe the letter of the Rubric has been often made during the last twenty-four years, and has not been

a very successful one. Men have found that *there are* Rubrics which, in their obvious meaning, are in conflict with each other, with the law of the land, with convenience, with their own alleged objects; that *there are* usages of the Church almost universal, and certainly conducive to edification, for which a literal interpretation of the Rubric leaves no place; while yet it seems to be laid down by authority that the Rubric is a rule excluding all which it does not enjoin. On other points, again, the Rubric and the prevailing practice have been brought far more nearly into agreement than was the case twenty years ago. A deeper sense exists now than formerly of the value of all which gives the congregation a hearty interest in the services of the Church. In fact the whole question of ritual, as Mr. Robertson is very well aware, has passed into a later stage. Those who claim now to represent the school which once pleaded for literal and immediate conformity to Rubrics, take very different ground from that occupied by their predecessors in 1842. They assert a large liberty of addition to all which the Prayer-Book requires, and of overriding the obvious meaning of its directions by the higher authority of usage existing now or formerly, somewhere else, if not in England. They accept gladly the worst that Mr. Robertson can say of the laxities of Protestant usage under Elizabeth and the Stuart kings. The younger generation has no sympathy with the cold formalism (for such it would not hesitate to pronounce it) of Bishop Blomfield's and Bishop Philpotts's Charges.

Canon Robertson, as we have said, is quite too much alive to the present not to know that his original argument is scarcely needed for its old purpose, and will either go for little, or be perverted to purposes very different from his own, if the modern representatives of his old antagonists condescend to use it. He has attempted to give a new edge to the old weapon, not, as we think, very successfully, by occasional notes added to his original treatise. But the real value of this portion of the book is not controversial but historical. It contains, as the author's well-established character for accurate research would lead us to expect, a very curious and interesting collection of facts with regard to the observance or non-observance of various Rubrics and canons in the English Church. It throws much light on the probable origin and intention of many directions which have been the battle-ground in recent controversies. And many of the facts which are brought to light, and discussed in it with great care, and, on the whole, with much fairness, are really important in their bearing upon questions still demanding solution. We may mention as instances much of the matter contained in the sections on "The Communion-Table or Altar," and on "Ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers."

The latter part of the volume is a reprint of two articles by Canon Robertson in the *Quarterly Review*, one on "Ultra-Ritualism" (January, 1867), the other on "The Ultra-Ritualists" (January, 1869). These certainly cannot be charged with any lack of direct and pungent application to questions which are really alive at the present moment. Indeed, our complaint would rather be that their animated pugnacity is better suited to their original place in the *Quarterly*, than to a volume intended to have permanent value as a grave discussion of subjects closely connected with what is too sacred to be associated with unsparing ridicule and sarcasm, even when these last are not unprovoked, and are sure to be retaliated without scruple.

We have no sympathy with the objects of Mr. Robertson's often not unreasonable indignation, some of whom (as he sufficiently shows) have offended at least as deeply as himself. But we must protest against such passages as the following, which go far beyond the fair limits of controversy between gentlemen, not to say between Christians.

"Indeed, even if the new movement should gain a strong hold on the shopkeeping class, we cannot bring ourselves to regard that event as an unmingled benefit to society; for what confidence could we have in the weights, the measures, or the assurances of tradesmen who should have been imbued with the casuistical principles of the school with which we have been dealing?"\* (P. 325.)

And again—

"Everything that we see, or hear, or read of those who would set these pretensions at their highest, inclines us more and more to distrust their judgment in spiritual matters, unless it could be clearly proved that there is a promise of infallibility in such

\* The italics are our own.



things, and that it is fulfilled in men on whose judgment we should decline to rely in any ordinary question—*may, in some of whom the commonest sense of the duty of truthfulness is palpably wanting.*"\* (P. 330.)

We cannot but hope that Canon Robertson himself will regret that he ever allowed such passages to escape his pen, and still more, that he has not availed himself of the opportunity given by a reprint to express compunction by at least a silent withdrawal of them from the context which they discredit.

There is much of fair and powerful argument in the author's exposure of sophistry and sciolism among the teachers or disciples of the school with which he is at war. But he would have done better service to his own cause if he had forbore to use unlawful weapons. And he would have served a higher object than one of party warfare, if he had recast the matter of his whole volume into a more purely historical or didactic form. A really dispassionate history of the law and practice of the ritual of the English Prayer-Book from 1549 to 1662, would have been a contribution to the history of the English Church, somewhat dry perhaps in its nature, but instructive to all students, whether of English history or of English theology. Treated with the vigour and full knowledge of his subject, which Canon Robertson has at command, they would have had a permanent interest which, when treated controversially, they can scarcely retain.

E. T. V.

## II.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

*The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon, including all his occasional works, namely Letters, Speeches, Tracts, State Papers, Memorials, Devices, and all authentic writings not already printed among his Philosophical, Literary, or Professional Works.* Newly collected and set forth in Chronological order, with a Commentary biographical and historical. By JAMES SPEDDING. London: Longmans.

WE have already, in noticing the previous volumes, testified our warm appreciation of these carefully studied labours. The skill with which Mr. Spedding applies his researches to place Bacon *en rapport* with the history of his period sufficiently, without wearying the reader with superfluous matter, is deserving of all praise. The principal figure is not half lost in a maze of miscellaneous narrative, as it is the case in all second-rate historical biographies, but walks through his times with the sun shining full about him.

As the life advances it grows in interest. The present instalment comprises the period of about two years and a half, from Jan. 1614 to July 1616, being nearly the duration of Bacon's attorney-generalship. He stands before us now in the office of public prosecutor, and we may judge how far he used this position for perverting, in the language of a scorching review, the laws of England to the vilest purposes of tyranny. It is Macaulay's Bacon, not Basil Montagu's, that is impressed upon the present generation; but there are, or there ought to be, many whose reading experience has taught them the exercise of suspending judgment while hurried along in the magic periods of our distinguished historian. The defence of Bacon at every step of his career might be a depressing task; but to relieve him of superfluous odium need not be other than a cheerful one to any Englishman who prizes the fame of his countrymen as a precious inheritance.

Mr. Spedding, as a biographer, does not propose to himself the Edinburgh Reviewer or anybody else as an antagonist, in which he shows his good taste; but it is plain that he is conscious all along of that critic being at his elbow and certain that his readers will be thinking of him; and there he is certainly right. We shall consider ourselves one of such readers, and report somewhat of our finding in the following observations. He introduces the first Crown prosecution in this volume with the following observation.

"It is true that the powers assumed by the Crown gave it the *means* of obtaining the conviction upon insufficient evidence of almost anybody who fell under suspicion of

\* The italics are our own.

treason. But it is not at all true that those means were lightly put in force. Whether from fear of public opinion, or from doubt of what judges and juries would do, or simply from respect for justice itself, it is certain that the officers whose business was to prosecute were always anxious to avoid a public proceeding upon evidence which was not plausible." (P. 3.)

As an example of our Attorney-General perverting the laws to the vilest purposes of tyranny, Macaulay produces the following case:—

"When Oliver St. John was brought before the Star Chamber for maintaining that the king had no right to levy Benevolences, and was for his manly and constitutional conduct sentenced to imprisonment during the royal pleasure and to a fine of £5,000, Bacon appeared as counsel for the prosecution."

Mr. Spedding's pages present this affair in a very different light. The Parliament of 1614 having been dissolved before voting the supplies, certain eminent men came forward to invite volunteer offerings for the king's service, themselves setting an example in plate and valuables. Bacon was strongly of opinion that, in order to prevent all objection of illegality, the movement should rigidly preserve the character of its origin, and remain absolutely unofficial, spontaneous, patriotic, and popular; that the very word *benevolence*—a term long since become technical and inevitably associated with a tax—should be avoided. Mr. Spedding has an advantage here, having had the good fortune to discover among the Cottonian MSS. a new Baconian paper most clearly expressing these views, than which nothing could be more innocent and constitutional. Government however unwisely neglected some of these precautions, and identified themselves too much with the movement. Invitations to contribute were issued by and in the name of the Privy Council and addressed through the county officials. This step was certainly a mistake and the very thing to excite jealousy, as it coloured a mere solicitation with the appearance of a levy, which in substance it was not. The offerings remained still as voluntary as when the Archbishop began the movement by sending up to the Treasury his silver basin and ewer. The Great Seal empowered no commissioners; there was no assessment, no penalty. The collection of a modern Church rate under the new law has more compulsion in it than this Benevolence (for so it got named) had. The pressure put upon men's purses was the eloquence that appealed to them in county and town meetings, like those of our modern societies. Oliver St. John was prosecuted, not for refusing to contribute, but for publicly throwing odium on those who were aiding the Crown in appealing to the popular liberality, for charging the king with violating the laws of taxation, and for using disaffected language towards his person. Whether the Government was wise in prosecuting for this is another matter; but no wiser is the historian who misrepresents the charge and accuses the Attorney-General, who was not the Government, nor the Prime Minister, nor even of the Privy Council, of perverting the laws. Bacon's prosecuting speech delivered on this occasion was printed long ago by Rawley, and is no new discovery of Mr. Spedding's, who however of course includes it in this volume for our study. The sentence of the Star Chamber was what Mr. Macaulay states it to have been, but he has omitted to state that St. John acknowledged his error and was let off. The penalties of this tribunal (which in James's reign was much respected) were at that period seldom enforced against delinquents who acknowledged their faults; its judgments were rather to obtain on behalf of the Government authoritative declaration of the law on controverted points. (Spedding pp. 146, 147.)

The Peacham treason case is next adduced. In this prosecution—

"The most servile lawyers of those servile times were forced to admit that there were great difficulties both as to the facts and as to the law. Bacon was employed to remove those difficulties. He was employed to settle the question of law by tampering with the judges and the question of fact by torturing the prisoner." (Macaulay's "Bacon.")

Spedding's "Bacon" does not support this frightful version. The prisoner was tortured without a doubt, according to the barbarity of the times in treason cases. From the way, however, Bacon is mentioned in the above extract one would suppose that he must have been, if not sole inquisitor, at least monster-in-chief of the occasion; whereas the only evidence that he had anything to do with it is the presence of his signature among eight others, witnesses of the



examination. He was there by virtue of his office with the other law officers of the Crown. The report of the examination, from which this fact is ascertained, was signed by the officials in the following order, the Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (both Privy Counsellors), the Attorney-General (Bacon), a King's Serjeant, the Lieutenant of the Tower, another King's Serjeant, the Solicitor-General, the Clerk of the Council. There is no ground whatever for making the Attorney-General even the responsible manager, much less the sole director of this business. Mr. Spedding is surely the safer guide, in writing—

"The Report was drawn up by Winwood [Secretary of State], by whom, as the man of highest official rank present, and one very confident of his own abilities, the proceedings were no doubt ordered and the examination conducted." (P. 93)

The "tampering with the judges" is a long story, and no doubt Bacon was a prominent actor in it. But it is only right to ascertain what was and what was not done. While the Peacham case was being got ready for trial, the four law officers of the Crown, namely the Attorney and the Solicitor-General and the two Serjeants were directed by the Privy Council, at the suggestion of the King, to ascertain from the judges of the King's Bench, as the highest criminal court in the kingdom, their opinion in regard to certain points on which the judgment would turn. This sounds startling enough. But we must observe that the judges were not asked any opinion as to the prisoner's guilt, nor to forestall the verdict of the jury; but to say whether certain acts, if proved on the trial, constituted the crime of treason. And it must be admitted further that the Crown officers, in soliciting the opinion of the judges, sought by argument to enforce their own. Whatever else this was, it was not seeking corruptly to influence the judges; arguments we hear of, but no shadow of inducements; therefore there was no tampering with justice. The state of the times made the Government extremely cautious how they risked a defeat in the law courts, and they would rather not prosecute at all if they could not be sure that when they proved facts the judges should allow them to be treason. Macaulay represents the Lord Chief Justice Sir E. Coke alleging that such a course was new and unheard of, and that he would be no party to it. To speak precisely, the Government request had something new in it and something old. The old was a custom for the judges to be consulted thus extra-judicially by the Government and to give their opinions. What constituted the new in this Peacham case was that the judges were solicited to deliver their opinions apart from one another and individually, instead of collectively and in mutual conference; and the motive for this innovation was, as Mr. Spedding considers, the overbearing character of Coke, which made it hopeless that his colleagues would give their independent views while sitting with him. It was arranged that Bacon's colleagues should confer with Coke's colleagues to induce them to consent to the innovation, and Bacon with Coke—*Arcades ambo*. The colleagues succeeded with the colleagues, and all Bacon's dexterity was employed in removing Coke's scruples. He reports progress occasionally to James with much unction, and if we did not well know what it all was, we certainly might be ready to suspect that the King and his Attorney were employed in some artful manœuvring to which the dark word "tampering" was applicable. Coke long resisted; but what it was that he resisted is plain enough from one of Bacon's communications to James, wherein he reports Coke as insisting "that the judges were not to give opinion by fractions, but entirely according to the vote whereupon they should settle upon conference; and that this auricular taking of opinions, single and apart, was new and dangerous," (p. 107). Nothing can more clearly prove than this sentence what were the new and the old in the step the Crown was now taking. Macaulay heroises Coke for his stubborn resistance in this contest as though he were a very pillar of the constitution; but when Coke at last surrenders, it is only Bacon that gets the lash. The colleagues moreover, Mr. Solicitor and the two Serjeants, who had been equally successful with their justices, are not even noticed by the castigator of Bacon.

Let us not lose sight then of what it was that Coke submitted to. He submitted to the novelty of giving separate or "auricular" opinion, rather than one in conference with his colleagues as had been customary. That was the



whole point in debate; that was all Bacon was "tampering" for. Far more important to the crown was the further question, what that opinion would be when given. For why should they care about the mode, if after all the opinion were adverse? They knew what acts they could prove against Peacham, but it was whether such acts would in the Judge's view amount to treason that they were anxious to ascertain. This is indeed the pith of the whole matter, and Macaulay misses it, not even alluding to it. He plainly reckons this intriguing business that he is dissecting all ended when Coke has given way to the demands of his antagonist. It is *then* that victor Bacon stands tyrant of the situation. He concludes the indignant tale thus (omitting Peacham's torture in the middle). "After some time Bacon's dexterity was successful and Coke sullenly and reluctantly followed the example of his brethren . . . . At length the trial came on. A conviction was obtained." Macaulay's reader shakes his head at this villanous tampering with the Lord Chief Justice (who would be as great a villain if he could be tampered with) and extorting a judgment from the King's Bench.

But the Life of Bacon tells a very different conclusion. The triumph of "Bacon's dexterity" was only a preliminary success. The "sullen and reluctant" Chief Justice gave the Crown his opinion privately and auricularly, as requested. But the opinion itself when given, what was it? Although the Crown had done all it could to argue its own view of treason—it was no manœuvring here and no finesse, but good hard work, brain with brain—Coke gave his opinion against the Crown. He would not allow that the allegations against Peacham (even should they be established) amounted in law to treason. That was precisely his auricular opinion. Peacham was tried, not however in the King's Bench, nor by Coke, nor by Coke's colleagues, but at the Assizes in Somersetshire, where his offence was committed, and by the Chief Baron, who rode the Western Circuit, through whom a conviction was obtained. It was natural enough in those anxious times, when revolutionary ideas had already begun to gather force, that Government should be exceedingly solicitous not to fail in a prosecution for treason; and it is no less natural that, having obtained a conviction, it should be unwilling to carry out the sentence when the Lord Chief Justice disagreed with the Chief Baron as to the crime being treason. Only such men as always look on "Government" as fair game will taunt the Crown with being meanly ashamed to execute old Peacham and keeping him in Taunton jail until he died a few months afterwards. We cheerfully argue Bacon's defence on this occasion, and we only hope to find in some future chapter of Mr. Spedding's that the Chancellor's case is one half as defensible as the Attorney's.

We have thought we could best show the importance of this volume by taking up one two of its subjects in detail and placing them side by side with the popular view. There is only room to say that other portions of Mr. Spedding's labours are quite as interesting to all who can find interest in this sort of study. We have valuable comments on Parliamentary and Financial affairs, on which some new Baconian papers throw additional light; and those who are never weary of the *Essays* will find some kindred thoughts and illustrations of Bacon's political sagacity among his letters on impending difficulties of the times. The trials of the Earl and Countess of Somerset in the Overbury murder, and the collision between the King's Bench and the Chancery belong to the period of Bacon's Attorney-Generalship, which is now almost ended and he has his hand very nearly upon the Great Seal.

C. H.

*Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster.* By JAMES GRANT, Author of "The Great Metropolis," &c., &c. London: Tinsley.

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR cannot be called distinctively a great man; yet he was sufficiently remarkable and individual to justify the writing of his memoirs. Had the genuine biographer only got hold of him, he would have had a fair chance of being remembered for at least another generation. He came of a family which has long had honourable traditions for energy, robustness of character, and devotion to the cause of the people. His father, Sir John Sinclair, at a time when it was not the habit of country gentlemen to interest themselves in the poorer classes, had set himself to the task of ameliorating their material condition, and showed in these endeavours a thoroughness and unflin-



tering determination only too seldom found associated with such a cause in men of his class. He was a great statistician, and did much to improve agriculture; and the force of his example, operating through his children, still makes the name of Sinclair a loved and honoured one among all classes in Scotland, especially among the peasantry.

Sir George, who succeeded to his father when about forty-five years of age, had the advantage of a wise and liberal education. He was at Harrow School with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, both of whom agreed in declaring him the cleverest boy there;—the former even seriously telling his friends that George Sinclair *did* his exercises for him, while, in return, he *thrashed* those who had done George any injury or incurred his displeasure. He travelled in Germany when a young man, and made the acquaintance of some of its most distinguished men; and he had the honour of being carried as a prisoner before Napoleon I., when that great soldier was advancing towards his victory at Jena. The impression then made on the bright, intelligent young Scotchman was such, that, in spite of the pleasant way in which the Emperor seems to have treated him, he always afterwards felt towards Napoleon I. an excessive, and, for Sir George, an exceptionally intense dislike. He entered Parliament, as member for Caithness, when he was in his twentieth year, and raised very high expectations, which were never realized. The finer elements in Sir George's character, indeed, quite unfitted him for success in a political life. He was so tenderly conscientious that the expediences, the shifts and resorts of political party, were oppressive and painful to him in the knowledge of them; whilst he had not a little of that tense religiosity which gives a powerful sanction to the isolated individual attitude, at the same time that it develops a peculiar kind of humility. This element is anything but favourable to the action of what politicians call the *attaching* forces. Sir George Sinclair was never *attached*. He could not become a member of either party. Men of this kind are not easy to manage, are not amenable to the call of the "whip." They must go their own way; but this does not conduct to office and to leadership. Yet they are pre-eminently useful, and are the originators of movements and reforms for which they get little or no credit. Whilst Sir George very clearly saw the need of some reform, putting Mr. Joseph Hume himself under obligation by practical helps and suggestions, yet he could not see his way to follow Mr. Hume the whole length he was inclined to go in anything save in the strictness with which Government "jobs" should be watched. Here we see at once the strength and the weakness of Sir George's character. He was always trying to see completely round a question, and to be perfectly sure of doing strict justice to all concerned; so that too often his practical impulses were suspended till long past the favourable moment for action. This is seen very clearly, for instance, in his secession from the Established Church of Scotland in what he naïvely calls the "disruption of one," which did not take place until some years after the Disruption of the Free Church. Notwithstanding his evident sympathy with the leaders in that movement—with Chalmers and the rest—he yet wished to do the Mother Church all justice; and in that wish he was so ruled that, in spite of a most decisive insight into the whole bearing of ecclesiastical affairs (such as alone could have dictated that remarkable letter to Lord Aberdeen, which is here printed at p. 270), he did not share in any of the glory or the fame which he would certainly have won had he been able, once for all, to throw himself into the current of the Free-Church movement before 1843. In not a few instances, he was too like the man in the fable, a loser by trying to please all parties and to be strictly fair to them.

Yet Sir George Sinclair had one rare faculty—a valuable element in this type of character—the power of so withdrawing himself from the busy action of forces in which he was interested, as to view them with all the calmness of a spectator. This is evident in some of the best portions of that remarkable speech on the Condition of the Working Classes in the House of Commons in 1828. It is marked not only by a mastery of language, but by a rare foresight, a chastened imagination, and a humour delicate enough to be classical, yet broad enough to be effective in extempore speech. No less is it evident in the letter to Earl Aberdeen already referred to.

—This peculiar suspense, which, combined with his extreme conscientiousness and almost timid humility, sometimes almost wholly paralyzed his action (lead-



ing him, indeed, to an unadvised and untimely retirement to complete privacy), had the effect of keeping alive in him a peculiar singleness of intellectual conception and boylike receptiveness and enthusiasm. When he was in the midst of his success as a politician and engaged in intimate correspondence with the most distinguished men at home and abroad, he attended certain of the classes at the University of Edinburgh as an ordinary student during the parliamentary recess, and seemed to immensely enjoy this. And it was very much the same in his case with respect to men. He was intense in his devotion to certain ideas and questions, labouring away at them with a quiet self-sustaining enthusiasm, as well seen in his "Protestant Tracts," which he assiduously wrote till they amounted to a considerable library; indeed it must be owned that he was sometimes strong in his prejudices; but it would have been very difficult to have brought him into contact with any character in whom he would not quickly have found some point of affinity and got some good from. In this his intense sincerity often helped him not a little. Fancy the Scotch baronet, who had long been a friend of King William, taking every chance to lecture his Majesty by word and by letter into something like respect for the despised Evangelicals and for the Sabbath day—even declining an invitation to dinner on that day—and yet keeping, till the end, on the most friendly terms with royal William; holding Thomas Carlyle on a footing of intimate regard and longing for his society, and at the same time deluging Scotland with tracts against Popery! A singular sincerity, openness and fluency of character, were indeed necessary to ensure this result, and yet not to impress one with such a sense of incongruity as to be positively laughable. But the sincerity and modesty of which we have spoken impart to everything Sir George does a rare reality; so that we are compelled to acknowledge in all his actions the presence of a pious, beautiful character, the intellectual incongruities in which are subdued and toned down by the unflinching presence of a sober light of genuine conviction and large sympathy.

We regret to see his biography so disfigured by digressions, vulgarisms, repetitions, and inadequacies, as we are bound, very reluctantly, to own that it is.

H. A. P.

*Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor.* Edited by LADY EASTLAKE. London: Longmans.

JOHN GIBSON'S character was exceedingly simple and beautiful, and his life—in its unflinching devotion, and silent, ceaseless effort after complete perfection of design and execution—expresses his character with a rare sense of harmony and fitness. Serene, chaste, without fault or flaw, it is like one of his own statues. Yet there is some want of relief in the serenity; something of coldness in the chastity. If he had not come so near to realizing his ideal, as to be able, as he was, to keep walking on a pretty even plane of unanxious and unexcited endeavour, we should perhaps have had less hesitation in naming him a *great artist*. Gibson's chief source of discontent all along seems to have been, not that great conceptions lay within him unrealized, but that he was unable altogether to make up for prime defects of education which affected his handling. He was the son of a poor Welsh market-gardener, and had for years, while at other and uncongenial work, to struggle and try everything for himself, unaided by the helpful charm of the teacher's voice. The facile, plastic touch, that is attained only by well-directed application in youth, he never seems to feel that he had completely gained. Somewhat inconsistently, considering his success, he takes every opportunity of enforcing a doctrine respecting sculpture, which could not but have some tendency to reduce it to cold and frigid imitation, wherein the free conceptions and inspirations of genius could scarcely have play. Born with an exquisite perception of the beautiful—the discerning eye that can catch at the hurriedest glance every possibility of graceful line and delicate curve in common objects and attitudes—he yet lacks a little the spontaneous commanding initiative of great ideas. A certain feeling of freedom and joyful escape from the conscious pressure of rules and ordinances, the presence of these must always beget; but in Gibson we see the tranquil satisfaction that comes of faithful, devoted observance of orders, rather than the glad fountain-like upbreking of the inner nature shedding itself around the marble, like a halo, when the *whole* has broken graciously on



the imagination in one supreme moment of creation. From first to last we find him under this kind of subjection, catching separate points from various sources, and patiently elaborating them into a whole, chastely and with utmost grace, yet jealously under the canon of the great examples ever before his mind. His work seldom gives the impression that its conception had risen spontaneous in the artist's soul, and had been wrought out in a happy high-pressure mood, till it stood simple before the eye, "a joy for ever." He was never so carried away by his own enthusiasm, as we learn Michael Angelo sometimes was, as to forget all rules and examples. This is more deeply characteristic of John Gibson than might appear at first sight—the account of his first drawing:—

"My attention had been frequently attracted to a pretty scene—it was a line of geese, sailing upon the smooth glassy water. I drew the geese upon my father's casting slate, all in procession, every one in profile. When my father looked at my performance he smiled, but when my mother cast her eyes upon it, she praised me, and said, 'Indeed, Jack, this is very like the geese.' I rubbed out that drawing, and, after dwelling upon the geese again, I drew them upon a larger scale, one behind the other, and again my mother praised me. Then I produced the same composition a third time, adding more geese, but nothing new in the treatment. Then my mother thought she had had enough of the geese, and said, 'Suppose you change the subject, and try to draw a horse.' After gazing long and often upon a horse, at last I ventured to commit him to the slate. I drew him in profile, all by memory. This effort delighted my mother still more. I stuck to the horse, as I had done to the geese, always repeating the same view, till my mother had enough of that too. 'Now, Jack,' she said, 'put a man upon his back.' I went out, and carefully watched men on horseback, and, returning home, produced an equestrian figure. I never thought of copying from the object itself, but always, after looking at it, drew from recollection."

Gibson's accounts of the way in which the ideas of his finest statues were formed in him are very characteristic, and combine to bear out our opinion. This as to the "Wounded Amazon" may be given:—

"I had frequently noticed women and girls in the streets stopping suddenly and turning round, looking backward over their shoulder at their heel—at the same time drawing their dress a little up. This action is always very graceful. One day I made a sketch in clay of it, and was pleased with the effect. Day after day I puzzled my brain for a subject to suit my sketch. All in vain! All of a sudden the idea of an Amazon lifting up her tunic with her left hand, and stooping a little to look at a wound she has received on the outside of her thigh; her heel is raised whilst the toes still touch the ground, and with the fingers of the right hand she touches the wound."

Everything had to be tested by the classical standard, and gradually worked up to it. But Gibson's best works are very nearly perfect as respects all that is imitable; and he was right in saying they "would be of use to the young sculptors *as to style*."

The book is enlivened by the naivest glimpses of those with whom Gibson was brought into contact. This, for instance, is very frankly set down, although it plainly tells of his fatal incapacity to see any beauty in that which did not fix itself in definite lines before him:—

"I got into a fine scrape at Turner's one day. I knew Turner well, I liked him much, and he was always kind to me—called me 'Gibby.' I went to his house with Mrs. Huskisson. We were shown into a room where a large picture by him stood, apparently unfinished. When he joined us—I standing before the picture looking at it—I said, 'This is a very fine beginning, Mr. Turner.' 'Beginning!' he cried; 'why, sir, this picture is complete, and will be sent off to-morrow.' I saw Mrs. Huskisson fidgeting her fingers about, as she does when she is uncomfortable. Turner then turned to the chimney-piece, where stood two little terra-cotta figures—horrid things they were! 'Come here, Gibson,' said he, 'these are more in your line.' When we got into the carriage again Mrs. Huskisson said, 'Well, I think you got yourself into a pretty scrape there.'"

Gibson's simplicity, sweetness of temper, and delightful generosity of admiration, made him much beloved by all who knew him; and his memoir, sincerely written, is radiant and enlivening.

Lady Eastlake has done her part of the work with great care and sympathy; and altogether the book is most interesting, not only as being the life of a very remarkable man and artist, but also as opening up many great questions with respect to art, which of course it would be out of place to go into here, but which will often cause the book to be referred to hereafter. H. A. P.



## III.—PHILOSOPHICAL.

*Social Morality.* Twenty-one Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. By F. D. MAURICE, Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan & Co.

It would have been impossible to fix on any subject more thoroughly suited to the whole tone and bent of Mr. Maurice's mind than the one on which he has discoursed in these lectures. He is, before all things, essentially *human*, and therefore *social*. The fundamental relations of men with men merely *as men*, are, in his eyes, the sacred things. Of the artificial distinctions—what he calls “isms,” whether of church, sect, class, or party, he has a profound distrust, as narrowing, as the result of that selfishness which is at work in all of us, and is the true anti-social principle, as *unhumanizing* by cutting us off from our kind. There are minds, no doubt, to which the book may seem somewhat disappointing. They may complain that it lacks clear method, that it makes no attempt to search out and enunciate some fundamental principles of morality, but concerns itself with such commonplaces as the relations between fathers and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and so on. Mr. Maurice would, we fancy, humbly confess that he knows of nothing deeper than these commonplace relations. They are the very basis of our life. They are commonplace just as digestion and respiration are commonplace. We only become conscious of them through disease. The greatness of the book, so far as its spirit is concerned, seems to us to become more and more apparent the more we study it. We do not pledge ourselves to an unreserved acceptance of all its views and statements. But this is, unless we greatly mistake, about the last result which Mr. Maurice would aim at in any work of his. He would edify all, but with his reverence for each man's individuality he would not set forth himself as the pattern after which they must be built.

We cannot attempt in our necessarily limited space to do more than give a very general, and therefore imperfect idea of the drift of these lectures. To the question, What is social morality? Mr. Maurice answers that he has no esoteric meaning, he uses the words in their most ordinary sense. To ascertain what this sense is he characteristically refers us, not to professors and divines, but to men who have studied society—to Chesterfield and Fielding, Montesquieu and Guizot. All of these we find recognise the importance in men of a certain social manner, an *ἦθος*, a character, a habit of mind, which fits them for living in the relations in which they find themselves. It is with this character or habit that social morality is concerned, not with outward acts, still less with formal maxims. And this view, which we gather from men of the world, novelists, and historians, writing without any direct reference to a system of morals, is identical with the teaching of the Gospels.

“The New Testament, I need hardly tell you,” says Mr. Maurice, “is occupied from first to last—specially in the Sermon on the Mount—in shewing that acts are nothing except as they are fruits of a state, except as they indicate what the man is; that words are nothing except as they express a mind, a purpose.”

There is then a character which fits us for living in the relations in which we find ourselves. *In which we find ourselves*, be it observed, for these relations we do not make or choose. They are not “the ornaments and embellishments of our existence: additions, on the whole, to the sum of its happiness.” They are “the core of human society, implied not only in its well-being, but in its very being.” These relations form naturally three groups; (1), those of the family; (2), those of the nation; (3), those of the whole human race. We are all of us members of a family by the fact of our having fathers and mothers; we are all of us members of some nation with a law, a language, and a government of its own; we are all of us conscious of a bond of still wider reach, linking us to all men simply as *men*. Into all these relations we enter by the very fact of our manhood. There is something in us which ever tempts us to break them, to tamper with them, to set up some self-chosen bond of union in the stead of them. But in doing so we set at naught the moral order of the universe. The violated or disregarded relation always asserts itself, and the ultimate result is confusion and misery.



We must pass over altogether the divisions in Mr. Maurice's work which treat of the family and the nation. We derive much from these chapters in the way of new insight and suggestion, though we should sometimes have expressed ourselves differently, and with certain limitations and qualifications. The establishment of the Roman Empire was, he thinks, as it seems to us most justly, the period in history when mankind first became conscious of relations wider than those of the nation or the separate race. Mr. Maurice, in his detestation of the dominion of the Cæsars, does not note the part which the universal empire may have had in paving the way for the acceptance of the universal religion. The consciousness of a common subjection to Augustus may have been an essential condition for the consciousness of a common brotherhood in Christ. Still the empire and the universal religion, or family, as Mr. Maurice prefers to call it, could not coexist. Failing to crush its rival, the only course for the empire was to ally it to itself. The consequences of this alliance on social morality are traced in the chapter on *The Christianized Empire*. But the empire, though acknowledging Christianity, was as much the empire as ever. The emperor claimed to be supreme and arbitrary lord of the world. The law was *his* law. A Divine Ruler was indeed recognised in words, but He was a *Roi-fainéant*, had withdrawn to the highest heavens, and left the earth in charge of the emperor and the clergy. Such a system could not stand against the shock of Islamism, strong in its declaration that there was a God actually ruling in heaven and commanding men to serve Him on earth. In the two following chapters Mr. Maurice proceeds to treat of the great spiritual empire—the Papacy, the revival of learning, and the Reformation. This is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book, but his remarks refuse to bear compression. We need hardly say that he writes with all possible largeness and liberality of spirit, and does as ample justice to Loyola as to Luther. When the battle between the great opposing forces of Rome and Protestantism had somewhat subsided, men found themselves, says Mr. Maurice, encountered by a strange paradox.

"The men, women, and children in all parts of Christendom, were repeating still—as they who went before them had repeated—a creed which implied the belief of a Divine Humanity, a Prayer which implied that all men had a Father in Heaven. The most eminent Christian teachers, Lutheran, Jesuit, and Calvinist, adhering to these forms, inculcating them on their disciples, yet amidst all differences seemed to agree on this one point, that Humanity was not divine, that the majority of men could not call God their Father." (P. 375.)

It was no wonder then that the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should assume, on the authority of these teachers, that their creeds were not human, not meant for mankind, and set themselves to find some foundation for a common morality which should serve the needs of *men* irrespective of their schools and sects. There must be, they thought, a human nature, a nature belonging to all men, not to one as distinct from another, and this, if investigated, would afford the ground they sought. In our own times M. Comte, while following much the same line of thought, has substituted for a supposed human nature, which he discards as an abstraction, the idea of humanity as a whole, of a universal society, with a morality adapted to it. From all these theories and speculations Mr. Maurice declares himself able to draw light and help.

"I believe," he says, "that all the partial conceptions of Humanity and of Human Morality which the inquirers of the eighteenth century bequeathed to us, as well as that more comprehensive one which has been elaborated in our own day, afford us the greatest help in understanding the lessons of those periods which we had examined previously."

But they all seem to him limited and defective. Grand and beautiful as he deems M. Comte's conception of humanity, beneficial as it is as a protest against the exclusiveness and pseudo-spirituality with which the churches of Christendom have disfigured their own creed, it is after all a headless humanity. "It is a humanity which has no deeper root than our own nature, which can only be understood and adored in ourselves and our fellow creatures." Those relations in which we find ourselves, whence do they come? We are conscious of an impulse, call it obligation or not, to fulfil them. If we do violence to this we find we suffer. What does all this mean? Does it not declare that that

theology which M. Comte and so many modern philosophers would eliminate from our thoughts will enter into them, in our meditations on the very simplest matters, and those that most directly concern us? Does it not show the existence of a Divine root and ground of our humanity, of a Father in Heaven who rules and cares for all men, of a Son who has redeemed all men, of a Spirit who frees men from their sin and selfishness and makes them true?

We have thought it best in this notice to play the part of expositors rather than of critics. For an adequate criticism of this work a separate essay would be necessary. We will only add in conclusion, "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life," words which we are sure are as dear to Mr. Maurice as to any one, and therefore we are equally sure that he would not refuse to acknowledge those as his friends who in spirit are essentially at one with him, though they may not always be able to clothe their deepest thoughts and aspirations in the language which seems so natural and necessary to him. G. S.

*On Responsibility in War; translated from the German original.* By Colonel HENRY AIME OUVRY, C.B., late 9th Lancers. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE author of this pamphlet in the original is now known to have been his Imperial Highness the Archduke Albrecht of Austria. Its style is somewhat heavy and awkward, but the matter is well thought out, and bears the impress of being the results of sad and recent experience. The "responsibility" that is here meant is mainly the responsibility of the general-in-chief and the subordinate officers while in command of an army in the time of war. The circumstances under which responsibility arises, and the different degrees of that responsibility attaching to each in his department, are set forth with great particularity. In all wars the author is strongly in favour of allowing the greatest possible scope and authority to the commander-in-chief. After the commencement of the war the civil administration should interfere as little as possible, save with the view of supplying the wants of the army. In this way the general responsibility of the commander would be raised to the highest pitch, and in the case of defeat it would be more easy to see where the blame lay. With respect to those who share the responsibility with the general-in-chief, he says that the *statesman* should not, as is too often the case, keep the general at a distance or contract engagements behind his back; but, on the contrary, the latter should be "constantly informed on all external political relations and diplomatic transactions during the time that the war is carried on." The same spirit of confidence that he would have subsisting between the civil and the military administrator, he recommends the general to cultivate towards his subordinate officers. In this manner a healthy feeling of dependence, and also independence, is promoted throughout the army, which is perhaps one of the first steps towards success in the field of battle. Indeed, the object of the publication seems to be to bring about in the various parts of an army such an amount of self-dependence as shall least jar with the harmonious working of the whole. The pamphlet winds up with some very shrewd and practical remarks "on the means of preventing the tendency to shirk responsibility," which he says is very common in time of war. Altogether we heartily commend its perusal to all military men and those who have the popularization of our army at heart. E. R.

*Chapters and Speeches on the Irish Land Question.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Reprinted from "Principles of Political Economy," and Hansard's Debates. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

AT a time when every would-be politician is "getting-up" the Irish Land Question, it is most important that men of genius, who have been pressing this subject upon the country for years, and studying it in many different ways long before it was recognised as a "practical" question, should have a hearing. We fear, however, that the "practical" men who are now rushing forward with their remedies will be glad to disown their obligations to the "philosophical theorist," from whom, probably, the best part of their suggestions are indirectly derived. But those who have no remedy ready are glad to turn to a man in whose wisdom they have confidence, though they may not accept all his conclusions. There is, too, this important difference between Mr. Mill and the



crowd of writers to whom we allude: that he cares more for stating all sides of the question, and enforcing general principles, than for compelling his readers to accept certain cut-and-dried conclusions. With that modesty which all who know him personally are so struck with in his private conversation, he eagerly appeals to any authority rather than his own, and the details of the schemes which he suggests he is only too ready to discard for the sake of showing the principle on which they are founded. The splendid breadth of his mind was, perhaps, never so forcibly shown as in his answer to Mr. Lowe in the speech (republished in this pamphlet) which he delivered on Mr. Maguire's motion for an enquiry into the state of Ireland:—

"In my right hon. friend's mind political economy appears to stand for a particular set of practical maxims. To him it is not a science, it is not an exposition, not a theory of the manner in which causes produce effects; it is a set of practical rules, and these rules are indefeasible. My right hon. friend thinks that a maxim of political economy if good in England must be good in Ireland; but that is like saying that because there is but one science of astronomy, and the same law of gravitation holds for the earth and the planets, therefore the earth and planets do not move in different orbits. So far from being a set of maxims and rules to be applied without regard to times, places, and circumstances, the function of political economy is to enable us to find the rules which ought to govern any state of circumstances with which we have to deal, circumstances which are never the same in any two cases."

It is such sentences as these, and the spirit which they indicate, and, we trust, cultivate, that gives its real worth to Mr. Mill's teaching. They also give us courage to remark that we cannot think that the details of Mr. Mill's scheme, or of any other thoroughly comprehensive one of which we have heard, are a satisfactory solution of the Irish Land Question. If any scheme of fixity of tenure satisfies the peasant tenants of Ireland, are we to leave out of consideration the *labourers*, and the unemployed, and vast numbers of emigrants, who will, undoubtedly, return to Ireland some day. If, on the other hand, we develop in any way a peasant proprietary, then, we think, must necessarily follow the evil to which Mr. Mill alludes in p. 30:—

"That each peasant should have a patch of land even in full property, if it is not sufficient to support him in comfort, is a system with all the disadvantages and scarcely any of the benefits of small properties; since he must either live in indigence on the produce of his land, or depend as habitually as if he had no landed possessions on the wages of hired labour; which, besides, if all the holdings surrounding him are of similar dimensions, he has little prospect of finding."

This, in a country where the land is almost the sole object of labour, would surely be a very likely result from a scheme of peasant proprietary. Unless, therefore, we can find some body of men who, from an acquaintance with each separate part of Ireland, know where other paths of labour can be effectively introduced, and who can by some means or other develop such a centre of life in Ireland as will attract CAPITAL thither, we do not see how the genius of Mr. Mill or the eloquence of Mr. Bright, the ability and honesty of Professor Cairnes or Mr. Fortescue can ever settle the Irish Land Question. Mr. Mill shows, in the speech from which we quoted above, that England did much in the early part of the last and the end of the previous century to hinder the development of Irish trade, yet we believe that something was done to remedy even this defect during the early years of the Irish Parliament of 1782. May we not ask, in Mr. Mill's words, though used with a different application, "Are Irishmen an exception to all the rest of mankind, that they cannot bear the institutions and practices which reason and experience point out as the best suited to promote national prosperity?"

C. E. M.

#### IV.—CLASSICAL.

*The Poets of Greece.* By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., of University College, Oxford. Author of "*Griselda*," &c. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THOUGH somewhat slender food for duly nurtured scholars, this attempt to set before the mass of ordinary readers a lively and poetical view of the chief poets of Greece will prove none the worse reading to the "more part," because

it is easy of digestion. The aim of it is to be popular; and the author, a poet himself, has not cared much for proof or argument, if so be he can enunciate the popular faith and give vent in a few glowing words to his own poetic conclusions touching his subject. And its range is liberal enough, for it passes in rapid review over the whole extent of Greek poetry, with the exception of the Attic dramatists, from eldest Homer to Musæus and Proclus. Such a survey, concluded within two hundred and twenty pages, can neither pretend to exhaustiveness, nor propose to itself the palm of novelty or profundity; but it is not the less a matter for kindly welcome and encouragement, when a cultivated man like Mr. Edwin Arnold steps aside from the severer work of his life to popularize for the many the wealth of the few, and, forefending the days when practical and scientific education will succeed in edging out the present study of the classical languages, to give general readers a taste of what they contain, and an inkling of their abundant title to loving conservation. For help in throwing his sketches into a popular form the author acknowledges an obligation to Professor Alexis Pierron's "*Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*," and though we have not seen that work, another on Homer by the same professor is enough to satisfy us that in framework, as well as filling in of details, it is a good model to imitate. In refreshing ourselves, with our Greek poets ready to hand, with the examination of this pleasant volume, we could not fail to note that the poetical element dominates the practical, or help occasionally desiderating a little more definite information upon matters of fact or research; but the impression left at the close of "the great feast of languages" has been a desire that as many outsiders as possible may be induced to avail themselves of it, and to get from Mr. Arnold's "*Poets of Greece*" true general views as to that grand phenomenon in literary history.

He will not encourage them in subversive theories. With him Homer is one and indivisible, not only as the author of the *Iliad*, which is not a patch-work "with sixteen original pieces of a primal poet" for a something to tack it to, but as the author of the *Odyssey* also; and he insists upon the strong presumption of this, which arises from the sameness of manners and dialect, of morality, sentiments, touch, and "cachet" in both. As he sees the great battle-piece, the *Iliad*, it is a consistent poem with prologue, action, and epilogue, to which if there have been any additions in after time, they are too slight to affect the eternal fame of its architect; and for the *Odyssey*'s parentage he finds proof sufficient in the ethical identity of its chief characters with their portraiture in the *Iliad*. Some of the best pages in the "*Poets of Greece*" consist of Mr. Arnold's delineations of Helen, Hector, and Achilles, delineations not always *à la* Gladstone, but where not so, all the more worthy of perusal, as the results of an independent judgment. To the aid of his remarks on Homer, he has frequently called in translation, and here it might have been well either to depend wholly on his own Muse, or to give more variety of modern translators. He affects hexameters himself, and, perhaps in doubt of his own workmanship, favours us with extracts from Mr. Dart's creditable experiment; but for all other than hexametric translation he goes to Pope. Pope, indeed, may be, and probably is, more intelligible and welcome to those for whom Mr. Arnold would say he writes his book, than any English hexametrist, but we think he might have tickled their ear with a sample or two of Worsley's Spenserian version, of Lord Derby's blank verse (which he seems to snub), or of Mr. Charles Merivale's very English ballad-metre translation.

In a reaction after Homer, the author of the "*Poets of Greece*" finds Hesiod tame, and holds comparatively cheap a bard whose place he rates at about "what Bloomfield's and Darwin's might be among the poets of England." But is it quite fair to set didactic poetry side by side with epic, and blame it if it lack the same fire and fervour; and is not the inevitable cooling-down, attending the laying aside the one and taking up the other, the chief cause of the unjust criticism "that Hesiod never carries the mind along like the wave of Homer's line, crested with its sparkling epithets?" We follow him rather slowly and tediously, as if his verse were a ploughshare, turning up the fat clay of Boeotia" (p. 58). It is easy to say this if, when a fine passage such as that which Mr. Arnold translates from the war of the Titans in the *Theogony*, pp. 63-4, is to be rendered "suspicious" by the wholesale imputation of interpolation; but we should be ready, had we space, to do battle for Hesiod's



claims to the bay, either from an examination of his *Theogony*, or of his more characteristic "Works and Days." "The Shield of Hercules," a striking and meritorious fragment, cannot in candour, after an examination of its internal evidence of authorship, be claimed to eke out his laurels.

In due course Mr. Arnold discusses the rise and growth of elegiac poetry, and passes in review the chief weavers of that varied and broken measure. His notices of Callinus, Tyrteus, &c., are illustrative of his point, that, what was originally the wailing chant or broken utterance of mourning, became in process of time the vehicle of stirring incentives to war, and luxurious reveries about past glories and enjoyments; in short, that it came to serve the poet's purpose, whether his strain were grave or gay. But there is a little want of arrangement, or of defined purpose, in ranking among the elegiacs Archilochus and Simonides of Amorgos, and then, in illustration of their poetic remains, quoting only from the *iambics*, for which both are chiefly famous. The sketches and illustrations are generally brief, and sometimes too brief, whilst at other times we could well part with the shadowy glimpses vouchsafed us of Hipponax and Ananius (97—8) if, by this sacrifice, we could ensure a more thorough consideration for Theognis, or for Solon. When we come to the lyric poets, one should like to find more about "Alcæus," the lover of Sappho, and the inventor of the measure, which Horace so successfully acclimatized under Italian skies. But one of Mr. Arnold's chief saints and songstresses is Sappho, and therefore Sappho stops the way in his volume with a disproportionate allowance of pages. Not that we begrudge them, since it affords him space for a poet-like vindication of the fair, and not frail, Lesbian, and for—what is a more tangible and demonstrable matter—due evidence of her poetic genius. One of the fragments which he translates would seem to show that the winged god was not unsuccessful in wounding her:—

γλυκεία μήτηρ, οὔτοι δύναμαι κρέην τὸν ἱστὸν  
πόθῳ δαμῆισα παιδὸς βραδὴν δὲ Ἀφροδίταν.

"I cannot, sweet my mother,  
Throw shuttle any more:  
My heart is full of longing,  
My spirit troubled sore,  
All for a love of yesterday,  
A boy not seen before."

And another in p. 117, is certainly not corroborative of the now long-exploded legend that Sappho, the Lesbian, leapt in disappointed love from the rock of Leucate. The lines—

ἀποθνήσκειν κακόν· οἱ θεοὶ γάρ οὕτω κεκρίσασιν,  
ἀπέθνασκον γὰρ ἄν, αἶπειρ ἦν καλὸν ἀποθνήσκειν,

"To die must needs be sad, the gods do know it,  
For were death sweet, they'd die and straightway show it,"

rather argue a lady who knew the value of life, and was disposed to enjoy the god's gift while she might. As a specimen of Mr. Arnold's translation of a longer, but not tediously long, passage, we may point our readers to that of the table song, or *σκόλιον*, of Hybrias the Cretan, in p. 135, in which there is a good deal of the "devil-may-care" style of the original preserved; and, as a sample of the loving zeal that he exhibits for his special favourites among the poets of Greece, we must call attention to his handling of what, as a sort of distinction from the rest of the Alexandrian school, he calls the "Sicilian" school of poetry, Theocritus and his imitators. His versions of the first and second Idyll of Theocritus will amply repay perusal.

But of every Greek poet of any note, save and except the dramatists, the general reader will gather some sort of view in these pages; and, for the most part, a view the length or briefness of which is meted according to the importance of the subject. Some holes one might pick here and there with Mr. Arnold's Greek. What on earth does he mean, in p. 6, by "the ἀηδής, or religious poet;" or by saying in p. 76, "that ἔλεος is derived from the verb of woe, ἔλεγον (!), or the word ἔλεος, pity?" In translating a bit of Anacreon, too, he has, perhaps inadvertently, mistranslated the Teians Ἐρωσ—μέλιτταν οὐκ εἶδεν ἀλλ' ἐγρώθη κ. τ. λ.:—

"Love once among the roses,  
Perceived a bee reposing,  
And wondered what the beast was," &c.

But these are, we suspect, the results of a somewhat light and easy estimate of the task undertaken, and do not greatly affect a book which does not profess to more than a superficial or cursory view. Mr. Arnold's "*Poets of Greece*" could never, unless rewritten and remodelled, take rank as a "student's manual," or a complete "English guide," to the field about which it simply hovers; and, indeed, whosoever contemplates such a manual, within moderate limits, may well be possessed with the gravity and difficulty of the task; but we repeat that—for the entertainment of general readers, and the easy satisfaction of the many, who content themselves with a superficial survey of Greek poetic literature—there is a light, elegant, and digestible repast in the pages of Mr. Edwin Arnold.

J. D.

*Thirteen Satires of Juvenal.* With a Commentary. By JOHN E. B. MAYOR, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second Edition, Enlarged. Part I., pp. 1—176. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

IF we may judge by the earnest of a new edition of Mayor's *Juvenal* now put forth, the fame of it when complete will utterly eclipse that of the first edition. Through unavoidable want of leisure, Mr. Mayor despairs of continuing his notes for some months to come, and so we are left to infer the value of his remodelled and enlarged work, when completed, by the text and explanatory notes, which now see the light, and which extend to the ninth line of the third satire. Beyond a natural disappointment at so abrupt a breaking-off, there is nothing but satisfaction to be derived from the portion of the work now vouchsafed, which is indeed an abundant evidence of the growth in breadth as well as depth of the erudition of one of our greatest Latin scholars in the space of sixteen years. In comparing the annotations of the first satire in the edition of 1853 with those in that of 1869, it seems as if the former were a mere framework or outline, as contrasted with the filling-in, and the addition of colour, light, and shade, of the latter; which, by the way, is also superior to its predecessor in the matter of arrangement, seeing that instead of foot-notes, apt to render the text difficult to take in at a glance, because spread over so many pages, we have now the annotatory matter at the end of the volume, as it should be, the text standing out clear and clean in the first eighty-six pages of the volume.

We have been at some pains to compare the two editions—so far as they deal with the first satire—and the result has been an accession of admiration at the pains, industry and scholarship of Mr. Mayor. As the notes now stand, so far as they extend, they are so ample, exhaustive, and illustrative, that they may almost serve to supersede Becker's *Gallus* and such-like manuals, and to furnish, in themselves, that complete glance at imperial Rome, which is absolutely required of the Latin scholar. Take, for example, the survey of the topography of Rome, which is given in illustration of "*hortos*," and "*prætorias*," the gardens and villas, of *Juv. i. 75*; or the full account of those *St. Helenas* of the *Ægean*, or as Mr. Mayor calls them, the *Siberias* of the Roman empire, to which the words "*brevibus Gyris*" in *v. 74*, give rise. On the line (*i. 15*) "*Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus*," the inquisitive as to the ancient history of corporal punishment will find a complete mine of curious information; while in "*Tyrias lacernas*" (*ibid. 27*) will be found a digest of all that antiquity has to tell us of Tyre and her purples. These are only a few of the subjects which Mr. Mayor has worked out with as much fulness as tact and judgment, at the signal given him by a word or a line of the satirist of the empire. Other samples might be multiplied *ad libitum*;—as, for instance, the note called up by the words "*Mæcenate supino*" (*v. 66*), which gives quite another side of the character of the patron of literature to that in which Horace delighted to exhibit him. The friend of Augustus, Horace, and Virgil, is shown to have carried his Epicurean tenets to a length in practice scarcely approvable by the founder of his philosophy, and indeed the heads, given in the note to which we refer, of a biography of *Mæcenatus*, indicate a life of luxury and licence, which the praise of contemporary and partial poets has availed to keep out of sight.



Roman poisons and poisoning are discussed with infinite research, under the head, "rubeta" (v. 70), and curious information given respecting the tasters at royal banquets—a significant guard of tyranny, of which, as Mr. Mayor reminds us, the memory is preserved in the ecclesiastical "credence-table," the "credentia" of Ducange, and "credenza" of the Italians. Amongst other curious matter appended to the illustration of the word "lacunar" (v. 56), we find that the luxury of the empire rendered "ceilings" not unworthy to be gazed at in abstraction or admiration, seeing that according to Seneca (ep. 90, §15) the panels of them were sometimes so constructed as to shift and display scene after scene to the guests.

But while commenting on the wealth of illustrative matter with which the new edition of Mr. Mayor's Juvenal is enriched—and that too to a degree which leaves the first edition utterly at a distance—we must not allow it to appear that there is less improvement and augmentation in the verbal commentary. On the very threshold we are met with a learned note abundantly proving that "auditor" is *e.g.* "discipulus," a fact abundantly proved by quotations from Seneca and other writers of the imperial times, and a fact too by no means impertinent to the clear interpretation of the first verse of the first satire. The occurrence of the figure "epanalepsis" in v. 15, "*Et nos ergo manum*,"—*et nos* is observed upon, and illustrated both from Juvenal himself and from Theocritus among the Greek poets: the bold and satiric phrase "*fruitur dis Iratis*" (p. 49) is shown to be a parody of an expression in Seneca's "*Hercules Furens*," and also to have given rise to a remarkable sentence in Augustin's "*De Civitate Dei*," ii. 23, § 1: and such expressions as "*nobilitate comesa*," where "*nobilitate*" is *e.g.* "*nobilibus*" (the "*noblesse*"), are aptly and liberally paralleled. It is probably in matters of verbal and syntactical criticism that we are to look for the tokens of Mr. Mayor's acknowledged debt to Professor Munro and the late Professor Conington—more of whose notes, with their initials to indicate them, will probably occur as the work of annotation progresses. An excellent note, signed H. A. J. M., in the present part, teaches us to consider "*assiduo lectore*" in the line "*Assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ*" as equivalent to "*assiduâ operâ lectoris*"—or, as it were, "*τῷ lectore assiduo*." As is usual with Mr. Munro, his view of this construction is backed by numerous quotations, such as "*judice laudatus Cæsare*;" "*Conjuge barbarâ turpis maritus*;" and such-like familiar passages admitting of simplest explication upon the principle which he enunciates: and the value of such a note is that the pith of it sticks by the reader, and becomes more or less a permanent addition to his knowledge. We do not care how often the same initials recur in the after-pages. A word must be added on one other improvement in this edition. The summaries of the thread of the argument which from time to time prepare us for what is coming next, are very much more spirited and effective than those in the first edition. Let any one who doubts this compare old and new in the summary of vv. 32—44. The old is brief and a trifle bald: the new is so lively, and to the life, that it would supply the young reader of Juvenal with hints for the manner and spirit he ought to throw into translation.

The text itself is well and handsomely printed. In the notes we have discovered two or three little clerical errors to which Mr. Mayor would do well to look: in p. 90, for example, we find "*patulis*," in a note on v. 3, where "*patulas*" is the proper reading: for *dabimus*, p. 95, note on v. 16, *dedimus* should of course be read: and "*consilius*," p. 108, in a note on v. 50, is a slovenly misprint for "*consiliis*."

But the instalment of a complete Juvenal—which lies before us—inspires us by its learning, research, and general ability, with the most sanguine hopes; and we do not know how better to shape for Mr. Mayor the compliment which he deserves for what he has achieved, than by saying that we shall grudge him every hour of rest and leisure, nay, every month of distraction in other studies, which shall interfere with the accomplishment of his task, and the realization of our expectations.

J. D.

*Sertum Carthusianum Floribus trium seculorum contextum.* CURA GULIELMI HAIG BROWN, Scholæ Carthusianæ Archididascoli. Deighton, Bell, et Soc. Cantab.

It is not a little curious that a wreath of poetic flowers so worthy in many respects to rank with the "*Sabrina Corolla*," and suchlike volumes of transla-

tion into Latin and Greek verse, should have been twined amidst the smoke and fogs of London rather than on the banks of Avon, or the green marge of Itchen. And yet in the collection just put forth, Charterhouse displays such riches, old and new, in the way of classical versions of the best English poetry, as well as of happy original composition, that one is constrained to admit that the Muse may thrive in the most unkindly climate, provided her high-priests—the masters who initiate their pupils in the mysteries of verse-making—have in themselves the necessary “*afflatus*,” and are duly impressed with the responsibility of imparting it. For it is herein probably that we are to find an explanation of the excellence of Charterhouse versification; and no further witness can be needed to attest the fact, than that of the many pages of the volume before us, which contain the compositions of past and present masters. The names of Elder and Elwyn among the latest may be coupled with that of Dr. Haig Brown, the accomplished and judicious editor of the “*Sertum Carthusianum*,” as those of men whose rare skill in this sort of composition must have stimulated many an ambitious pupil to enterprise like poetic feats: while, to go a little further back, Dr. Russell appears to have possessed such elegiac facility that he could turn the Duke of Brunswick’s prose account of his tour “up in a balloon” with the aeronautic Mrs. Graham into such “longs and shorts” as, without claiming to be perfectly Ovidian, are at least evidences of a marvellous aptness and readiness at Latin verse. At Rugby, we suspect it was late in Dr. Arnold’s career that he learnt to value highly this sort of exercise: it may be doubted too if it was ever the forte of his immediate successor, while all one knows of Dr. Temple would incline us to the belief that the more solid acquisition of prose composition would be more his own, to appreciate and to impart, than the more ornamental excellence of verse-writing. Shrewsbury, on the other hand, had its succession of Jendwine, Butler, Kennedy, and hence the ease with which its alumni maintain the foremost place in the field: but it is no small credit to Charterhouse that it can prove itself so respectable a rival, and as it has proved this, with its manifest disadvantages in point of locale, an earnest is afforded hereby of what it may yet do, when its migration further a-field—itsself a theme for young bards of the generation which is to accomplish this exodus—gives its sons the advantage of a clear sky, and quiet country haunts, the songs of the birds, and other accessories to the cultivation of poetry.

Our present business, however, is not with the future, but the past; and this may be said without fear, that if the sons whom Charterhouse may yet rear emulate their sires in Latin and Greek composition, they will maintain a name based on the successful efforts of three centuries in undimmed but hardly in increased lustre. In so large and various a collection it is very hard to single out pieces or even names without seeming to cast a slur on others, which cry out, with almost as just a title, for mention. Among elder lights the “*domus Carthusiana*” counts Richard Crashaw and Isaac Barrow: and amidst the samples of the Muse of each which the care and *esprit de corps* of the editor has printed in this collection, we find the famous lines of the former on the “*Aquæ in vinum versæ*,” as well as a scarcely less pithy epigram on the Pharisee and the Publican.

“En duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo;  
Ille procul trepido lumina signat humum.  
It gravis hic, et in ipsa ferox penetralia tendit,  
*Plus habet hic templi, plus habet ille Dei.*”

Whilst of the latter this caustic morsel, to those who know it not, will tell volumes of the fitness of Latin elegiacs to enclose all that need be said in the briefest possible space:—

AD CAROLUM II. REGEM.

“Te magis optavit reditulum, Carole, nemo;  
At nemo sensit te rediisse minus.” (P. 148.)

From Addison’s poems on “*Barometri Descriptio*” and “*The Battle of the Pygmies and the Cranes*,” we have copious and well-selected samples. Those who have in early days pondered well the *Musæ Anglicanæ* will remember how helpful and suggestive to the boyish maker of subject verses the entire poems are. But there is greater value and more merit to our thinking in translation



than in original Latin or Greek composition; and here assuredly the moderns have the best of it. For instance there is nothing of an earlier age to match the neatness, ease, and Horatian ring of Mr. Dobson's alcaic version of "Let us Quit the leafy Arbour," in pp. 25—6, the last stanzas of which we give in English and Latin:—

"Yet we mark it not; fruits rodden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

"Be thou wiser, youthful maiden;  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom."

"Neglecta frustra poma homini rubent,  
Novique flores more suo vident,  
Et pectus invitum resignat  
Tecta diu penitusque vota.

"Puella, vivas tu sapientior;  
Tuusque quando præcipitat dies,  
Neu poma te floresve reddant  
Funeris immemorem futuri."

Looking from these to his hexameters, in pp. 26—7, we can but regret that so little of the translation of this excellent scholar is given in the present volume. He has, however, his match and more than his match in such of his juniors as Mr. Edwin Palmer, and, we think also, Mr. Edward Walford. The former contributes, among many other pieces, a version of Tennyson's "Of Old sate Freedom on the Height," so memorable that we needs must quote it:—

"Insedit quondam Libertas ardua montes,  
Fulmina sub nudo dissilucere pede.  
Pura super tremula micuerunt sidera luce:  
*Aure bibit strepitus congregientis aquæ.*  
Sola sibi placuit divinæ conscia mentis;  
Vix legeret fractos ventus ab ore sonos.  
Descendit tandem camposque invisit et urbes,  
Comis et humanum cœpit adire genus;  
Detractoque minutatim velamine monstrat  
Quot sibi sint veneres, quantus in ore decor." (53.)

The closeness of this version to the English words, without sacrifice of force, thought, or idiomatic nicety, is very striking: and all Mr. Palmer's elegiacs are of the same high calibre, though we must guard ourselves from limiting his excellence to elegiacs or to Latin, when in his Greek iambics we have so neat a bit as the following from Macbeth:—

"Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying—nothing."

σκιά βίος τοῖς ζῶσιν, ὑποκριτὴς μὲν οὖν  
ὅστις κατ' ἡμᾶς περιπατῶν σεμνύνεται  
κατ' ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἐφθάρη· κάλλιστα δ' ἂν  
μῦθον νῦν εἰκάσειας ἐκμεμνηνός,  
κομπῶντος ὀργῇ μέγαλ', ἀναυδῆται τὸ πᾶν.

In the second part of the collection one of the best reprints of Latin prize poems, or portions of such, which have got the palm at Oxford in past time, is Mr. E. Walford's "Venetiæ," and the same gentleman's elegiacs, and alcaic versions of choruses in the Trachiniæ, strike us as uncommonly good. Another translator of considerable skill and taste is Mr. H. E. Tweed, late Fellow of Oriel, a scholar it would seem of much versatility. Nothing could be more Horace-like than his lively hexameter version of Oliver Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," a snatch from which we give:—

"We'll have Johnson and Burke: all the wits will be there;  
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare."

"Varius mihi Virgiliusque  
Una aderunt, pluresque: tuus, si notior esset,  
Mæcenas nobis simul afforet."

And one of the best original things in the volume is the same gentleman's  
"Inscription for a Paper-knife," p. 181:—

"Doctrina: cæcos jussus penetrare recessus  
Qui legis assidue, nec magis inde sapis;  
Quem studii pariter fructus fugit atque voluptas—  
Vera nimis domini ca, culter, imago mei."

It is superfluous to note the excellence, too, of Mr. R. C. Jebb's translations of various kinds, as his eminence herein is no new discovery. We have seen some very good versions of "Euphelia and Chloe;" there was one such in the first edition of the "Arundines Cami," and there were others, we seem to recall, in the "Folia Silvulæ" of Dr. H. A. Holden. But Mr. Jebb has hit off some points of that passage more happily and neatly in pp. 108—9, than any former translators, and we would fain have found space for more than the bare mention of the fact. Dr. Haig Brown, besides tugging as editor at the labouring oar, has himself contributed a vast amount of matter to the volume, his modesty not always allowing him to set his own initials to the capital little versions from foreign languages, or from quaint early English poetry, which not uncommonly fill up the bottoms of his pages. Here is a sample for which all readers will thank us:—

EPITAPH D'UN AMI.

Ci-gît qui fut toujours sensible, douce, fidèle  
Et jusques au tombeau des amis la modèle.  
Il ne quitta pas quand je perdis mon bien.  
C'était un homme unique! Hélas! c'était mon chien!

Hic jacet ingenioque fidoque insignis: amoris  
Exemplar veri mortis ad usque diem,  
Quum mea perdideram, non me tamen ille reliquit:  
O hominem rarum! vix canis illo fuit!

A number of versifiers far above the average must be passed over by us without notice, or we might have pointed to other such neat turns as that of Mr. Phillott in a translation from Keble:—

"O cheer thee, maiden! in His name  
Who stilled Jairus' wail."

"Parce tamen lacrimis, nam te solabitur unus,  
Cujus voce fuit reddita nata patri." (P. 47.)

or as Mr. Herbert Fisher's translation from the same poet, p. 77, which is very good. There are some copies of verses, too, in the book, of considerable merit but of even more curiosity, as being single and solo specimens of the skill, in this branch, of men who have risen to eminence in other lines of literature. Such are the translation of an epigram of Ausonius into Greek elegiacs by Bishop Thirlwall; an alcaic ode on "Xerxes about to invade Greece," by Mr. George Stovin Venables; and a happy copy of elegiacs by Bishop Monk, on the "Frogs asking for a King." We do not find the name of W. M. Thackeray amongst those sons of Charterhouse who left memorials of themselves in Greek or Latin composition.

Enough has been said to show that we estimate highly the collection of meritorious exercises in versification on which we have been commenting. It would be dishonest not to point out what seem to us faults here and there. Thus there is a tendency in some instances to run wide of the English in turning it into Latin, and to be content to reproduce the general spirit with some slight contempt for the letter. This sort of fault may be illustrated by a stave from the song of "The Oak," done into Latin sapphics by Mr. Henry King, wherein the English of the opening of the third stanza is surely not realized in translation:—



"He saw the good times when the Christmas chimes  
Were a merry sound to hear:  
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,  
Were full of good English cheer." (P. 40.)

"Nec repellebant inopem superbâ  
Divites mensâ, at simul accubantes  
Rite gandeant pariter jocosum  
Ducere festum."

The translator has cast his eyes upon another picture than that which was his given model, and instead of representing the hall and the cottage, each blessed with its own plenty, has committed to verse the idea of a common table with the rich and poor above and below the salt. There is almost an affectation too, we fancy, of going beyond the letter in Mr. C. Thornton Forster's first lines of "Lucy on the Banks of Dove:"—

"She dwelt among the untrodden waves,  
Beside the springs of Dove."

"Est procul e triviis sedes bene nota columbis,  
*Unde trahit nomen proxima ripa suum.*"

We take leave to doubt the fact recorded quite unnecessarily in v. 2., and would point to two very much better versions of the same passage in the "Folia Sylvarum."

Had we space, too, we might show that where Carthusians have trodden the same ground as Salopians, the advantage Shrewsbury possesses is generally manifest. It must suffice to note one couplet in p. 100 ("My Chloris mark," &c.):—

"For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to kings."

and to point out how laboured and labouring is this rendering of Mr. Blore, in the volume before us:—

"Munera nec solis fundit Natura tyrannis,  
Gaudia pastori præbuit æqua manu :"—

as compared with the ease of that of Mr. Arthur Holmes, an eminent alumnus of Cambridge and Shrewsbury, although the chance of war placed him below Mr. Jebb, a Carthusian, in the recent contest for the Cambridge Public Oratorship:—

"Scilicet haud alio subridet terra lepore,  
Coetibus in procerum, ruricolæque grege."

The latter version is eminently graceful: in the former one feels certain that the word in italics has no place there, except to eke out the pentameter.

Before we conclude, we must draw attention to one curiosity in the book of no small psychological interest. The brothers Chatfield will be seen by all careful readers of the "Sertum" to be men singularly gifted with the trick or cunning of neat and skilful translation: indeed we doubt whether this pair is not the most notable, as a pair, of the brother contributors to the collection. But the piece to which we have alluded is a version by the Rev. Allen William Chatfield, of the Lord's Prayer into Greek hexameters, composed, he tells us, as he lay awake at night, to allay the pressure of sleeplessness and of intense mental suffering. It is so well executed, and is of such strange interest, that we make no excuse for giving it as our last sample.

Ω τρισμέγιστε γῆς τε κούραν Πάτερ,  
ἀγναῖς λιταῖσι τοῦνομ' ὑμνείσθω τὸ Σὸν  
τῆς σῆς φανήτω πᾶσι βασιλείας σέλας  
τὸ Σὸν κρατεῖτω γῆς ἐφ' ὧς ἐν οὐρανῷ  
βούλημα· τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν ἄρτον διδόν·  
τὰ δ' ἀμπλακήματ', εὐχόμεσθ', ἡμῖν ἄφες,  
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀλληλοῖσιν ὡς ἀφίμεν  
φείδου Σὺ, μηδ' ἐς πείραν ἐμβάλης σφοδρὰν  
ἐργων πονηρῶν κάθλων ἰχθρῶν ἀπο  
ῥῶσαι Σὺ τεκνα. Σοὶ γὰρ ἐστ' ἀλεξὶ κράτος,  
καὶ δόξα· εἰς ἀτερμον ἀώωνων δρόμον. (P. 142.)

If we have left a great deal of the interesting matter of this volume unnoticed, and have not left ourselves room to say a word of the excellence and well-balanced arguments with which its editor, Dr. Haig Brown, upholds classical study and its mental discipline, without undervaluing modern languages and physical science, we have this excuse and consolation—viz., that there can be no just cause for any one to say that all the plums gathered in our review are his. The best are yet, it may be, to be plucked, and while such fruit is on the tree, the interest in so distinguished a seminary of sound and scholarly training is not likely to be diminished.

J. D.

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#### V.—TRAVEL.

*Pictures of Hungarian Life.* By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," "Gheel," &c., &c. London: William Ridgway.

HUNGARY is not so untrodden a country, and its customs and institutions are not so little known to the general English public as Mrs. Pitt Byrne supposes, but there is still foundation for her claim to instruct and amuse her readers by some details of travel and observation not yet "used up." Her present work has many of the faults of its predecessors, in rather an exaggerated form; it is bald and inflated in style, and in her enthusiasm she rushes into an exaggerated eulogy of Hungary and all that is Hungarian, which defeats her purpose of praise by hyperbole. She assures her readers that "they will find a fascination in all connected with it—its antecedents, its actualities, its future;" though what the fascination of the future may mean we are unable to guess. "Its history is a romance, full of picturesque episodes. Its people are patriots; the struggle they have made for their rights and liberties is meeting its reward, and their complete emancipation must soon be attained. The honesty and simplicity, manliness and generosity, of their nature, imparts a special charm to their domestic intercourse; while the peculiar character of their town and village life, their nomad and erratic tribes, their art and architecture, their Roman and yet earlier antiquities, Turkish remains, legendary lore and native literature, their social habits and general progress, render a sojourn among them at once singularly fascinating and eminently instructive." This is a true statement made in singularly bad style; but the reader who makes up his mind not to be prejudiced by the manner will be rewarded by the matter of the book, which really is interesting, and will be found useful, with careful weeding, to intending travellers, as guide-books to the innermost recesses of the Kingdom of Hungary do not as yet exist. The author has done well to furnish specimens of the legendary literature of the country. They have a peculiar, nobly-romantic character, which has no doubt had its influence upon the people. The Danube voyage has no novelty to recommend its lengthy narration; the interest of the journey begins at Raab, where the German element declines and the Hungarian begins. The town is very wretched, but the adjacent forest, the Bakonyerwald, magnificent. It is tenanted by great herds of swine and their keepers, and it produces a large quantity of oil, extracted from the beech mast. Horses abound, in large herds, and the Hungarians are very proud of their race, condition, and value. Life seems to be simple, easy, and very uncivilized.

"Vast tracts of uncultivated land are to be seen in all parts of the country, called Puytas, and owned by no one. Occasionally some enterprising wanderer will take courage to become a squatter, enclose a small patch of it, and in course of time bring it into remunerative cultivation, but it is for the most part miserably unproductive. All agricultural implements and appliances, mills, draw-wells, &c., are of the most primitive description."

Things improve at St. Martinsberg, where the houses are of Oriental construction and aspect; where there is an immense monastery and a splendid library. A great horse-fair at Raab affords the author material for an animated description—better written than any other portion of her book—of this characteristic Hungarian spectacle, declared by Mrs. Pitt Byrne to be, together



with the horse-races to which the Magyars are passionately addicted, "entirely free from coarseness, brutality, and depravity." The Hungarians have accomplished a wonderful feat, it appears—the union, in the same genus, of the horse-dealer and the honest man. Unless the traveller has seen the cattle and horse-markets, in full activity, he will leave Raab with totally inadequate ideas of its importance among Hungarian cities.

Gran is a more interesting city, and the author's account of the palaces, the churches, and the Prince Primate, is highly attractive. The Danube voyage to Vissegrad has much of beauty and interest, especially the view of the Porphyry Mountains, and the historical remains of Vissegrad, the once grand and extensive palace of Matthias Corbinus. The bishop's palace and gardens at Waitzel are strangely beautiful, and the journey increases in interest as the travellers approach Pesth. Mrs. Pitt Byrne gives a very full and well-written account of the Hungarian capital. She really has so much to tell about Pesth that she has less temptation than usual to rambling and the use of fine words; and in the chapters devoted to the capital the intending traveller would find a practically useful *itinéraire*. Few cities can compete, as regards the attraction of great antiquity and numerous vicissitudes, with Pesth, which dates ascertainably from the thirteenth century, even if we regard as doubtful its identity with the Transcaineum of the ancients, and its splendour and prosperity, nine hundred years ago, under Duke Arpad, the princely ancestor of the Magyars. The town contains at present 160,000 inhabitants, and its commerce is vigorous and rapidly increasing. Mrs. Pitt Byrne has a keen feminine appreciation of urbanity and politeness, and never misses an opportunity of dwelling upon their prevalence among the Hungarians in cities and provinces alike. There is a universal spirit of consideration for strangers, and a desire to fulfil their wishes and satisfy their curiosity, to which she owed the knowledge of many of the out-of-the-way stories and strange legends, which form an attractive feature of her book. Her account of the national picture-gallery and museum of Pesth is enticing, and if her picture of the poor-law system and work-house life be not too highly coloured, Pesth must be a very pleasant place to be a pauper in. A companion picture, in its attractiveness and rarity, is that of the Hungarian Girl of the Period.

After leaving Pesth, the travellers experienced a good deal of discomfort, the provincial inns being "impossible," by which the author means, no doubt, that they are devoid of all comfort and convenience; but, thanks to letters of introduction (a few years after date) from the late Cardinal Wiseman, they found hospitable welcome at several of the monasteries. A visit to Szinckendorf and the outlying villages made them acquainted with some of the wildness and romance of Hungarian pastoral life, and was succeeded by one of the most interesting incidents of their tour—a visit to the ancient palace of the Princes Esterhazy, to whom this fortress, known in mediæval times as Fraknovara, was given by the sovereign. Each owner was bound to arm at his own expense a whole regiment of soldiers, whose equipments were kept in the armoury. The memorable treasures of the Esterhazy family, of European fame, were stored in the castle; but this treasury of wealth, the family portraits, gold and silver plate, tankards, salvers, candelabra, vases, jewelled swords and fire-arms, family relics, priceless precious stones, superb gifts from princes, and of all but inestimable value—is a thing of the past. Mrs. Pitt Byrne much laments their fate, to be sold in liquidation of the enormous debts of the late Prince Esterhazy. Protected by a guard of the prince's grenadiers stationed within the castle, they had been successfully preserved intact from generation to generation, acquiring from each successive owner an added treasure, as required by the family tradition—which dates from the time of the Turkish ascendancy—that every possessor who in turn claimed the treasures as head of the illustrious house, should not only preserve what he had received, but should add some costly gem to the collection, in order that there might always be a fund sufficient to redeem any number of the family from captivity, the only purpose to which it was ever to be applied. The Magyars are, naturally, very proud of Attila, from whom the family of Esterhazy descends. "The scourge of God" is regarded, in Hungary, as a hero perversely maligned in history, and the Magyars maintain that Attila, terrible indeed in battle, was humane and generous after his victories, regarding himself as the predestined instrument



of a divine mission, which he fulfilled with zeal and fidelity, but at the same time with reluctance and regret. There is no disputing about taste and heroes. A pleasant description of Kroisbach, its old Roman remains, its scenery, its magnificent vineyards, and ideally honest and interesting peasantry, and a curious string of legends, one of which, concerning the extraordinary disappearance of the Neusiedler Lake, is remarkably wild and original, brings this unequally written, but, on the whole, meritorious sample of the literature of travel, to a conclusion. We learn a good deal of Hungary as a country from its pages, and if the author set forth the pretensions of her book in a less flamboyant style, we should not have any reason to complain that it teaches us nothing whatever of Hungary as a State.

F. C. H.

*Forest Life in Acadie. Sketches of Sport and Natural History in the Lower Provinces of the Canadian Dominion.* By CAPTAIN CAMPBELL HARDY, Royal Artillery, Author of "Sporting Adventures in the New World." London: Chapman and Hall.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL HARDY has lived in the Acadian provinces—a land dear to our imagination for the sake of Gabriel and Evangeline—for fifteen years. He loves the country, its scenery, its forests, and its wild sports. He has studied it closely, and ever with a growing attachment to its woodlands and its waters, in his double capacity of sportsman and naturalist; and he sets forth its beauties, its resources, and the variety and interest of its animal life, in one of the freshest, brightest, most unaffected, and charming books it has ever been our good fortune to meet with. An ever-growing interest attends the gradual development of the wonderful northern world, which seems so limitless, so inexhaustible. All the remarkable works of travel published of late have related to Northern Europe and Northern America, have recorded the intrepid wrestling of the secrets of Nature from the stern grasp of the Arctic regions, from lonely Iceland, home of frost and of fire; from the grand silent forests of British, and the frozen river tracks of Russian, America; from the frightful unknown land of the Cañons, which would need the power of a Dante to describe and of a Doré to delineate, in their grim horror; from the giant beauties of California, like relics of a grander world, still defying the dwarfing influence of change; and from the distant scenes of British settlements and enterprise, amidst the morose, melancholy, almost stately savagery of Vancouver Land. Captain Campbell Hardy's theme is neither so distant nor so terrible as some of these; he tells us of Acadie proper, known to us as the peninsula of Nova Scotia, the scene of the expulsion of the French settlers, and the subject of the late Judge Hali-burton's well-known work. The author is judiciously brief in his introductory and laudatory sketch of the history of the loyal and flourishing colony; he knows his readers will long to get into the woods in his company, to linger on the shores of the lakes, and watch the forest creatures; to learn somewhat of the woodland secrets, of which he says:—

"To read the mysteries of the American forest aright, we must plunge into its depths and live under its shelter through all the phases of the seasons, leaving far behind the sound of the settler's axe and the tinkling of his cattle-bells. The strange feeling of pleasure attached to a life in the majestic solitudes of the pine forests of North America cannot be attained by a merely marginal acquaintance."

There is in Captain Hardy's description of the forests something of the deep mystical attraction with which certain skilful writers have invested the desert—something which makes the reader comprehend how hardship and fatigue lose their dread in its charm. He tells of the infinite variety of forms, the dense growth, the fantastic grouping, the instances of isolated beauty—as of the solitary elms, which the settlers' axes religiously spare—of the luxuriant parasites, the desolate burnt barrens, the far-reaching extent, and the intense solemn stillness. His description of "settling" and "camping" is strangely romantic and affecting; and the sturdy simplicity, the honest work of the life of the woods, comes out with quite a tonic effect upon the imagination of the reader.

Captain Hardy transfers us from the forest to the noble creatures which dwell in it—to the Alcine deer of the old and the new worlds; the huge majestic moose, one of the most interesting and wonderful of animals in his close



adaptation to his habitat. It is sad to read the conclusion of this chapter, prophetic of the extinction of the noble species:—

“Being an inhabitant of more temperate regions (than the reindeer), it is brought more constantly within the influences of the permanent neighbourhood of man; and thus, whilst its extinction is threatened by slaughter, a slow but certain alteration is being effected in the physical features of its native foreign regions. The often purposeless destruction of woods by the axe, and the constant devastation of large areas of forest by fires, too frequently the result of carelessness, are reducing the moisture of the American wilderness, removing the sponge-like carpet of mosses by which the water was retained, and rendering the latter a less fitting abode for the moose. Restriction of his domains, and constant disturbance, are undoubtedly slowly dwarfing the species. We no longer hear of examples of the monster moose of old times of which Indian tradition still speaks. When the Russian auroch and the musk sheep of Arctic America shall have disappeared, it is to be feared that *Cervus Alces* of the old and new worlds, his fir forests levelled, his favourite swamps drained, and unable to exist continuously in the broad glare and radiation of a barren country, will follow, to be regretted as one of the noblest and most important mammals of a past age.”

The author's chronicle of his adventures in moose hunting, and his account of the curious process of moose calling, interspersed with several characteristic Indian anecdotes, and followed up by some chapters on the cariboo, or American reindeer, and on cariboo hunting, which serve to render that always interesting animal more interesting than ever by the author's description of their wonderful powers and instincts, form a valuable addition to the annals of sport and woodcraft. But we must claim precedence in interest over all the other contents of the book for the beavers. What the elephant is to Sir Emerson Tennant's work on Ceylon, the wonderful lake-dwellers, the harmless brute-architects, the beavers, are to Captain Hardy's “Acadie.” He has studied these extraordinary creatures with unflagging interest and untiring patience, and his account of them is incomparably striking and affecting. We are confident it was not without a pang of reluctance that he made the investigation of a beaver's house, on the Tobiaduc, in a wild, solitary, beautiful scene, of which we can only give a portion of the result. He must have thought sadly of the happy, industrious little tenant, destined to return and find his home dismantled, and all his work to be done over again:—

“It was a large house; its diameter at the water-line nearly eighteen feet, and it was nearly five feet in height. On the outside the sticks were thrown loosely, but as we unpiled them and examined the structure the work appeared better; the boughs laid horizontally and firmly bound in with mud and grass. About two feet from the top we unroofed the chamber, and presently disclosed the interior arrangements. The chamber—there was but one—was very low, scarcely two feet in height, though about nine feet in diameter. It had a gentle slope upwards from the water, the margin of which could be just seen at the edge. There were two levels inside: one, which we will term the hall, a sloping mudbank, on which the animal emerges from the subaqueous tunnel, and shakes himself; and the other, an elevated bed of boughs ranged round the back of the chamber, and much in the style of a great bed—i.e., the sloping wooden trestle usually found in a military guard-room. The couch was comfortably covered with lengths of dried grass and rasped fibres of wood, similar to the shavings of a toy-broom. The ends of the timbers and brushwood, which projected inwards, were smoothly gnawed off all round. There were two entrances—the one led into the water at the edge of the chamber and let in the light, the other went down at a deeper angle into black water. The former was evidently the summer entrance, the latter being used in winter to avoid the ice. The interior was perfectly clean, no barked sticks (the refuse of the food) being left about. These were all distributed on the exterior—a fact which accounts for the bleached appearance of many houses we have seen. The occupants of the house were out for the day, as they generally are throughout the summer, being engaged in travelling up and down through the brooks, and cutting provisions for the winter's consumption.”

A long while ago we were forced to abandon, in obedience to the dictates of science, the cherished belief of our childhood that the strangely-formed tail of the beaver served the wise little creature at once as hod and trowel; but, though Captain Hardy does not restore that delightful legend, he supplies so many marvellous facts in its stead that he almost reconciles us to its loss. In acuteness, wariness, and resource, the harmless craftsmen almost equal the dreaded wolverine; and in intelligence and ingenuity they are beyond compare. Passing from lake-dwellers to cave-lodgers, Captain Hardy gives a very interesting



account of the black bear, which has an extensive range in North America, is common in all wooded districts from the mouths of the Mississippi to the shores of Hudson's Bay, from the Labrador, Newfoundland, and the islands of the Gulf, to Vancouver, and is found wherever northern fir-thickets or the tangled cane-brakes of more southern regions offer him a retreat. Several curious particulars of the hybernation of these animals, of their fishing, their ant-eating, their murderous attacks on cattle, their enormous strength and cunning patience, are thus wound up:—

"The bear is conscious of being a villain, and will never look a man in the face. This I have observed in the case of tame animals, and marked the change of expression in their little treacherous black eyes (about the size of a small marble) just before they were about to do something mischievous. In their quickness of temper, and in the suddenness with which the usually perfectly dull and unmeaning eye is lighted up with the most wicked expression imaginable, immediately followed by action, they put me much in mind of some of the monkey tribe."

The only other cave-lodger is the porcupine, concerning which animal, among other interesting facts, Captain Hardy states that it is not to be found in the island of Cape Breton, which is separated from Nova Scotia by the Gut of Canso, in some places only a few hundreds yards wide. Several attempts have been made to introduce it; but, though the vegetable features of the island are identical with those of Nova Scotia proper, the porcupine will not live in the woods of Cape Breton. The fact is well established, but no explanation has ever been attempted.

Several chapters on Acadian fish and fishing, equally instructive and amusing, some interesting "Notes on Newfoundland," and a most entertaining description of "camping out," complete the contents of Captain Campbell Hardy's valuable work.

F. C. H.

*Notes in England and Italy.* By MRS. HAWTHORNE. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

THE name on the title-page of this volume would suffice to distinguish it from the ordinary run of books of travel. But its rare intrinsic merits quite lift it out of this class of works. For one thing, Mrs. Hawthorne is wise enough to exercise a happy *selectness*. She does not proceed on the principle of describing in detail everything she sees, but limits herself in these published letters to that which had a special interest to her, and for which she had a special liking. Great buildings and pictures she seems to love with a kind of wistful, half-wondering intensity. She delights to linger near the object, and returns to it in thought with such simple pleasure that no minutest point is forgotten. Sometimes, indeed, that which in itself is insignificant and subordinate is touched with such magical grace as to give the reader all the delight of a happy surprise. And then as to style, Mrs. Hawthorne has not studied her master in vain. Not seldom she seizes the typical expression with words of such cunning subtlety, that, like diamonds, they seem to flash light all ways, and no more needs to be said. We could not give the book higher praise than this; and it is such praise, that we are almost called upon to justify it by extract. How delicate is the pencilling in this little landscape touch!—

"The wonderful variety of the tints of green is always most apparent when the leaves first unfold. To say that the fields and trees are *green*, gives no idea of the endless shades of colour, from the yellowish, callow tint, which seems to imprison the sunbeams, deepening through emerald, up to the solemn cypress hue of the spruces and pines, with all the possible cadences from first to last. The late rains have freshened the fields and meadows and hill-sides into utmost perfection. The dry, old sand vanished away entirely; and I was just thinking that there was no colour so grateful and lovely as green, when a flush of purple suddenly spread over the face of the land from tens of thousands of wild hyacinths, on both sides of the railway-track, ringing out perfume with all their bells."

This glimpse of Lincoln cathedral is exquisite:—

"Sometimes these carvings in unexpected places would be of the hawthorn, with a blossom in the centre of four leaves; sometimes it was the oak and acorn. Some monk of a sculptor, while walking along in meditative mood, would seem to have pulled out his chisel, and commenced and finished cutting an interwoven wreath of plant and bloom, in such entire relief, that the whole group merely touches in pin-points the



wall of which it was just now a solid portion, without life or grace. And these are formed into arches, and often a cluster of perfect forms suddenly blossoms at the springing of an arch, where you are looking for no such delight; for there really seems only individual will in each of the productions. I can imagine these often idle and cultivated and fanciful priests, dreaming with the chisel wherever in the vast spaces they chose to use it, just to fill the time, and keep out of mischief. What lovely and immortal play!"

But this of Bolton Priory is perhaps most characteristic, inasmuch as we could almost believe we were reading words from another pen, and yet it is markedly individual and distinctive:—

"After we had seen everything else, the verger went mysteriously into a private nook, and with tender care brought out two pieces of ancient painted glass. On one was a lamb, and on the other a dragon. The colours were of wonderful richness, especially the greens, like the soul of an emerald. There was one stain of ruby red, also very gorgeous, and a yellow, like sunshine. I wish I could have taken at least the lamb; but, dear me! I might as well have laid my head on the block at once. It seems papa was in fear that I would drop this lamb on the stone pavement, at which catastrophe he looked to have the great nave explode, and blow us all into fragments. But both bits were safely restored to their hiding-places. . . . Certainly beauty seems to haunt these old abbeys, and to place her magic finger, in especial love, where decay enroaches."

Altogether a delightful book; quiet, subtle, full of thought, and the radiant sympathy of a fine nature.  
H. A. P.

*The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America.* By JAMES ORTON, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. With a new map of Equatorial America, and numerous illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS volume, one of the best written and most interesting of late contributions to American literature, is the record of a scientific expedition to the equatorial Andes and the river Amazon. As in the case of the party with whom Mr. Bell travelled, the expedition divided its forces, pursuing different routes to the same destination. The narrative describing the labours of the second division will be published at an early date. Mr. Orton accompanied the first, the route being as follows:—

"From New York, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and touching at Paita, Peru, on from Guayaquil to Quito, over the Eastern Cordillera; thence over the Western Cordillera, and through the forest on foot to Napo; down the Rio Napo by canoe to Pebas, on the Marañon; and thence by steamer to Pará."

\* It is impossible to conceive anything more wonderful, sublime, and beautiful, more majestic in its vastness, and more varied in its features, than the portion of the great continent of the West through which the expedition journeyed—a region which must speedily become an important field for commercial enterprise, and is no doubt destined to be the theatre of the destinies of countless multitudes of the human race, during untold ages. Of the Andes of Ecuador, we have hitherto known little but that which Humboldt has told us; of the Napo nothing was known before this book; while of the Marañon, Mr. Orton says, "North Americans know less than of the Nile." Central Africa is more familiar to the traveller and the reader than that region of Equatorial America which lies in the midst of the Western Andes and upon the slopes of those mountain monarchs which look towards the Atlantic. The new policy which has happily been adopted by the empire of Brazil, by which four thousand miles of sea-coast have been opened to all nations, and the monopoly of trade is abrogated, cannot fail to develop the resources of Brazil, and to prove of great benefit to the bordering Hispano-American republics, and to the maritime nations of the earth. The following is a brief but comprehensive sketch of the materials lying within reach of exploitation:—

"It seems as if Providence were opening the way for a great change in the Valley of the Amazon. The immense region drained by the great river has been so secluded, mainly by the old monopolistic policy of Portugal, that its vast space has not a population equal to the single city of Rio de Janeiro or Brooklyn. Two millions five hundred thousand square miles are drained by the Amazon. Three-fourths of Brazil, one-half of Bolivia, two-thirds of Peru, three-fourths of Ecuador, and a portion of Venezuela are watered by this river. Riches, mineral and vegetable, of inexhaustible supply, have



been here locked up for centuries. Brazil held the key, but it was not until under the rule of their present constitutional monarch, Don Pedro II., that the Brazilians awoke to the necessity of opening this glorious region. . . . The result of the new policy is beyond the most sanguine expectation. The exports and imports for Pará for October and November, 1867, were double those of 1866. This is but the beginning. Soon it will be found that it is cheaper for Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and New Granada, east of the Andes, to receive their goods from, and to export their India-rubber, cinchona, &c., to the United States and Europe, *via* the great water highway which discharges into the Atlantic, than by the long circuitous route of Cape Horn or the Trans-Isthmian route of Panama."

The practical, commercial, and economic value of the scientific exploration, whose results Mr. Orton gives us, is apparent to the least practical reader; and the book has an infinite attraction apart from this consideration. It transports the imagination into a vast region of creation, which makes the insignificance of human beings and the brevity of human life press themselves upon our attention, even while the narrative furnishes a striking example of the facts which can be accomplished by human science, courage, perseverance, and love of knowledge. Man is so small and feeble in the face of those wonderful solitudes, of those awful and sublime mountains, and ocean-like rivers, of the abounding relics of ages in which he was not, and the freshly-opened vista of ages in which he will probably overspread that great country, and accomplish the history of a new civilization. The grandeur of the Andes is most impressively described by Mr. Orton: the awful desolation; again, the vegetation; the stupendous volcanic ranges; the inexhaustible variety in form, condition, and climate of the mountain chain, eight thousand miles in length. He gives a marvellous account of the perilous exploration of the crater of Pichincha, a feat pronounced impossible by Humboldt, but which they accomplished without accident; and of Chimborazo, long supposed to be the loftiest mountain in the world—certainly the most beautiful. This book is so rich in information, in pictures which enchain the mind, in facts of the deepest interest and significance, that it is difficult to select from it passages for extract. Perhaps, to the lovers of adventure, the forest journey will prove most attractive; with its incidents of discovery, its glimpses of utterly unknown lands and strange people, and its account of the wonderful vegetation, which presents every variety of condition—life, death, growth, maturity, and decay—all simultaneous and inexhaustible.

The intricate wonders of the forest bring the travellers to the mighty Amazon, which rises in the little lake of Lauricocha, just below the limit of perpetual winter, and flows two thousand seven hundred and forty miles. Its breadth is proportioned to its length, and its tributaries stretch from north to south one thousand seven hundred and twenty miles. Among the most remarkable sections of this work is the author's account of the tributaries and affluents of this "King of Rivers," and of the canoe-paths, or side-channels, which intersect the tributaries and run to great distances parallel to the river, so that one can go a thousand miles up the Amazon without once entering it. These natural highways will be of immense advantage for intercommunication. Of the great river in its general aspect the author says:—

"Brazilians proudly call it the Mediterranean of the New World. Its vast expanse, presenting below Tefé magnificent reaches, with blank horizons, and forming a barrier between different species of animals; its system of back channels, joining the tributaries, and linking a series of lagunes, too many to be ever named; its network of navigable waters stretching over one-third of the continent; its oceanic fauna, porpoises, and manatis, gulls and channel birds, remind the traveller of a great inland sea, with endless ramifications, rather than a river."

After the stupendous mountain-range and the magnificent river comes the wonderful Valley of the Amazon; a region in which countless generations of mankind will live out their little day. It stretches from the Atlantic shore to the foot of the Andes, and from the Orinoco to the Paraguay.

"In this vast area the United States might be packed without touching its boundaries. It could contain the basins of the Mississippi, the Danube, the Nile, and the Hoang-Ho. It is girt on three sides by a wall of mountains; on the north are the highlands of Guiana and Venezuela; on the west stand the Andes; on the south stand the tablelands of Matto Grosso. The valley begins at such an altitude, that on the western edge



vegetation differs as much from the vegetation at Pará, though in the same latitude, as the flora of Canada from the flora of the West Indies."

Of this great valley, its physical geography, geology, climate, and vegetation, Mr. Orton gives a description which is quite fascinating in its interest. The entire book is as suggestive as it is instructive, affording wondrous glimpses of the picture of the great Western World.

F. C. H.

*From Liverpool to St. Louis.* By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL. London: Routledge & Sons.

THIS volume contains a pleasant narrative of a tour made in Canada and the United States in the autumn of 1867. There are many amusingly told anecdotes, some, perhaps, as young Mr. Lincoln's of the recovered scalp, rather inclining one to suspect that the Yankees were trying how far their English guest had mastered the lesson of "using his intellect," which, he tells us, they had impressed upon him as so necessary in their country. But the special interest of the book is to be found in its description of the religious condition of America. The author was constantly engaged in preaching or lecturing, and in this way was brought into contact with the clergy of all denominations. We propose here to make a short abstract of the chapter in which he has given the results of this experience, as it seems to us to offer useful suggestions to English Churchmen at the present time.

The author makes no secret of his opinion that the Americans have a great superiority to us in one point: "They have no dissent, because they have no State Church." Every building devoted to Christian worship is called a church; the term chapel being given to a building, such as a lecture-room or mission-hall, subordinate to the main structure: almost every church has its spire. In 1860 there was an average of one such church to 554 persons, containing one sitting to every two and a half of the population. The number and value of the churches had increased at the rate of 100 per cent. during the preceding ten years. In numbers, the Baptists and Methodist Episcopalians stand highest, having each about 1,700,000 members. The Protestant Episcopal Church is sixth in order of numbers, having 161,234 communicants: but though low in point of numbers, it possesses an influence beyond what can be thus measured, owing to the wealth, intelligence, and social position, of a large proportion of its members.

"I was told," says the author, "that in some of the great cities it was making great progress, not only from preference for its doctrines and government, but partly from a desire to escape the political preaching from which Episcopalians were more free than others, partly from æsthetic considerations, partly to secure greater personal liberty in regard to amusements, &c., and partly from Episcopacy being considered the most fashionable of the different systems."

The question of the constitution of the Episcopal church is particularly interesting at the present time, and it seems to us that some parts of the American system might with advantage be introduced into England. The account given of it is as follows: A parish is constituted by the heads of the families which form the congregation. On Easter Monday they elect from eight to fourteen persons, who constitute the parish vestry and do the work of the deacons of an Independent church. The vestry levy rates, &c., and elect the clergyman. At a general meeting of the parish three or four lay representatives are elected as delegates along with the clergyman to the annual diocesan convention. This assembly, in which the lay element greatly preponderates, is presided over by the bishop, and determines all matters relating to that particular diocese. It elects the bishop when a vacancy occurs; and sends four clerical and four lay deputies to represent the diocese in the Lower House of the triennial General Assembly of the Church. The bishops constitute the Upper House.

The clergy of the Episcopal Church may preach wherever they please, so long as no objection is raised by the Episcopal clergyman of the same locality, and they may invite the clergy of other denominations to their pulpits. Some of the non-Episcopal clergy are desirous of introducing a liturgy. One, who had commenced reading the Psalms in alternate verses, told the author that "he regarded the Episcopal worship as more congregational and popular; the



Congregationalist worship as more ministerial and exclusive. The strength of Episcopacy was its mode of worship; the strength of Congregationalism, its mode of government."

The general mode of conducting service in all but the Episcopal churches is thus described. First, there is a performance of sacred music by the organ and four trained voices. For this the best *artistes* are engaged, and no expense is spared. Then comes a lesson from the Bible, followed by a prayer; then a hymn by the choir; then sermon and prayer; after which a hymn by the congregation, and the benediction. The author adds that he has "reason to believe that the quartette performances are becoming unpopular."

This is not the place to discuss the general question of the good or evil of establishments; but we cannot agree with Mr. Hall that we may safely argue from the present state of things in America, as to what would be the effect of disestablishment in England. For instance, many are of opinion that, though in large towns or wealthy neighbourhoods disestablishment and disendowment might have little or no effect, yet in poor villages the result would be that it would be impossible to retain a resident clergyman. Mr. Hall meets this by saying that such is not the case in the small villages and scattered settlements of America. Now, without saying anything as to what would in fact occur in England, for we see no reason why what has been done by the Free Church in Scotland should not be done by the wealthier Church of England (though, to be sure, the lesson "*sic vos non vobis*," taught by repeated disendowments, is hardly likely to encourage liberality for the future; the ecclesiastical bees may object to filling their hives for periodical rifling by the State), still the new settlements of a young and under-peopled country form no parallel to the overcrowded villages of an old and pauper-ridden country such as ours.

Again, those who insist most on the advantages of an Establishment would hardly go so far as to say that its destruction would be "the overthrow of Christianity;" it is rather civilization than religion that would have cause to fear this from disestablishment. Religion would still be taught, but the teacher would not be the same; he would not be, as he is now expected to be, a man of education and refinement, entrusted by the State with the oversight of the moral culture of the parish, not merely appointed by the Church to the charge of a particular congregation. The change from this state of things to that which prevails in an American settlement would not, it is true, involve the overthrow of religion, but it cannot be denied that it would be painfully felt by many English people.

Mr. Hall seems to us to have equally little ground for appealing to American experience in his expectations as to the effect of disestablishment in doing away with English exclusiveness. The main cause of our difference from America in this respect is that she is young and democratic, England old and aristocratic. The second cause is that overvaluing of Episcopalian order and succession which may exist in the American, just as much as in the English, Ritualist. We have far more hope from the improvement of education, especially if Churchmen and Dissenters share the same education, and go to the same schools and the same colleges, than we have from disestablishment, the immediate effect of which could only be to exasperate the feeling of estrangement. Among other instances of exclusiveness, Mr. Hall particularly notices the refusal of the title of "clergyman" to any but the ministers of the Established Church, and laments that our pulpits are not open to the ministers of all denominations, as they are in America, where he preached without scruple, at one time to a Unitarian, at another to an Episcopalian congregation. As regards the second point, we have on a former occasion expressed our opinion in this Review that it would be a great advantage to the Church of England if others besides her own regularly ordained ministers were allowed to preach in her pulpits. But we cannot think that the best way of carrying this out would be to throw open the pulpit to ministers of all denominations, provided they obtained the consent of the parish clergyman. The chief defect of the constitution of the Church of England, at the present time, appears to us to lie in the looseness of her organization. The position of the parish clergyman is too autocratic, too little influenced either from above or below. The American system seems to us an improvement on ours, in so far as it gives a more definite sphere of action to the laity, the congregation, and makes it necessary for the clergyman to consult their feelings, and enlist their



interests more than he is required to do in England. As to influence in the other direction, that is, from above, the American Church seems hardly better off than ours, if it be true that the bishop may not interfere in the concerns of the parish. Our objection, then, to leaving it to the parish clergyman to admit any Dissenting minister whom he chooses into his pulpit, is that it puts the congregation still more at the mercy of their clergyman than they are now. As it is, he may with impunity preach doctrines or introduce practices which they think undesirable or wrong: to have to listen to a stronger version of the same doctrine, as preached by a Unitarian or Roman Catholic, would be a yoke insupportable. We believe that the object desired by Mr. Hall would be attained without any of these inconveniences, if the bishop could give leave to others than clergymen of the Established Church to preach in any parish in his diocese on invitation from the clergyman. As this permission is nominally required now in the case of any clergyman not belonging to the diocese, such a rule would really put the Dissenting minister, in this respect, on the same footing as a minister of the Establishment.

With regard to the term "clergyman," we cannot see that there is anything to complain of in its being restricted to Church of England ministers, more than there is in the distinctive use of the word "priest" for Roman Catholics. It implies, of course, a broad distinction between the ecclesiastical and the lay portion of the congregation, and in this respect appears to us not properly applicable to preachers who may have been engaged all the week in some secular occupation. As long as there is such a word as "minister," which may be used without offence of all who perform spiritual functions, to whatever body they belong, we see no harm, but rather a convenience, in retaining the present semi-legal sense of the term "clergyman," as applicable exclusively to the ministers of the Episcopal Establishment. We do not imagine that it is a title which would have been at all coveted by the "godly ministers" among the older Nonconformists, any more than the word "church," as applied to a building, would have been acceptable to the early Quakers; supposing it to be extended beyond its present use, it must either receive another definition at least as arbitrary and technical as the present, or lose itself in mere vagueness, and be wasted, as other words have been.

And, after all, is there not a "more excellent way" of putting a stop to exclusiveness than the levelling which Mr. Hall seems to advocate? The kindly and liberal tone of his own book is another sign among many of the very slight differences which are now holding aloof many of the leading Nonconformists from the system and discipline of the Church of England. Is it idle to hope that when the reform comes to which so many Churchmen are now looking forward, it may accomplish that which was vainly attempted in 1661, 1689, and 1752?—that, in some form or other, it may have been left for this age to bring about  
Comprehension?  
J. B. M.

*Reminiscences of Athens and the Morea: Extracts from a Journal of Travels in Greece in 1839.* By the late EARL OF CARNARVON, Author of "Portugal and Gallicia." Edited by his Son, the present Earl. London: John Murray.

THE year 1839 was a period of unusual political interest in the troublous and fragmentary history of Greece. The Earl of Carnarvon, in the preface written by himself, introductory to the journal kept by his father, the late Earl, refers to the political situation so lucidly, and puts it forward as the *raison d'être* of his little book, with so much good sense and justice, that a short extract from his remarks will be the best method of describing the work, and claiming for it the consideration which it merits.

"In 1839," says Lord Carnarvon, "the War of Independence had long since come to an end, the Regency had closed its troubled and inglorious career, and the Greek kingdom had been fairly launched, amidst the aspirations of political enthusiasts, and with the more substantial support of foreign loans. In Turkey, still reeling from the effects of the long struggle, and the irreparable losses of Navarino, crushed in power abroad, and revolutionized by new ideas at home, the long expected crisis of the Eastern Question seemed to be at hand. On the one side the almost unchecked ascendancy of Russia, on the other the unlimited pretensions of Egypt, threatened the very existence of the empire. Mehemet Ali was accumulating his naval and military resources for a



final blow, and Mahmoud, the last of the old Sultans, the destroyer of the Janissaries, was sinking into his grave. The support of France was uncertain, and the ability of England to interpose with effect was, but for the vigour and courage of Lord Palmerston, almost equally doubtful."

It was, therefore, a time of unusual interest to an English traveller, for at any moment the peace of Europe, no less than of the East, might be compromised, and Greece, Turkey, or Egypt, become the theatre upon which the first act of the tragedy might display itself.

Nothing of the anticipated sort occurred, but the history of Greece since then has been not the less troubled, fragmentary, and on the whole ignoble. The day of the "Barbarian Bavarians" has indeed departed, the ineffective prince to whom Lord Carnarvon was presented, as to a kind of saviour of society on a small scale, has gone the way of many princes, less ineffective than he. Otho, who was turned out of that unenviable throne of Greece with remarkable facility, who retired into private life with a promptitude second only to that of the brothers Buonaparte, and whose death mankind learned with unabated cheerfulness, makes a poor figure in these pages—as, indeed, where did he ever make any but a poor figure? He looked well, it seems, in a splendid Albanian dress, and he had a taste for building big palaces, which is characteristic of small souled princes. But he had the soul of a drill-serjeant; and the only thing he knew much about was law, which he studied carefully, that he might transgress it safely. But the doom of Greece has not been removed with ineffective Otho, and his too effective queen. The stranger's rule is still over her, and the problem of her destiny is very little less obscure; the insignificance of her position among the kingdoms of the earth is unrelieved. Greece still suggests the reserve cat of *la haute politique*, kept in tolerable comfort sometimes, at others very shabbily, until some statesman-monkey wants roasted chestnuts. The preface, in which the Earl of Carnarvon sketches the history of Greece since his father's visit until now, is the most practically interesting portion of the book, which is nevertheless altogether interesting, and written in a charming style—candid, unaffected, and elegant. The author's description of the Morea deserves particular attention, because in that remote region many and substantial changes have taken place. To read Lord Carnarvon's account of the desolate lawlessness, the condition of savagery, as utter as it was picturesque, and then to remember that Mr. Clark, writing of Southern Greece in 1858, says, "the security for life and property is perfect," is to understand the fulness of the contrast. And again, "The Morea of to-day is a very Eden compared with the Morea of forty years ago"—is to recognise that all is not stagnation in the history of Greece. It was such a wonderful place in 1839, that M. About's "*Roi des Montagnes*" would then have been a faint reflection of the truth, instead of a brilliant caricature. Often as the picture of Athens and Athenian life has been drawn by modern travellers, these sketches by Lord Carnarvon will attract by their freshness, and that air of reality to which the form of journal-keeping is so favourable when it is well done. The author passes rapidly from topic to topic, from impression to impression, but nothing escapes him, no natural beauty, no classic reminiscence and actual contrast, no trait of national character, or indication of ancient Eastern tradition, no quaint humour, or ferocious instinct. His description of the various and discordant elements which at the period composed Athenian society is strikingly clever and interesting. A point on which information would be welcome, and which more modern travellers have not much elucidated, is that of the present position of Greek women. As Lord Carnarvon observed them, it was very degraded, socially speaking, the only exception being that of certain travelled Athenian ladies. A remarkable and pathetic section of this little work, which is a triumph of the *multum in parvo* art, is that which treats of the popular Greek superstitions, and the custom of the "compare," a tie peculiar to Greece, and more sacred than that of blood. The popular belief in bird omens, in platomancy, and in the vampire, is illustrated by several strange stories. Of course the Greek brigand is also conspicuous. All the men of the period, who were in any way remarkable, are sketched by Lord Carnarvon, who saw and conversed with them; and as he penetrated to the frontiers of the Maina, a district all but unknown to modern travellers, scarcely more frequented by Greeks themselves,



and almost as wild in the days of ancient Sparta as it has been in more modern times, his travels were certainly of an exhaustive character. The story of this wild country is of deep and painful interest, marked by the stern, warlike, and fiercely superstitious features of the Greek character, and illustrated by the deadliest feudal animosities. On the occasion of Lord Carnarvon's visit to the Bey of Maina he saw the mother of Petro Bey, a famous woman, his description of whom seems to carry the reader back to the heroines of mediæval story in the mighty and mysterious Rhine land. A beautiful description of Arcadia, and a charming account of the voyage which finally deposited Lord Carnarvon in the Piræus, conclude this deeply interesting volume, whose publication does credit to the good taste and judgment of the author's son and editor.

F. C. H.

VI.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

*Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers: an Exposition of their Similarities of Thought and Expression.* Preceded by a View of Emblem-Literature down to A.D. 1616. By HENRY GREEN, M.A. With numerous Illustrative Devices from the Original Authors. London: Trübner & Co.

THE present century has given birth to no great dramatist; but it has done perhaps the next best thing—it has produced a countless number of books upon the writings of the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen. The present volume is no unwelcome addition to the throng. It is the work of a ripe scholar and an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare. Its object is to exhibit "the parallelisms and correspondences" to be found in the plays of the latter and the emblem-writers who preceded him. Hitherto this field of research has all but entirely escaped the notice of Shakespearian scholars. To a small, almost to an insignificant extent indeed, ground may be said to have been incidentally broken in the same direction by the learned Francis Douce, Charles Knight, and Noel Humphreys in England, and by Langlois and Dr. Alfred Woltmann on the Continent. This, however, does not seem to have been known to Mr. Green till after he had nearly completed his labours; so that, whatever other merit attaches to his investigations, they are entitled at least to the credit of being independent and original.

In instituting any comparison between Shakespeare and the so-called emblem-writers, it is clear that a good deal depends upon what is meant by an *emblem*. Anciently, as its derivation suggests, the term was applied to anything that was *thrown in* or inserted by way of ornament in the centre or foreground of any work of art, as a pillar, statue, vase, and such like. It corresponded to what we now call marquetry or mosaic work. That continued to be the meaning of the word throughout the classic period, and till some time after the revival of letters in the fifteenth century. Chaucer employs it in this sense, and even Milton occasionally. For example, the latter in his description of the bower of Eden says:—

"Underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Brodered the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem."

But from being merely ornamental insertion-work, the *emblem* soon became symbolical, or, as we would say now, *emblematical*. Besides the artistic display, some moral, conceit, or other lesson, was intended to be conveyed. In this way it came to comprehend heraldic devices, crests, and other designs on coins, medals, tombstones, and such like. The picture, in fact, became a token; and all that was needed to convert it into our modern idea of an emblem was a motto or a verse of poetry. This of course was soon supplied, and its approved definition of "a picture and short posie expressing some conceit" was complete. A very good instance of what is commonly meant by an emblem is given on page 145 of the present volume. This is a picture of Diligence, standing on a chariot drawn by ants, holding in one hand the well-known horn of plenty, and in the other a scourge, with which she is lashing Idleness, who sits crouching



at her feet. Underneath is the motto, *Otiosi semper egentes*, with a suitable description and moral in verse. Mr. Green admits that it is to such a representation as this that the word *emblem* is now strictly applied. In the course of his work, however, he gives it a much wider significance. Frequently he falls back upon the older meaning of the term, and makes it comprehend all manner of pictures, signs, devices, and fables, "where more is meant than meets the eye." This may be quite proper, and perhaps necessary to the fulfilment of his design; but we cannot help thinking that it has the effect of making his "references" sometimes very vague and almost illusory.

Our author's sketch of the emblem-book literature which had appeared before the time of Shakespeare evinces much learned research, and we heartily commend its perusal to all bibliographers and lovers of "curious and half-forgotten lore." Our only objection to it is that it is too full, and proves too much, for the purposes of Mr. Green's argument. Shakespeare *may* have been a very accomplished scholar in most of the Continental languages, to say nothing of his knowledge of the writers of "old Greece and Rome;" yet, looking at the circumstances of his life, we are inclined to think that he would confine his attention to those of the emblem writers that had appeared in an English dress. Of these Mr. Green gives a list of about a dozen, whose works, whether as translations or original productions, had become pretty well known before the great dramatist commenced his career. But our author does not limit him to an acquaintance with the emblem-books properly so called. In this species of literature he includes the early Block Books, illuminated manuscripts and missals, and even works of embroidery, cabinets, and other exhibitions of decorative art which were then beginning to be seen in the houses of the nobility. Whether Shakespeare had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with these things is another matter; but one thing is certain, that just about the period in question a taste for emblems in one shape or another had become very wide-spread both in this country and abroad. Looking at this fact, and considering Shakespeare's undoubted attainments and his position with respect to the men of wealth and learning of the time, Mr. Green argues that it would be very wonderful if he knew nothing of this literature; "and more wondrous far if, knowing, he did not inweave some of the threads into the very texture of his thoughts." This quotation pretty accurately defines the author's notion of the relationship existing between the dramatist and the emblem-writers. He never asserts that the former was a copyist; but only that he had allowed himself—unconsciously it may be—to adopt certain peculiar turns of thought, and even expression, to be found only in the latter. Having thus laid the foundations of his case, Mr. Green proceeds to prove it. The "references" upon which he mainly relies are the mottoes and devices of the Six Knights in the second scene of the second act of *Pericles*. As these knights come marching in, their squires present their respective shields to the princess. Of the first, the device is—

"A black Ethiopie reaching at the sun :  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*."

With respect to this, our author confesses that he has not discovered either the "device" or the "word" exactly in the form given in the play in any of the books of emblems that he has consulted. He thinks, however, that a near approach to it may be found in one of Reusner's "Emblems," printed at Frankfort in 1581, where a man is represented as stretching out his hand to the sun, and underneath is the motto, *Sol animi virtus*. He also shows that an almost identical motto belongs to the old family of the Blounts in Worcestershire, with whose name and history Shakespeare seems to have been acquainted from certain passages in his *Henry IV.* and *Richard III.* The motto of the second knight, which is *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza* ("more by gentleness than by force"), Mr. Green can find only in a French form (*Plus par douceur que par force*), in a rare old book of Emblems, where it introduces the well-known fable of the Sun and the Wind contending with travellers. He is therefore of opinion that as "emblems" were translated into Spanish, Shakespeare copied the motto from some Spanish book, and gave it a similar application. With the "devices" and "mottoes" of the third, fourth, and fifth knights, Mr. Green is more successful. He conclusively shows that in these three cases both the device and the motto answer exactly to certain imprints to be found in



one or two emblem-books of that period. As set forth by him, the similarity is far more than a coincidence. To the device of the sixth knight, which is—

“A withered branch, that's only green at top,  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*,”

Mr. Green can find “nothing identical” in the emblem-writers; and he is “disposed to regard it as invented by Shakespeare himself to complete a scene, the greater part of which had been accommodated from other writers.” It may seem to our readers that there was nothing uncommon or peculiar in Shakespeare's knights having devices upon their shields. Did the correspondence extend only that far, we might be of that opinion also. The peculiarity, which shows the dramatist's indebtedness to the emblem-writers, lies rather in the kind of devices, and especially in the mottoes, which he causes the knights to adopt. We daresay there have been “processions” and “triumph scenes” from almost the beginning of the world; but if the reader cares to look into the description of the best known of these, we think he will find that in few or no cases did those who took part in them have a “motto” along with their device. In Euripides' account of the attack of the seven armies upon the gates of Thebes the chiefs have all a “strange device” upon their arms, but no corresponding “word.” So in Virgil's catalogue of the tribes, with their leaders, that took part with Turnus against the Trojans; and so even in our own Chaucer's famous description of the “jousts” in “The Knight's Tale,” and in his “Flower and the Leaf.”

In order the better to illustrate Mr. Green's argument, let us give one or two other general examples. The reader is well acquainted with the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, wherein occurs the passage, “I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman.” Our author shows that this is an exact copy in words of an emblem in Alciat and Whitney, where there is the dog and the moon with the motto, *Inanis impetus*. So Fluellan's description of the goddess “Fortune” in *Henry V.* (act. iii., sc. 6) as being blind, and painted with a wheel and her foot on a rolling stone, corresponds in most particulars with Alciat's and Whitney's “image of Fortune,” given in this volume. Again, the famous comparison of the world to a stage, with the division of the “acts” into “seven ages,” is distinctly traceable to two imprints—the one of which represents the actors at their various parts, and underneath a descriptive verse, the first line of which is—

“Vita hominis tanquam circus, vel grande theatrum est;”

while the other, which is a block print, contains the division of man's life into seven periods, with a representation of the conduct characteristic of each. In like manner we think that Mr. Green properly discovers a correspondence, both in thought and expression, between Shakespeare's maxim that

“Men's evil manners live in brass: their  
Virtues we write in water,”

to an “imprese” of Whitney and other emblematisers, representing a sculptor “cutting a memorial of his wrongs into a block of marble,” surmounted by the scroll, *Scribit in marmore laesus*. It is not improbable also, as our author shows, that some of the passages in the casket scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, and the references in various plays to the “winged horse” and other monsters, as well as to the habits of the phoenix, the pelican, the ant, and other animals, were penned after just a glance, it may be, at the contents of some of the better-known emblem-books which appeared about the poet's time. But our space precludes us from following Mr. Green through all the divisions and classifications of his subject. Every page evinces a most intimate acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare and the contemporaneous literature both of this country and the Continent. Such scholarly requisites as were necessary to do justice to such a subject are abundantly possessed by the writer of the present volume. We have not, it is true, in all cases been able to follow his reasoning, or to see in some of the passages that he quotes the “parallelism” that he would fain make out. As, however, such things are very much a matter of individual taste and opinion, and as nothing can exceed Mr. Green's zeal and devotion in the “master poet's” cause, perhaps the fault is not his, but ours; for—



"Lovers have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend,  
More than cool reason ever comprehends."

The volume is elegantly got up, and no pains have been spared to make it a worthy "offering at his shrine whose genius consecrated the English tongue." It abounds in woodcuts, photolith plates, and other illustrative devices; and is altogether a credit to the publishing house from which it emanates. E. R.

*Come to the Woods, and other Poems.* By the Rev. G. J. CORNISH, M.A., late Vicar of Kenwyn-with-Kea, and Prebendary of Exeter. Frome: John Hodges. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

EVERYBODY remembers the little poem to the Redbreast, commencing—

"Unheard in summer's flaming ray,"

and quoted by Keble in the "Christian Year." The late Rev. G. J. Cornish was the author of that poem, and the present thin volume is a collection of small pieces in verse from the same writer. They are gathered together and edited by his son (of Landkey parsonage), chiefly in consequence of the warm recommendations of Sir J. T. Coleridge and the present Bishop of Salisbury. This modest little book scarcely appeals to criticism; but we cannot second the opinion of Dr. Maberly that the earlier pieces should be reprinted along with the rest. They would have been much better omitted, for they serve no purpose in the collection, and are mere exercises. But a welcome always awaits tender devotional and domestic poems such as in his best moods the author produces. He appears to have been a gentleman of free and varied culture—familiar, for example, with Burns and Shakespeare; of strong family affections, rather apt to take desponding views of things, and especially fond of his children. He appears to have been much beloved; and no one who reads these poems will wonder at it. Their boyish simplicity or transparency is not their least charm. But it must be understood that we do not send to this slender volume readers in search of poetic excitement. B. W.

*Puck: His Vicissitudes, Adventures, Observations, Conclusions, Friendships, and Philosophies.* Related by Himself, and Edited by OUIDA, Author of "Strathmore," &c. &c. Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

We begin to be afraid that "Ouida" will, after all, disappoint the expectations which, though with many misgivings, we had ventured to form for her. Our mistake, if it was one, was natural as well as charitable, and we do not feel ashamed of it. It was difficult to believe that a really clever woman would always be content to write such very great nonsense. We hoped that the good which we fancied we detected in her would grow and prevail, and in the end shake itself free from the faults and weaknesses which beset and overshadowed it. But our confidence must needs die out from the lack of even a grain of improvement on which it might support itself. In no single particular does "Puck" show an advance upon any of "Ouida's" former works; it is indeed decidedly inferior, at any rate, to "Tricotin." There is nothing in it to be compared to the night scene on the Loire. There is all the old tediousness, the old repetitions, the old serving up of the tritest commonplaces as new and profound reflections, the old general views of life which would be almost offensive if they were not simply absurd. This may sound harsh criticism: the truth is, "Ouida" has rather overstrained our patience. If she can mend her ways, it is high time she should do so, for it seems to us she is running a great risk of becoming a nuisance. No possible good to art or morals can result from a book like this, which is neither healthy nor beautiful. If we are forced to keep company with *lorettes*, we have at least the right to demand that they shall be well conceived and executed; but "Ouida" appears to think that if only she labels her characters as thoroughly wicked and depraved, they must interest in spite of the clumsiest workmanship.

Yet it would be unfair to refuse to acknowledge in "Puck" the presence of that characteristic which has always seemed to us to constitute "Ouida's" special merit—we mean the recognition of the terrible might of passion—the fierce, blind passion that enslaves and maddens. Her appreciation of this



element in human nature—an element of whose existence the great majority of at any rate modern English novelists seem hardly conscious—is curious, standing out as it does in such broad contrast to the general absence of psychological knowledge which her books display. Of course, lacking this knowledge, she cannot work the vein aright. Passion in her hands seems exaggerated for the want of other elements to contrast with, and counterbalance, it. Still the insight is real, and the more striking from its rarity.

The book is supposed to be the memoirs of a dog "Puck." In adopting this form, "Ouida" has, we think, made a great blunder. The idea in itself is not a bad one, and in competent hands might be worked out very effectively, though the task would be anything but easy. The memoirs of a dog should be distinctively dog-like in tone; all things should be looked at from the canine point of view; dogs should be the centre of the system, and men and women no more than satellites. But "Puck" is in thought and feeling altogether human; he is no more truly a dog than one of the transformed heroes of the "Arabian Nights." "Ouida" gains nothing by the violent device she has had recourse to, which might not have been attained by using the ordinary narrative form; and therefore it must stand condemned as outraging reality for nothing.

As to the human *dramatis personæ*, there is no need to say much. We all of us by this time know pretty well what we have to expect in any novel from "Ouida's" pen. There is the usual brace of heroines, of the Faustine and Una types respectively; the usual hero, handsome, high-bred, and cynical, who wastes his substance in riotous living, though it gives him no pleasure—is true to his word, generous and loyal to his friends as an Arab, but an unscrupulous *roué* and a reckless gamester. And there is the usual group of subordinate male characters, with romantic names, clustered round the chief, his faithful friends and devoted admirers, formed after his image, but shining with a somewhat paler brilliancy. We are more than a little tired of all this. Could not "Ouida" for once in a way give us, as a change, some one with an unsteady seat on horseback, who had not scented cigarettes—whatever they may be—for ever between his lips, whose manner sometimes showed human emotion, and who occasionally even kept the Commandments? It really would be a relief. But "Ouida's" ideas as to the heroic are now and then very startling. Thus we are told of a certain St. John Milton, a cavalry officer:—

"He has seen more service, and killed more men with his own hand, than any man of his years in the army. Hear him tell how he set the skulls of all the Asiatics he had ever killed in a row on the top of the flat roof of his house, one illuminating night, in Calcutta; with the skulls all filled up with clay, and a candle stuck into each, and lighting up the fleshless jaws, and shining through the orbless eyes! It will make your very blood run cold. But he never does talk of himself hardly—your great soldiers are always very modest over their own bits of derring-do."

Certainly a very pleasing episode in the career of St. John Milton. One wonders what the Indian authorities, civil and military, had to say on the subject. Of course the passage is a monstrous libel on the British army; but is it not curious that a writer, to all appearances a civilized Christian of the nineteenth century, should fancy there was something fine and dashing in such a display of savage ferocity?

In a prefatory note our consideration is craved for the many printer's errors which disfigure the book, so we will be silent on this head. Only we cannot help asking, are we to regard "an *Arria Pætus*" (vol. i., p. 243) as one of these? We would if we could, but we own it tries our faith.

G. S.

*The Harrises: being an Extract from the Commonplace Book of Alexander Smith the Elder.* Three Volumes. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

THIS is really a good novel. It has sufficient incident, verging closely enough on the sensational, to make it piquant and interesting, while it is far from being deficient in character-study. The one adverse criticism we are inclined to make is, that the writer, through his desire to keep up the appearance of a genuine record, rather forces the points here and there, and overdoes the introduction of real historical characters. He would have been still more successful, in our opinion, had he given his invention free swing, and been quite inde-



pendent of some of the artificial attempts at illusion to which he has had recourse. But the work is well put together; and the lesson—that no sin can possibly pass away, but, in its results, is ever sowing the seeds of new entanglements and temptations—is exceedingly well brought out, the story rising into something of tragic force when George Harris, having got the cold shoulder from the Duke of Preston, with vague hints as to very delicate points respecting his origin, rushes down to Baddlesmere, and suddenly confronts Lord and Lady Belmore with the question, “Am I legitimate?” And not less is this the case when Charles Harris implores his father to give consent to his union with Madaline. Lady Belmore, who deserts her first husband for Lord Belmore, and, at the quiet country-seat, passes through various stages of religious enthusiasm, deserting the quiet “moral essays” of the vicar for the stronger spiritual doses of Mr. Growler, the dissenter, is admirably portrayed; no less than Mr. Thompson, the librarian, who, in his mad and hopeless passion, lapses into complete madness at last, and rushes into the little “Bethel,” with loud objurgations, only to be quieted by the familiar tones of Lady Belmore’s voice. Monsieur de Covré seems a little forced—too much of a *deus ex machina*, in fact; but it must be admitted that he serves his purpose well, and is the source of a very striking pathos, which gives relief to the otherwise rather hard and artificial tone of the whole. The book has a genuine stir of life throughout, besides giving a very good idea of the state and style of first-rate society fully half a century ago.

H. A. P.

*Iza’s Story.* By GRACE RAMSEY, Author of “A Woman’s Trials,” &c., &c.  
London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE author of “*Iza’s Story*” has selected a theme which has absolute novelty in the ranks of fiction to recommend it, and she handles it with much power and skill, and with an intimate knowledge which impresses itself at once upon the reader. The intimate home-life of the Poles, the relations between the higher and lower ranks of society, the characteristic peculiarities of their “ways,” are all unknown to us. The political miseries, the national disasters and sufferings of the Poles, have occupied our attention, and obtained our sympathy, but of the people, in the same sense as we understand other foreigners set in the framework of fiction, we really do not know anything. Miss Ramsey’s novel therefore instructs while it interests, and presents many a strangely fascinating picture of a people richly endowed with noble and romantic qualities, and with that essential grandeur of soul and of manners, which was the ideal of the old chivalry, an ideal which it singularly failed to fulfil. “*Iza’s Story*” is a powerful and most melancholy love-tale, in which the chief actors are high-born and patriotic Poles, pursued by the vengeance of the Russian Government, and ultimately falling under its stern, irresistible power. Prince Kasimir, a great Lithuanian noble, and his castle of Ramslaw, in Podolia; his daughter, the Princess Iza, and her friends and servants; the neighbouring grandees; the peasants, so intensely feudal in their loyalty and affection, so ardently religious, so utterly unlike the peasantry we are all familiar with, are deeply interesting. In telling the sad, touching, heroic, dramatic story of their lives, Miss Ramsey illustrates it by fresh and vivacious pictures of national customs, festivals, and sentiments totally foreign to our notions.

The author introduces her readers to some truly high, noble, and lovable types of Polish character, and draws a most striking and moving picture of the terrible suffering which the rule of the stranger inflicts upon the ancient land and race. She is a warm, but not an indiscriminating partisan of Polish independence, and she deserves great credit for the skill and ingenuity with which she has illustrated a painful period of modern history by the aid of fiction, and contrived to combine a powerful description of the harassed and oppressed conditions of social life during the insurrection, with a sublime tale of love, courage, devotion, and purity. Nor is her work wanting in that quality which renders characteristic illustration most striking and most true—the quality of humour. William Carleton’s Irish peasants are not more racy of the soil than Miss Ramsey’s Matko, Mariette, Zarbah, and Emilco; and for a parallel to the scene in which Matko prepares for death, by having herself arrayed in new clothes, a gown of “becoming” colours (on the plea that one can only die once, and may as well look as nicely as possible), and a pair of very tight shoes, we



should have to resort to Sir Walter Scott's sketches of the grimly humorous peasantry of Scotland. In all respects "Iza's Story" is a highly interesting, and in many respects a very remarkable novel.

F. C. H.

*A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford on Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects.* Edited by the VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD. Two Volumes. London: Bentley.

OUR enjoyment of these papers is of necessity tempered with sadness at the thought that the singularly clear, bright, and vigorous intelligence from which they flowed is gone from among us—snatched away in the very prime and maturity of its powers. The very imperfections of the book, its redundancies and repetitions, are touching when we call to mind the source from which they spring. Our fullest sympathies are with Lady Strangford in the principle which has guided her in discharging the task of editor, and which she thus explains in a few pathetic words of preface:—

"I am well aware that I here present to the public little more than a collection of raw material, instead of a finished fabric; but I do so believing this better than to let much that will be useful and interesting to others be lost or forgotten in the comparatively ephemeral form in which nearly all these writings have originally appeared. I could not bring myself to do even what I thought he might have wished done, lest my ignorant hand, through mistaken zeal, should injure his work. I have but arranged these papers, as best I could, according to their various subjects; and I now venture to hope and believe that their readers will look with lenient eyes upon the work of one who has only attempted to do what she believed to be her duty under the pressure of an overwhelming sorrow."

The subjects treated of in these writings are what is called "The Eastern Question," that is, the condition and prospects of Turkey, Greece, and the extreme south-east of Europe generally; the recent insurrection in Crete; and the politics and geography of Central Asia, and the advances of Russia in that quarter. There are, besides, a few miscellaneous articles on people and topics of the day. Nearly all seem to have originally appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In one of his letters to the editor of that periodical here published, Lord Strangford speaks of himself as "a very quiet and inoffensive man, whose only wish in life is to be allowed to sit in a corner out of other people's way, and read books." When very clever and brilliant people like him thus characterize themselves, we are apt to credit them with not a little affectation and mock-modesty, and to believe that they are by no means so unobtrusive and unambitious in their aims as they would have us suppose; but in his case we really think that he told the truth, and the whole truth, about himself as far as he knew. These papers, whose value to the politician and the geographer seems to us simply inestimable—which are, in fact, a perfect education in the matters with which they deal—were, to all appearances, thrown off with no thought of winning fame or position for himself by them, but merely to relieve his feelings which burned within him at what he *knew* to be the ineffable nonsense which able men would write and utter on Turkey and the East from a sheer want of the most rudimentary knowledge on the subject. A large part of the book consists of mere occasional notes, correcting and exposing telegrams that had come to hand announcing fabulous victories gained by impossible combatants at non-existent places. As far as outsiders can form a judgment, we should say that if his soul had not been vexed with prevalent misconceptions, mis-statements, blundering, and folly, four-fifths of the book would never have been written at all. His desire to communicate knowledge, and so gain converts to his ways of thinking, does not seem to have borne any proportion to his eagerness in acquiring it. And then, too, the natural bent of his mind was far more toward science—ethnology, philology, and geography—than towards politics. It was only accident that converted him into a writer of leading articles. But whether he had any natural proclivities in that direction or not, there is no doubt that when he attempted the task, Lord Strangford could write leading articles most effectively. It is seldom, indeed, that very learned men show this mastery over style, and are able to unite fullness of matter with consummate ease of manner. In their writings we get for the most part the impression that their knowledge has had, as it were, to be got at, and unpacked for the occasion; and, as is but natural, under the circum-



stances, it is given to us with a stiffness and self-consciousness of phrase somewhat akin to the bearing of a man who has got on a Court dress for the first time. They are very valuable and instructive, but apt to be just a little tedious. But Lord Strangford was one who

"Wore his weight  
Of learning lightly as a flower."

His enormous erudition never seems to get in his way; it is all held in his mind completely in solution. He does not keep it, and bring it out of set purpose according to circumstances; it has become part of his mental nature, and gives colour and tone to all his views and criticisms. There is no more effort in his writing than in that of Mr. George Augustus Sala; the full man and the empty alike unite out of the abundance of the heart.

We are not going in this place to enter on the great "Eastern Question." For ourselves, we are conscious of having received far more insight into this perplexed and complicated matter from the papers contained in the first of these volumes, read as a whole, than we ever thought it possible to gain; but we could not select any one or two passages which might be quoted as summing up and expressing the author's drift. The general principle which he lays down is, that Turkish rule should be preserved, "not for the sake of Turkish rule, but for the sake of sheltering the immature growth of future free nations against the destroying blight of despotisms far more dangerous, if not worse, than Turkey" (vol. i., p. 56). Lord Strangford's tone as to Turkey and the Turks is certainly far more favourable and kindly than that to which we are accustomed nowadays. Two recent travellers—Mr. R. A. Arnold a year or so ago, and Sir Charles Trevelyan in his essay just published in "Recess Studies"—have recorded their conviction that "the sick man's" state is hopeless, and that the only progress for him is from bad to worse. Lord Strangford, on the other hand, protests against the readiness and predisposition that exist "to believe that every form of sin and wickedness which comes to light in Turkey is the result of a distinctive Turkish nature of evil." But it must not be forgotten, in reading his comments on Turkey, that he had inevitably the associations and tone of mind of the diplomatist. The diplomatist, to use his own words—

"In the ordinary exercise of his profession sees nothing but Turkey as a victim; Turkey bullied, encroached upon, and browbeaten; Turkey with short measure and false weights dealt out to her in the first moral principles of Christianity by those whose lips are always wet with the watchwords of Christianity. Interest apart, his feelings thus come naturally to be enlisted in favour of Turkey." (Vol. i. p. 39.)

A review of Mr. Vámbéry's travels leads to the subject of Central Asia, its geography, people, and languages. Those who desire to get light—real *lumen siccum*, and not hazy general notions—on these topics, may study this portion of the work with profit; and will find their labours greatly assisted by the admirable sketch map of Central Asia, drawn and compiled by Lady Strangford, which is prefixed to the second volume. We wish we had space to extract the brief criticism of Walt Whitman, of whom Lord Strangford asserts that "he has somehow managed to acquire or imbue himself with not only the spirit, but with the veriest mannerism, the most absolute trick and accent of Persian poetry."

"We should like of all things to have caught him up early, sent him to study at Shiraz, and paid for his keep there, and in the fulness of time set him to work upon a *bonâ fide* metrical and rhymed translation or reproduction of the glorious rolling hendecasyllabics of Jelâluddin Rûmî. Walt Whitman has a very good ear; the 'Masnavi' has to be translated sooner or later, and the sympathetic American would have been rescued from his sty of epicurean autolatry by devotion to the great master-work of mystic transcendentalism in the East." (Vol. ii. p. 300.)

In an introductory note to these volumes a hope is expressed of republishing at a later period "Lord Strangford's notes and private letters on philological and other subjects, some reviews of books, and perhaps a brief memoir." We most sincerely trust that this intention will be carried out, and with no more delay than is necessary. We have lost Lord Strangford, the last and most highly-gifted member of a gifted family; any traces of himself and his work that he may have left behind him we cannot afford to forego.

G. S.



VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

*Speeches and Despatches by Earl Russell.* Two Vols. London: Longmans.

THE least important part of these two volumes are the speeches and despatches themselves. As a general rule, we take it that few speeches are worth reprinting a long time after their delivery, unless they are characterized by true oratory or sound philosophy. Earl Russell admits he is "no orator," and we do not believe that he would claim to rank as a philosopher. The speeches have served their purpose; and that is more perhaps than can be said for most of those delivered in the same place. Even systems of philosophy, we are told on high authority,—

"Have their day and cease to be;"

and we are afraid that the same verdict must be pronounced upon the majority of parliamentary debates. They are sufficiently embalmed in *Hansard*. However, we dare say the object of the present publication was merely to show in an authorized form what Lord Russell's views were on most of the questions which have from time to time agitated the public mind for the last half century, and also perhaps to serve as a sort of peg whereon to hang a most interesting introduction. This introduction extends over nearly two hundred pages, and is really the portion of the work to which most readers will care to turn. In this, his lordship, like another Othello, "runs it through from his boyish days," to the time when he became Prime Minister of England. Nor is there any vanity in the recital: it is simply a concise statement of the course of English politics from the close of last century to about the year 1841. There are two things, however, which lend a more than ordinary charm and value to this statement. First, that the narrator himself played a distinguished part in the scenes which he describes; and second, that at the present moment there is not another English statesman living better qualified than Earl Russell to write such a survey. He entered Parliament in 1813, when he had barely attained his majority, and we are happy to think that he is a member of the legislature still. Long may his notable figure be seen on the benches of the Upper House. All things considered, it is high, if not the highest, praise to be able to say of the narrative that it is characterized by great impartiality. The errors of Whigs and Tories alike are pointed out; and if there is one member of either party on whom he seems to be more lavish than another with his commendations it is perhaps the late Earl of Derby. In reading this retrospect, one of the first things that strikes us is the fatal short-sightedness of our legislators. It is sad to think how much mischief has been wrought through this mighty defect in our statesmen for the last fifty years and more. It almost seems as if the faculty of "looking before and after" had been expressly denied them. For example, as Lord Russell well points out, had our Tory rulers of 1815 been only a little more circumspect, not to say far-seeing, in their views, the partition of Europe which was then effected by the victorious allies, and the horrid wars and insurrections which have followed in its train, might in all probability have been avoided. We might enumerate other instances of the same feeble and grasping kind of policy on the part of our Government both in home and foreign transactions; but the subject is rather depressing, and we may be reminded of the maxim (which, however, ought not to cover the faults of those who make any pretensions to statesmanship) that it is easy to be wise after the event. The part of his chapter in which his lordship is pardonably fullest is where he narrates the course of events which led to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. From the year 1819 it appears that he had made the question of Parliamentary Reform particularly his own. In his opinion—which experience has justified—it was then the only measure fairly to test the popularity of the Whig principles, and also, if successful, to oust the Tories "from their long and corrupt possession of the Government." Year after year, in the face of much secret opposition from professing friends and the open hostility of determined foes, Lord Russell and a few more choice spirits, amongst whom were the late Lords Brougham and Derby, kept working away at the subject with unflagging energy till the final triumph in 1832. The state of parliamentary representation in England up to this date may be better imagined than described from the following:—





every page of her book bears witness, she is endowed with high courage, unselfish patience, and that most excellent gift of unflagging cheerfulness, than which nothing, it seems to us, can be more precious in the colonist's home, far removed from external influences, and lacking the element of amusement, in the French sense of *distraktion*. A true helpmate for a man leading a busy and earnest life is this lady, whose distant home had the *cachet* of perfect refinement upon it, and who shared and took delight in all the anxieties and labours of her husband's life. They were prosperous settlers, and singularly fortunate in their "station," their "runs," their few neighbours, and their general experiences. The description of the climate and scenery is tantalizingly delightful, and the account of prosperous towns, where every one is well-fed and well-clothed, where disease is almost unknown, and human beings have fair play for the physical and mental faculties with which their Creator has endowed them, has an attraction which is half sad for us, under our murky skies, and with the tide of pauperism and crime rising round us.

"It is a true New Zealand day," writes Lady Barker; "still and bright, a delicious invigorating freshness in the air, without the least chill; the sky of a more than Italian blue, the ranges of mountains in the distance covered with snow, and standing out clear against this lovely glowing heaven."

In July, 1866, she says:—

"We are now in mid-winter, and a more delicious season cannot well be imagined; the early mornings and evenings and the nights are very cold, but the hours from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. are exquisitely bright and quite warm. We are glad of a fire at breakfast, but we let it out, and never think of relighting it until dark."

\* The life of a "station" is extremely laborious, but wonderfully healthy and invigorating, and is described with quite infectious vivacity by Lady Barker; she carries us along with her in the numerous farm-yard duties, the cattle-tracking, the care of the vast flocks of sheep, the shearing, and "the dip,"—a cruel, necessary process,—the long, cheerful expeditions on horseback (in one she met with a severe accident, her narrative of which is unconsciously heroic in its simplicity and fortitude), the difficulties of carriage, requiring wise calculation and an accurate memory on the part of the caterer for the family; and, above all, she carries us with her in her charming description of her favourite pastime, "burning the runs." This performance begins in September and ends in November. Lady Barker writes of it *con amore*:—

"It is useless to think of setting out on a burning expedition unless there is a pretty strong nor-wester blowing; but it must not be *too* violent, or the flames will fly over the grass, just scorching it instead of making "a clean burn." But when F— pronounces the wind to be just right, and proposes that we should go to some place where the grass is of two, or still better, three years' growth, then I am indeed happy. I am obliged to be careful not to have on any inflammable petticoats, as they are very dangerous; the wind will shift suddenly, perhaps, as I am in the very act of setting a tussock a-blaze, and I have nearly lost my eye-lashes more than once. We each provide ourselves with a grand supply of matches; and on the way we look out for the last year's tall blossom of those horrid prickly bushes called "Spaniards," or a bundle of flax-sticks; or, better than all, the top of a dead and dry Fiti palm. As soon as we come to the proper spot, and F— has ascertained that no sheep are in danger of being made into roast mutton before their time, we begin to light our line of fire, setting one large tussock blazing, lighting our impromptu torches at it, and then starting from this "head centre," one to the right and the other to the left, dragging the blazing sticks across the grass. It is a very exciting amusement, I assure you; and the effect is beautiful, especially as it grows dusk and the fires are racing up the hills all around us. Every now and then they meet with a puff of wind, which will perhaps strike a great wall of fire, rushing up-hill as a line, and divide it into two fiery horns, like a crescent; then, as the breeze changes again, the tips of flame will gradually approach each other till they meet, and go on again in a solid mass of fire. If the weather has been very dry, and the wind is high, we attempt to burn a great flax swamp, perhaps, in some of the flats. This makes a magnificent bonfire, and crackles splendidly, with a long series of small explosions. . . . The immediate results of our expeditions are vast tracks of perfectly black and barren country, looking desolate and hideous to a degree hardly to be imagined; but after the first spring showers a beautiful tender green tint steals over the bare hill-sides, and by-and-by they are a mass of delicious young grass, and the especial favourite feeding-place of the ewes and lambs."

One terrible disaster occurred during Lady Barker's "station life;" her



simple narration of which does her courage and her good sense infinite credit. This was the snowstorm of 1867, the like of which has never been known, though the Maoris are strong in weather traditions. The story, with all its lamentable details of suffering and loss, is most interesting and exciting, and the search for and the finding of the immense flocks of buried sheep, numbers drowned, and numbers crushed to death, and the rescue of the living, are incidents of "station life" which bring Lady Barker's charming volume within the attractive category of tales of adventure.

F. C. H.

*L'Instruction du Peuple. Histoire de l'Enseignement Populaire en Belgique.* Par LÉON LEBON. Bruxelles: C. Muquardt, Editeur.

M. LÉON LEBON has undertaken a complete review of the great question of popular education. He divides his work into four parts; the first, which he calls *Philosophical*, contains the arguments—perhaps superfluous at the epoch we have reached—which prove the importance of education. The second is *Historical*, and records what has been hitherto done for the education of the people in Belgium. These two parts are already written, and constitute the volume before us.

A subsequent volume will contain Part the Third, which is to be *Analytical*, precisely detailing what is accomplished in Belgium under the present code, and Part the Fourth, which will be *Ethnographical*, bringing into comparison whatever has been done for the education of the people by the various States of Europe and America.

It will be seen that M. Léon Lebon has given himself no trifling task, and he is likely to execute it in a painstaking, conscientious spirit.

The historical survey, occupying the largest portion of the present volume, carries us back, we think, somewhat further than was necessary; the first chapter, introducing us to Belgium before the conquest of the Romans, and to "Druidical Schools!" But this historical survey grows more interesting as we approach our own times. In the later portions of it we are reminded that the subject of popular instruction was one of those on which Holland and Belgium, when united in one kingdom, could not agree, and their difference on this matter was one of the causes that led to their separation. The *religious difficulty* was here seen in operation on a large scale. The contest began by an appeal of the Roman Catholic clergy against the authorization of any schools in Belgium where their religion was not taught. They took advantage of the national jealousy that existed between the two peoples, and were able to give to their cause the names of patriotism and liberty, and the people of Belgium refused a *really* liberal measure because it seemed to be imposed upon them by Holland. As the dispute progressed it took new aspects, and finally, as is well known, the Belgian clergy had to accept from their own people a code less favourable to them than the one they had rejected from the King of the Netherlands.

This passage of history may perhaps afford us a useful hint in our own present difficulties. The Irish people join with their clergy in calling for an education exclusively Catholic, mainly because the common Government, the Parliament sitting in England, is desirous of establishing a *mixed* education. Perhaps if we allowed the people of Ireland to determine for themselves their own system of education, it would not be long before the Catholic laity might themselves be imposing restrictions on the power and predominance of their own clergy.

L. C. S.

*O stycich a pomeru sekty Waldenské k nekdejsim sektám v Czechách.* Psal Dr. Frant. Palacky.

*Ueber die Beziehungen und das Verhältniss der Waldenser zu den ehemaligen secten in Böhmen.* Von Dr. Franz Palacky (aus der böhmischen Museumszeitschrift, Heft iv. vom J. 1868 übersetzt). Prag. 1869. Verlag von Friedrich Tempsky.

THIS pamphlet, which appeared last year simultaneously in Bohemian and German, deals with one of the most interesting problems in mediæval history—the relation between the Waldenses and the Hussites and subsequent sects in Bohemia. It is written with the greatest care, and has evidently cost the author enormous trouble and research. As yet only one party has been heard on the question, and that the side of the Waldenses, and this for two reasons—(1) that





